THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Eugene Manlove Rhodes — Kenneth L. Roberts — Cosmo Hamilton — Henry A. Shute
J. P. Marquand — Charles Brackett — Hugh MacNair Kahler — William Hazlett Upson

RIVALS THE BEAUTY OF THE SCARLET TANAGER

Black-tipped Lacquer-red

—the color Men choose when they buy their Own Pens

Handsome to carry—Hard to Mislay

Ladies, please take note:

IT'S a great deal easier to select a pen for a man than, for instance, a necktie. For men's ideas in neckwear are vastly dissimilar, but in pens their choice is almost unanimous.

Note what the great majority carries—the black-tipped lacquer-red—the Parker Duofold trade-mark color combination that makes this pen handsome to carry and hard to mislay.

Of course the 25-year smooth-gliding point also has much to do with men's preference for the Parker Duofold. Likewise the manly Hand-size Grip, Over-size Ink Capacity, Free-Swinging Balance, and Invisible Filler—out of harm's way.

Whatever it is that men most prize in the Parker, of one thing the ladies may be sure—Black-tipped Lacquer-red is a man's own choice of color, just as Parker Duofold is his choice of pens.

Good pen counters wouldn't be without it—stop at the nearest and choose your point—Extra-Fine, Fine, Medium, Broad, Stub or Oblique.

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With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. $5 Intermediate size

Lady Duofold $5 With ring for chatelaine

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NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · *Parker Duofold Pencils to match the Pens: Lady Duofold, $3; Over-size Jr., $3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, $4* · TORONTO · LONDON

Westclox

Against the darkness

YOU wake. Dimly you realize it was all a dream. It is dark in the room. You wonder sleepily what time it is. Your eyes shudder at the thought of a light flash.

There beside you should be a circle of hour numerals that look as though they had borrowed their glow from the firefly. You read the time at a glance and slip cozily back to sleep.

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Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

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Big Ben
7 inches tall. Runs 32 hours. Steady and repeat alarm. $3.25. Luminous, $4.50. In Canada, $4.50—$6.00.

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Baby Ben
3¾ inches tall. Steady and repeat alarm. $3.25. Luminous, $4.50. In Canada, $4.50—$6.00.

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5 inches tall. Luminous dial and hands. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, $3.00. In Canada, $4.00.

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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PASÓ POR AQUÍ

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

EXCEPTIONS are so inevitable that no rule is without them—except the one just stated. Neglecting fractions, then, not to insult intelligence by specifying the obvious, trained nurses are efficient, skillful, devoted. It is a noble calling.

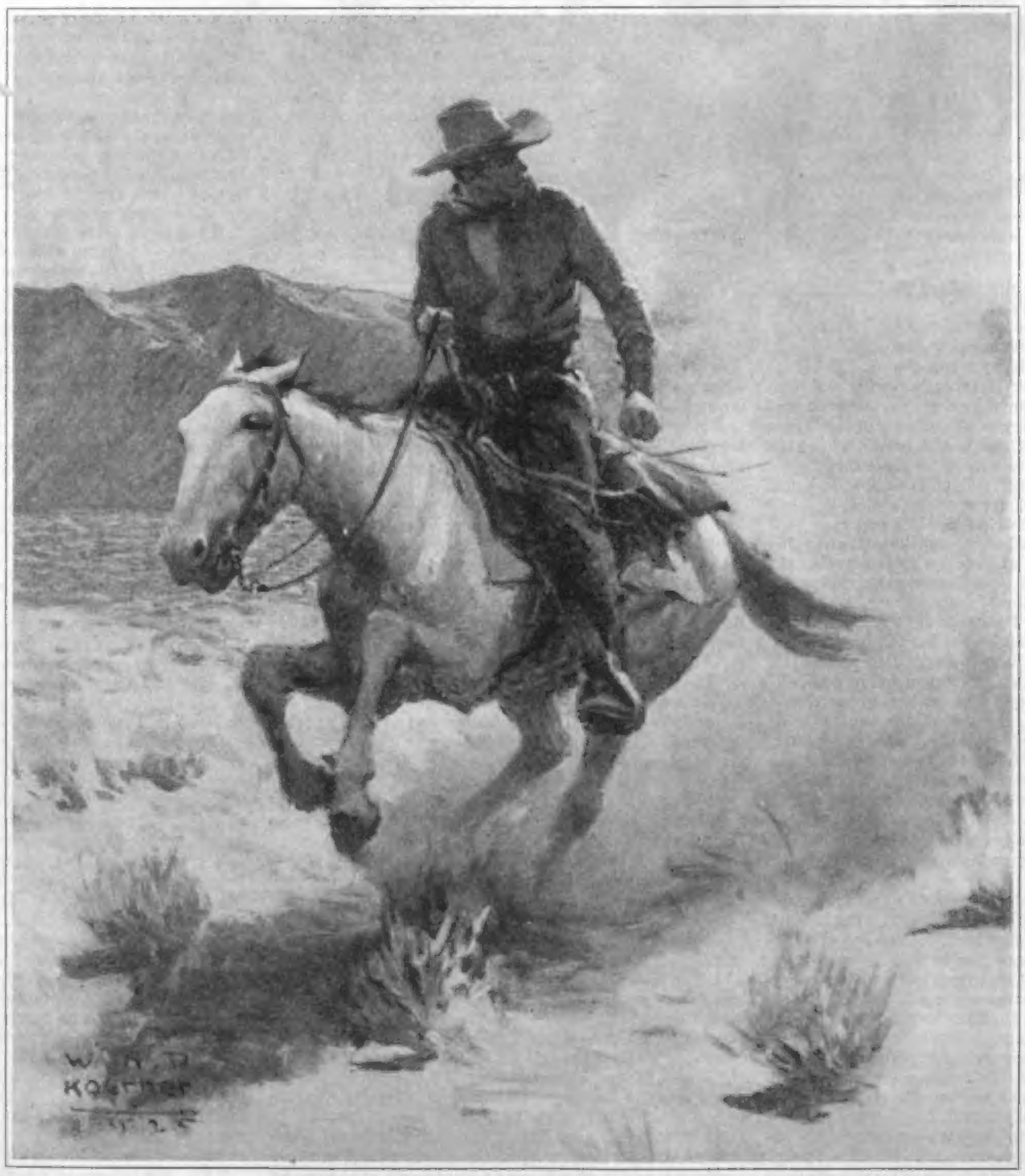
Nevertheless, it is notorious that the official uniform is of reprehensible charm. This regulation is variously explained by men, women and doctors. "No fripperies, curlicues and didos—bully!" say the men. "Ah! Yes! But why? Artful minxes!" say the women, who should know best. "Cheerful influence in the sick room," say the doctors.

Be that as it may, such uniform Jay wore, spotless and starched, crisp and cool; Jay Hollister, now seated on the wide portico of the Alamogordo Hospital; not chief nurse, but chief ornament, according to many, not only of that hospital but also of the great railroad which maintained it. Alamogordo was a railroad town, a new town, a ready-made and highly painted town, direct from Toyland.

Ben Griggs was also a study in white—flannels, oxfords and panama; a privileged visitor who rather overstepped his privileges; almost a fixture in that pleasant colonnade.

"Lamp of life," said Ben, "let's get down to brass tacks. You're homesick!"

"Homesick!" said Jay scornfully. "Homesick! I'm heartsick, bankrupt, shipwrecked, lost, forlorn—here in this terrible country, among these dreadful people. Homesick? Why, Ben, I'm just damned!"



"Wouldn't You Almost Think, Sweetness," Said Ross McEwan in a Plaintive Drawl, "That There Was Enough Elbowroom Here to Satisfy Every Reasonable Man?"

"Never mind, heart's delight," said Ben the privileged. "You've got me."

Miss Hollister seemed in no way soothed by this reassuring statement.

"Your precious New Mexico! Sand!" she said. "Sand, snakes, scorpions; wind, dust, glare and heat; lonely, desolate and forlorn!"

"Under the circumstances," said Ben, "you could hardly pay me a greater compliment. 'Whither thou goest, I will go,' and all that. Good girl! This unsolicited tribute——"

"Don't be a poor simpleton," advised the good girl. "I shall stick it out for my year, of course, since I was foolish enough to undertake it. That is all. Don't you make any mistakes. These people shall never be my people."

"No better people on earth. In all the essentials——"

"Oh, who cares anything about essentials?" cried Jay impatiently—voicing, perhaps, more than she knew. "A tin plate will do well enough to eat out of, certainly, if that is what you mean. I prefer china, myself. I'm going back where I can see flowers and the green grass, old gardens and sundials."

"I know not what others may say," observed Ben grandly, "but as for me, you take the sundials and give me the sun. Right here, too, where they climb for water and dig for wood. Peevish, my fellow townsman, peevish, waspy, crabbed. You haven't half enough to do. In this beastly climate people simply will not stay sick. They take up their bed and beat it, and you can't help yourself. Nursing is a mere sinecure." His hands were clasped behind his head, his slim length reclined in a steamer chair, feet crossed, eyes half closed, luxurious. "Ah, idleness!" he murmured. "Too bad, too bad! You never were a grouch back home. Rather good company, if anything."

Ben's eyes were blue and dreamy. They opened a trifle wider now, and rolled slowly till they fell upon Miss Hollister, bolt upright and haughty in her chair, her lips pressed to a straight line. She regarded him sternly. He blinked, his hands came from behind his head, he straightened up and adjusted his finger tips to meet with delicate precision. "But the main trouble, the fount and origin of your disappointing conduct is, as hereinbefore said, homesickness. It is, as has been observed, a nobler pang than indigestion, though the symptoms are of striking similarity. But nostalgia, more than any other feeling, is fatal to the judicial faculties, and I think, my dear towny, that when you look at this fair land, your future home, you regard all things with a jaundiced eye."

He Heard a Choking Cough, a Child's Wailing Cry. His Foot Was on the Threshold. "What's Wrong? Que Es?" He Called

"Oh-h!" gasped Jay, hotly indignant. "Look at it yourself! Look at it!"

The hospital was guarded and overhung by an outer colonnade of cottonwoods; she looked through a green archway across the leagues of shimmering desert, somber, wavering and dim; she saw the long bleak range beyond, saw-toothed and gray; saw in the midway levels the unbearable brilliance of the White Sands, a wild dazzle and tumult of light, a blinding mirror with two score miles for diameter.

But Ben's eyes widened with delight, their blue darkened to a deeper blue of exultation, not to be feigned.

"More than beautiful—fascinating," he said.

"Repulsive, hateful, malignant, appalling!" cried Jay Hollister bitterly. "The starved, withered grass, the parched earth, the stunted bushes—miserable, hideous—the abomination of desolation!"

"Girl, by all good rights I ought to shut your wild, wild mouth with kisses four—that's what I orter do—elocutin' that way. But you mean it, I guess." Ben nodded his head sagely. "I get your idea. Blotched and leprous, eh? Thin, starved soil, poisoned and mildewed patches—thorns and dwarfed scrub, red leer of the sun. Oh, *si!* Like that bird in Browning? Hills like giants at a huntin' lay—the round squat turret—all the lost adventures, my peers—the Dark Tower, weird noises just offstage, increasin' like a bill, I mean a bell—increasin' like a bell, fiddles a-moanin', 'O-o-o-h-h-h! What did you do-o-o with your summer's wa-a-a-ges? So this is Paris!' Yes, yes, but why not shed the secondhand stuff and come down to workaday?"

"Ben Griggs," said Miss Hollister with quiet and deadly conviction, "you are absolutely the most blasphemous wretch that ever walked in shoe leather. You haven't anything even remotely corresponding to a soul."

"When we are married," said Ben, and paused, reflecting. "That is, if I don't change my mind ——"

"Married!" said Miss Hollister derisively. "When! You!" Her eyes scorned him.

"Woman," said Ben, "beware! You make utter confusion with the parts of speech. You make mere interjections of pronouns, prepositions and verbs and everything. You use too many shockers. More than that—mark me, my lass—isn't it curious that no one has ever thought to furnish printed words with every phonograph record of a song? Just a little sheet of paper—why, it needn't cost more than a penny apiece at the outside. Then we could know what it was all about."

"The way you hop from conversational crag to crag," said Jay, "is beyond all praise."

"Oh, well, if you insist, we can go back to our marriage again."

"My poor misguided young friend," said Jay, "make no mistakes. I put up with you because we played together when we were kids, and because we are strangers here in a strange land, townies together ——"

Ben interrupted her. "Two tawny townies twisting twill together!" he chanted happily, beating slow time with a gentle finger. "Twin turtles twitter tender twilight twaddle. Twice twenty travelers ——"

"Preposterous imbecile!" said Jay, dimpling nevertheless adorably. "Here is something to put in your little book. Jay Hollister will never marry an idler and a wastrel. Why, you're not even a ne'er-do-well. You're a do-nothing, net."

"All the world loves a loafer," Ben protested. "Still, as Alice remarked, if circumstances were different they would be quite otherwise. If frugal industry ——"

"There comes your gambler friend," said Jay coldly.

"Who, Monte? Where?" Ben turned eagerly.

"Across the street. No, the other way." Though she fervently disapproved of Monte, Jay was not sorry for the diversion. It was daily more difficult to keep Ben in his proper place, and she had no desire to discuss frugal industry.

"Picturesque rascal, what? Looking real pleased about something too. Say, girl, you've made me forget something I was going to tell you."

"He is laughing to himself," said Jay.

"I believe he is, at that." Ben raised his voice. "Hi, Monte! Come over and tell us the joke."

II

MONTE'S mother had known him as Rosalio Marquez. The overname was professional. He dealt monte wisely but not too well. He was nearing thirty-five, the easiest age of all; he was slender and graceful; he wore blue serge and a soft black hat, low crowned and wide brimmed. He carried this hat in his hand as he came up the steps. He bowed courteously to Jay, with murmured greetings in Spanish, soft syllables of lingering caress; he waved a friendly salute to Ben.

"Yes, indeed," said Ben. "With all my heart. Your statement as to the beauty of the day is correct in every particular, and it affords me great pleasure to indorse an opinion so just. But, after all, dear heart, that is hardly the point, is it? The giddy jest, the merry chuckles—those are the points on which we greatly desire information."

Monte hesitated, almost imperceptibly, a shrewd questioning in his eyes.

"Yes, have a chair," said Jay, "and tell us the joke."

"Thees is good, here, thank you," said Monte. He sat on the top step and hung the black hat on his knee; his face lit up with soft low laughter. "The joke? Oh, eet ees upon the sheriff, Jeem Hunter."

He paused to consider. In his own tongue Monte's speech sounded uncommonly like a pack of firecrackers lit at both ends. In English it was leisured, low and thoughtful. The unslurred vowels, stressed and piquant, the crisp consonants, the tongue-tip accents—these things combined to make the slow caressing words into something rich and colorful and strange, all unlike our own smudged and neutral speech. The customary medium of the Southwest between the two races is a weird and lawless hodge-podge of the two tongues—a barbarous lingua franca.

As Miss Hollister had no Spanish, Monte drew only from his slender stock of English; and all unconsciously he acted the story as he told it.

"When Jeem was a leetle, small boy," said Monte, his hand knee-high to show the size in question, "he dream manee times that he find thoss marbles—oh, many marbles! That mek heem ver' glad, thees nize dream. Then he get older"—Monte's hand rose with the sheriff's maturity—"and sometime he dream of find money lak thoss marble. And now Jeem ees grown and sheriff—an' las' night he come home, ver' late, ver' esleepy. I weel tell you now how eet ees, but Jeem he did not know eet. You see, Melquiades, he have a leetle, litla game." He glanced obliquely at Miss Hollister, his shoulders and down-drawn lips expressed apology for the little game, and tolerance for it. "Just neeckels and dimes. An' some fellow he go home weener, and there ees hole een hees pocket. But Jeem he do not know. *Bueno*, Jeem has been to Tularosa, Mescalero, Fresnal, all places, to leef word to look out for thees fellow las' week what rob the bank at Belen, and he arrive back on a freight train las' night, mebbe so about three in the morning—oh, veree tired, ver' esleepy. So when he go up the street een the moonlight he see there a long streeng of neeckels and dimes under hees feet." Without moving, Monte showed the homeward progress of that drowsy man and his faint surprise. "So Jeem, he laugh and say, 'There ees that dream again.' And he go on. But bimeby he steel see thoss neeckels, and he peench heemself, so—and he feel eet." Monte's eyes grew round with astonishment. "And he bend heemself to peek eet, and eet ees true money, and not dreaming at all! Yais. He go not back, but on ahead he peek up one dollar seexty-five cents of thees neeckels and dimes."

"I hadn't heard of any robbery, Monte," said Ben.

"Yes, and where is Belen?" said Jay. "Not around here, surely. I've never heard of the place."

"Oh, no, *muy lejos*—a long ways. Belen, what you call Bethlehem, ees yonder this side of Albuquerque, a leetle. I have been there manee times, but not estraight—round about." He made a looping motion of his hand to illustrate. "Las Vegas, and then down, or by Las Cruces, and then up. Eet is hundred feefty, two hundred miles in estraight line—I do not know."

"Anybody hurt?" asked Ben.

"Oh, no—no fuss! Eet ees veree funnee. Don Numa Frenger and Don Nestor Trujillo, they have there beeg estore to sell all theengs, leetle bank, farms, esheep ranch, freighting for thoss mines, buy wool and hides—all theengs for get the monee what ees there een thees place. And las' week, maybe Friday, Saturday, Nestor he ees go to deennair, and Numa Frenger ees in the estore, *solito*.

"Comes een a customer, *un colorado*—es-scusa me, a redhead. He buy tomatoes, cheese, crackers, sardines, sooch things, and a nose bag, and he ask to see shotgun. Don Numa, he exheebit two, three, and thees red he peek out nize shotgun. So he ask for shells, bird-eshot, buck-eshot, and he open the buck-eshot and sleep two shells een barrel, and break eet to throw out thoss shell weeth extractor, and sleep them een again. 'Eet work fine!' he say. 'Have you canteen?'

"Then Numa Frenger he tek long pole weeth hook to get thoss canteen where eet hang from the *viga*, the r-rafter, the beams. And when he get eet, he turn around an' thees estranger ees present thees shotgun at hees meedle.

"'Have you money een your esafe?' say the *estranjero*, the estr-ranger. And Numa ees bite hees mouth. 'Of your kindness,' say the customer, 'weel you get heem? I weel go weeth you.'

"So they get thees money from the esafe. And thees one weel not tek onlee the paper money. 'Thees gold an' seelver ees so heav-ee,' he tell Numa Frenger. 'I weel not bozzer.' Then he pay for those theengs of which he mek purchase an' correc' Don Numa when he mek meestake in the *adición*, and get hees change back. And then he say to Numa, 'Weel you not be so good to come to eshow me wheech ees best road out from thees town to the ford of the reever?' And Numa, he ees ge-nash hees teeth, but there ees no *remedio*.

"And so they go walking along thees lane between the orcharda, these two togezzer, and the leetle bir-rds esing een the *árboles*—thees red fellow laughing and talkin' weeth Numa, ver' gay—leading hees horse by the bridle, and weeth the shotgun een the crook of hees arm. So the people loog out from the doors of their house and say, 'Ah! Don Numa ees diverrt heemself weeth hees friend.'

"And when they have come beyond the town, thees fellow ees mount hees horse. 'For your courtesy,' he say, 'I thank you. At your feet,' he say. 'Weeth God!' And he ride off laughing, and een a leetle way he toss hees shotgun een a bush, and he ride on to cross the reever eslow. But when Numa Frenger see thees, he run queeckly, although he ees a ver' fat man, an' not young; he grab thees gun, he point heem, he pull the triggle —— Nozzing! He break open the gun to look wizzen side —— Nozzing! *O caballeros y concuidadanos!*" Monte threw down the gun; both hands grabbed his black locks and tugged with the ferocity of despair.

"Ah-h! What a lovely cuss word," cried Jay. "How trippingly it goes upon the tongue. I must learn that. Say it again!"

"But eet ees not a bad word, that," said Monte sheepishly. "Eet ees onlee idle word, to feel up. When thees politicos go up an' down, talking nonsense een the nose, when they weesh to theenk of more, then they say with *emoción*, '*O caballeros y concuidadanos*'; that ees, 'gentlemen and fellow ceetizens.' No more."

"Well, now, the story?" said Ben. "He crossed the river, going east—was that it?"

"Oh, yes. Well, when Numa Frenger see that thees gun ees emptee, he ees ver' angree man. He ees more enr-rage heemself for that than for all what gone befor-re. He ees arrouse all Belen, he ees send telegraph to Sabinal, La Joya, Socorro, San Marcial, ever wheech way, to mek queek the posse, to send queek to the mesa to catch thees man, to mek *proclamación* to pay for heem three thousand dollar of rewar-rd. 'Do not keel heem, I entr-reat you,' say Don Numa. 'Breeng heem back. I want to fry heem.'"

"Now isn't that New Mexico for you?" demanded Jay. "A man commits a barefaced robbery, and you make a joke of it."

Monte pressed the middle finger of his right hand firmly into the palm of his left, pressed as if to hold something there, and looked up under his brows at Miss Hollister.

"Then why do you laugh?" said Monte.

"You win," said Jay. "Go on with the story."

"Well, then," said Monte, "thees fellow he go up on the high plain on thees side of the reever, and he ride east and south by Sierra Montoso, and over the mountains of Los Pinos, and he mek to go over Chupadero Mesa to thoss ruins of Gran Quivira. But he ride onlee *poco á poco*, easalee. And already a posse from La Joya, San Acacia is ride up the Alamillo Cañon, and across the plain." His swift hands fashioned horseman, mountain, mesa and plain. "Page Otero and six, five other men. And they ride veree fast so that already they pass in front of him to the south, and are now before heem on Chupadero, and there they see heem. Eet ees almost sundown.

"*Immediatamente* he turn and go back. And their horses are not so tired lak hees horse, and they spread out and ride fast, and soon they are about to come weethen gunshot weeth the rifle. And when he see eet, thees *colorado* ees ride oopon a reedge that all may see, and he tek that paper money from the nose bag at the head of the saddle and he toss eet up—pouf! The weend is blow gentle and thees money it go joomp, joomp, here, there, een the booshes. Again he ride a leetle way, and again he scatter thees money lak a man to feed the hen een hees yard. So then he go on away, thees red one. And when thees posse come to that place, thees nize money is go hop, hop, along the ground and over the booshes. There ees feefty-dollar beel een the mesquite, there ees twenty-dollar beel een the tar-bush, there ees beels blow by, roll by, slide by. So thees posse ees deesmount heemself to peek heem, *muy enérgico*—lively. And the weend ess come up faster at sundown, *como siempre*. 'Come on!' says Page Otero. 'Come on, thees fellow weel to escape!' Then the posse loog up surprise, and say, 'Who, me?' and they go on to peek up thees monee. So that redhead get clear away thees time."

"Did they get all the money?" asked Ben.

"Numa he say yes. He do not know just how mooch thees bandit ees take, but he theenk they breeng back all, or most nearly all."

"Do they know who he was?" asked Jay.

"*Por cierto*, no. But from the deescreepcion and hees horse and saddle, they theenk eet ees a cowboy from Quemado, name—I cannot to pr-ronounce thees name, Meester Ben. You say heem. I have eet here een La Voz del Pueblo." From a hip pocket he produced a folded

(Continued on Page 118)

The Pursuing Dust Did Not Come Fast, But it Came Straight His Way

A THIRD UNITED STATES

By Richard Washburn Child

THE United States consists of forty-eight sovereignties in a union, a federation; we have built up the United States and have sometimes called it by the plural pronoun "they" and sometimes by the singular "it."

The reason for that difference in terms is based upon the dual nature of the United States. The Constitution of this federation, drawn in large part from a wisdom of the past which creates the impression of white magic in its extent of foresight and prevision, attempted to distribute between the Federal Government and the states as sovereigns all the power of government of this country.

Anyone in Washington who watches this session of Congress with a distinct impression of a latent but coming struggle such as we have often seen before between the respective jurisdictions, or in the sound policy of distribution of powers between states and national Government, can see in the offing, now, in 1926, the shadow of a new jurisdiction in America—the jurisdiction not of these United States taken one by one, not of this United States taken as a Federal Government, but a jurisdiction of a new United States—a third United States.

Whatever foresight the founders of this country may have had, it is not probable that they could foresee the existence of a vast telephone and telegraph network covering the country, nor the entertaining miracle of the radio, nor the interstate transportation in extending zones of electric superpower. Many of our present problems, raised by the dissimilarity between the laws of one state and those of others, in a country where individuals and even families are living by motor car and by new social customs the life of Arabs and Bedouins, could not have been examined during their nonexistence a century ago.

In brief, although our legislative Congress and our overloaded administrative national Government have not, this winter, come in any way face to face with the broad problem, we are in reality almost face to face with it. The readers of the debates of this congressional session may hear nothing of the need of the Third United States; but it being my business to look somewhat under the surface of the flowing currents in our national life, I am bound to assert that in many places where the housewife turns on the water tap, where the son tunes in with a singer in Omaha by the radio, where a fisherman drops a hook and line in the waters of Delaware Bay, where the long-distance telephone rings, where the farmer opens an irrigation ditch, where a natural gas pipe crosses a state line or an electric washing machine begins to purr—there even now begins to arise the need of a Third United States; a control undertaken voluntarily by combinations of all or of groups of states, under the wise allowance of jurisdiction to be passed from the too small hands of the individual states or out of the clumsy and bureaucratic hand of the Federal Government centralized in Washington.

The phrase "States' rights" is one not often correctly used; its historical basis was not in the distribution of legislative and regulatory power between national and state governments, but was applied specifically to the state's right to secede from the Union. It makes, however, a convenient if not accurate phrase to discuss the general policy as to the functions of government to be left, so far as the Constitution will permit, to national centralization or to powers held by the states.

Let Washington Do It

ONE of the comedies of our life under the Constitution is that the Democratic Party, founded upon the wide state-rights Democratic doctrines of Jefferson, was led over finally by Wilson, even before the war, toward the strongest and perhaps most dangerous tendency toward national centralization which Jefferson could have conceived in a nightmare. Another but doubtless more cheerful comedy is that President Coolidge probably has in the bottom of his mind a feeling growing stronger every day that needless centralized national administration is becoming more and more unwieldy, more and more a menace to economy and efficiency, too large a unit, and a dangerously large basket into which all states, zones, sections and communities can drop their own affairs and their own obligations, when they are glad to avoid those rights which really are more like responsibilities than rights.

There was a time—in Jefferson's days, and later—when states' powers were considered a privilege and not something of obligation which might be thrust upon a centralized government. In the days of Coolidge, the general pressure is all the other way; after Wilsonism and the war, it is now a pressure to foist onto the goat of the Federal Government every local problem, every claim of organized or sectional minorities, every intrigue to gain special favor, fifty-fifty appropriations, protection, law-enforcement responsibility, price fixing and demand for centralized regulation.

In the days of Jefferson the central government was feared as a possible tyrant which would kill the experiment of our republic and would menace democracy; today the clamor is to create of it a papa and a mamma. Today all the intrigue, whether of certain trust or holding companies and huge corporate interests or that of communistic and socialistic plotters, is to drive all the power in the country up into one paternalistic corner where money power or radicalism can hog-tie it. Distant centralized government, as I have observed in Europe, whether it wears the meaningless label of monarchy or democracy, operates with feebleness in resisting special privilege on the one hand or seizure by radicals on the other hand. Decentralized government has something stalwart about it in its guaranties of democracy. The local government, just as some persons argue, may be full of corruption; but either the corruption is willingly accepted by the people, which I suppose is one of the privileges of a democracy, or else it occurs because citizenship has passed its responsibility upward under the easy, lazy slogan, Let Washington Do It. When government is passed on to distant centers citizenship not only is deceived in what is going on but learns for long periods not to care very much. Already half our voters fail to go to the polls in national elections.

The Coöperative States of America

THE pressure for centralization in the United States is very great. No one has learned better than President Coolidge how great it is. Problems arise which are interstate and sectional or class problems. Whereupon the voices of socialists, hoping to drive all government up into one corner where it can be captured by votes, rise to say:

"Times have changed. The old order has gone. For instance, take child labor. It cannot be regulated state by state. Let's have more bureaucratic regulation in a big way. Social problems crossing all state boundaries and saturating the nation can only be solved by central action." And at the very same moment those forces which used to be called the interests are whispering to Washington, "Take all this under your wing," hoping, by lobbying and campaign funds and whatever control of the two great parties they may gain, to have things arranged a long way off from the people's eyes. Government seen by telescope rather than government seen by microscope is the aim not only of so-called Bolsheviks, but also of the new-brand easy-money financiers. Both sides come to Washington grumbling this winter that invention, progress in the arts, expansion of various services, the increasing size and scope of industry no longer make it possible for localities or even states to exercise proper regulatory power.

That low, soft grumbling is based not only upon selfish and intriguing desires; it is based also on facts. States acting alone, either within their own powers or because the Federal Government has not taken a jurisdiction under the commerce clause and other clauses of the Constitution, are unable to regulate with wisdom the control of many matters growing swiftly into primary importance.

But ——

The Federal Government is no adequate or proper agency to exercise its powers, especially when the detailed subjects for governmental regulation are not of nation-wide scope—when, indeed, they are regional and merely involve local economic developments, like superpower and irrigation and other water rights, conservation and a variety of specific local problems involving the limited interests of a group of states, and therefore of a zone but not of the nation itself. Even when the Federal Government has power, either the power to legislate and regulate or the power to forbid state action, it would be an endless undertaking certain to be bureaucratic, expensive and badly done, if regional problems between states were to be all placed under Federal regulation and control and settlement. We want less national government and not more; not more exhaustion of the taxpayer paying Washington to fiddle with affairs which are sectional, regional, local.

The thoughtful men of the Administration, especially the President and Hoover, know very well the rapidly growing dilemma which already, with a large and grim countenance, faces the nation—the dilemma of a changing, scientific, expanding but resource-exhausting age, with new social and economic problems snarling up two or more states. This dilemma cannot be solved by single selfish action taken by isolated states, and should not and probably cannot be solved by government action, regulation and administration created and located in Washington, D. C.

The citizen who wishes to be intelligent in his peep into the future can be fairly certain that there will arise in addition to "These United States" and "The United States" a "Third United States." In other words, the near future is certain to call out in a bawling voice a new development in American political life. That development is state coöperation. That development is coöperation between states and regional groups of states.

In general, the great fields for this Third United States are two:

The voluntary adoption of uniform laws by states in such cases as, for instance, the negotiable-instrument law and the warehouse act already launched, or in such cases as may call for uniformity, such as marriage and divorce, child labor and other social and economic regulations, where uniformity rather than conflict is desirable for the nation as a whole.

The second is the voluntary compacts between states to settle interstate problems; these compacts may be permitted only by Congress. Under the Constitution compacts between states may be made only with the national Government's permission; but the national Government would probably have no reluctance in allowing coöperative compacts solving problems of conflict between states.

What are the subjects for regulation under the jurisdiction of group states—the Third United States?

The answer to this will surprise the average citizen. He may know that some water power has never been developed. He may know that some species of food fish has been nearly exterminated; he may know that an electric-power industry has been strangled or has been given a loose rein; he may know that his state and an adjoining state compete in tax laws, and so on. But there is scarcely one man in a hundred thousand in America who really knows that hovering over this Congress, as they will hover over many Congresses to come, are regional problems which single states or the United States cannot or should not attempt to solve—problems which perhaps nothing but state coöperation or state compacts or voluntary uniformity of state laws can satisfactorily untangle.

Today, here in Washington, no one can say definitely how far and how importantly this Third United States will develop. It is not difficult to foresee a day when interstate compacts may become more important than the acts of any one session of Congress; on the other hand, those few persons who have observed the movement toward interstate coöperation are able to set forth many of the difficulties presented, first in gaining consent of Congress to relinquishment of any of its broad regulatory rights when such rights exist. Congress will allow interstate compacts otherwise prohibited by the Constitution; but so far as some investigators have been able to find out, Congress has never in all our history delegated any of its powers. "And if it did," the pessimists say, "how would the states succeed in coöperating in regional jurisdictions even in cases where state boundaries were less important in economic and social life than the interests of a zone and its people? It might be quite possible for joint commissions to draw up plans for a port development or an equitable division of rights to the water in a great river—rights which are becoming more and more needed in our growing population. But would politics allow the legislatures of the states involved to ratify such plans?"

Advantages From Pooled Resources

THE answer to this is that although in our history—and, indeed, far back in our history—disputes between states, particularly boundary disputes, have been more satisfactorily settled by commissions and compacts than by appeal to the courts, the broad idea of state coöperation—a getting together, as we Americans call it—has never been educated into our minds. Only within a few years has grown up the new set of problems which neither single states nor the Federal Government, nor even the disastrous method of constitutional amendment, can settle and administer.

Let us look at some of these problems which have touched zones rather than single states whose boundaries correspond to political maps rather than to social and economic maps.

How extensive are they? How many?

I do not believe that these gentlemen who are representing the country on the Hill, as the Capitol is called, realize how many.

There are prohibition enforcement, fisheries, forestry conservation, water power, river use, rights to irrigation waters, rights to water for domestic purposes, distribution of natural gas, radio, probably telephones and telegraphs, crime suppression, fuel conservation, the interstate traffic

or commerce in the distribution of electric energy—a matter of vast importance in a land where for every human worker many more mechanical horse powers are used than anywhere else in the world—drainage to control floods, roads, navigation on inland waters, port development, voluntary uniformity of laws. Such compacts or coöperation might include, it is true, a pooling of resources among a group of states and might therefore be attacked as a means of stimulating sectionalism.

On November thirteenth, for instance, at Worcester, Massachusetts, there was held a New England conference. Briefly, the question was raised: What is the matter with New England? The delegates from the various New England states were said to represent five billion dollars' worth of agricultural, industrial and commercial annual income.

More Power to the Worker

THE conference, no matter how little the rest of the country so regarded it, was held to produce a pooling of interests of a sectional group and to emphasize as well the legitimate advantages of interstate coöperation. The state of Maine, for instance, which has long held out against the development of any of its water powers for exportation, must have been interested in the words of Owen D. Young, who had such a preëminent part in the European plan which bears the name of his friend, Vice President Dawes. Young, a Democrat, who may come up between Smith, of New York, and McAdoo, if the old fight is restaged, as presidential candidate to oppose the next Republican nominee, said with pungency at Worcester:

"One of the economic guaranties of a high wage level is to put more power back of the individual worker. We must use human beings more and more to direct and control power rather than to generate it. The wage curves of the principal countries in the world follow closely their power-development curves. That is to say, wherever you find a high wage level, you also find a large supply of power back of the worker. In China, man power is still used for transportation and many other purposes. The wages are so low that the capital cost of generating power from other sources and applying it to their needs is unprofitable. They have an abundance of cheap labor and only a limited supply of capital, the cost of which is high. . . .

"An eminent authority has said that the higher wages in this country are due to the twenty-nine-million horse power established in our factories, which is the equivalent of two hundred and ninety million workers. Or to put it more dramatically, each of our workers is in the position to command the power of thirty-three slaves."

Young, who discussed state coöperation with me nearly twenty years ago, went on to point out that electric art had done much to make this slaveholding possible to American industry. As I remember it, when I was investigating the Ministry of Reconstruction in London after the war at the invitation of the British Government, we were using nearly three times more mechanical horse power per human worker than was used in English industry.

Young went on to say:

"Suppose New England were to have a comprehensive survey made of its water powers as a whole, including studies for storage reservoirs which would improve and equalize the flow of her rivers. Suppose then her public service commissions should agree upon comprehensive plans by which these powers, when developed, could be made available on an integrated adequate network of transmission systems throughout New England. Suppose the New England states, through joint commissions, should unify their laws regarding the development and transmission of power. Suppose, in other words, that these six states, through coöperative action, should clear the road of the legal obstacles now preventing the maximum development and use of power, and secure in effect great enabling acts permitting and encouraging the maximum use of this great resource, and at the same time uniformly control the business of power service so as to insure maximum benefit to the public and the lowest possible rates. Suppose in this comprehensive program there should be a great network of secondary lines which would be available for highway lighting and farm electrification. All your sources of power which are developed or can be developed should feed into your power pool."

Mobilizing New England's Water Power

"OBVIOUSLY, to the extent which it can economically be done, you should develop as much power as possible from your falling waters, because that is your most valuable raw material and it is inexhaustible. You can increase your supply of water power, and incidentally improve your navigation and prevent floods, by a comprehensive development of storage reservoirs which will conserve your flood waters, equalize the flow of your rivers and make power available in greater quantities than now exist. By turning all your water powers into a common power pool, you can get the benefit of the diversity in the flow of your rivers arising from different rainfall in Maine and in Vermont. A small local power which is today being used only a few hours of the day, mobilized with others, might be useful elsewhere in New England for the hours in which it is not used at home. So through this common reservoir of power you can have full advantage of your diversity of supply, and you can also, through your transmission system, take full advantage of your diversity of use.

(Continued on Page 114)

GETTING ROUND THE OLD MAN

FUN AND NEIGHBORS

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

NEVER in the most hectic of his thirty years did Charles Lawrence have a greater desire to avoid his fellow mortals. Instinct quickened his step as he passed the veranda of the Sweet Hills Cricket Club. Instinct, as well as common sense, told him it was best to see no one, and Mrs. Wadsleigh least of all. How else could it be, when perhaps at that very moment unseen eyes were on him—when at any instant, perhaps, a hand might fall upon his shoulder and a voice might say "Mr. Lawrence, here's a paper," or whatever it was those people said who hung about lawyers' offices? Suppose such a thing happened right in front of Mrs. Wadsleigh's rocking-chair!

The perfection of his striped sweater—fortunately purchased at Cobble & Cobble's Sport Store before he was refused further credit—seemed to Charles inadequate to hide the panic which beat beneath it. To Charles Lawrence, Mrs. Wadsleigh was more than a person; concentrated in her voluminous bulk was the richness and love of scandalous gossip that made Sweet Hills—Sweet Hills. At the thought of her his very spirit writhed. He pretended not to notice Mrs. Wadsleigh, but instead stared diligently at the golf score in his hand.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Lawrence."

Charles' heavy shoulders sagged, for it had done no good. Mrs. Wadsleigh had him and he could not get away.

"Did you have a good game?"

"Bully!" Charles spoke with a nervous emphasis.

"And how's that charming young wife of yours?"

"Great—thanks!"

Mrs. Wadsleigh's face softened. It had to soften before Mr. Lawrence's enthusiasm.

"Won't you have some tea? No? Do sit down then. No? I really wish you would. You know, I love to see anyone like you, who enjoys—who gets the most out of Sweet Hills. You do love it, don't you—you and your charming wife?"

"You—bet we do!"

"I've always said that no one could help but love it here if they have congenial neighbors, and you are fond of the Talcotts, aren't you? They're so nice."

"You bet they are!" Mr. Lawrence tugged at his sweater. "Couldn't be nicer!"

"Just to think of you there, side by side in those two lovely houses, gives me the loveliest sense that the world is right. Just last night I said to Henry, 'Now, Henry, see the way those young people are, not worrying about expenses, just thinking of being happy.' That's what makes Sweet Hills—fun and neighbors."

"It does!" said Mr. Lawrence. "It does!" He grinned and pulled again at his sweater. "That's it—fun and neighbors."

"And to see you with so much in common, to see your dear little baby and the Talcotts' dear little baby with their nurses on the lawn, and to hear your wives here planning together about fixing their nurseries—I was just telling Henry I could listen to it forever. And when I saw you and Mr. Talcott start out after lunch, and when I heard you laughing together when you topped your ball on the first tee, I declare I could have kissed you! I do love a friendly game."

"Great!" he agreed. "That's it—a friendly game."

"But the glorious thing is the way you put that spirit into your lives. I wish everyone could realize the way you people do, that all life is just a game. . . . What? Well, I won't stop you if Mr. Talcott's waiting."

Mrs. Wadsleigh picked up a thin piece of lemon and dropped it into her teacup. Then she paused for a moment to stare over the golf course, sunny with Saturday peace and green with the first touch of spring, and turned to Mrs. Fishkill, who sat beside her.

"There!" murmured Mrs. Wadsleigh. "That shows you, doesn't it? Didn't I tell you those young people dislike each other? You can't tell me that something isn't wrong." The faint but triumphant pitch of Mrs. Wadsleigh's voice as Charles hurried to the locker room was not conducive to straight thinking. A footstep behind him and a touch upon his arm made him wince.

"Telephone, Mr. Lawrence, sir." It was a club employe speaking.

"Well, don't sneak up on me as though I'd run away," growled Charles. "Where's the telephone?"

"On the desk, sir."

"That you, Charles?" Charles moistened his lips as he assented. With the annoying habit of his kind, the man who had summoned him to the instrument had moved only far enough away to straighten a row of glasses above a water cooler. "Listen, Charles"—old Mr. Blane, who sat next him at the office, was on the wire—"are you in any sort of trouble? There's a feller been here asking for you."

"Why, William!" Several people were passing through the room, and Charles endeavored to be as sprightly as possible. "What can you be driving at?"

"Maybe you won't be so chipper if that feller's what I think he is. It'll make a pretty mess if anybody around here gets wise. He's a server, or I'll eat my hat."

"Ha-ha!" With the world falling about his ears it was difficult to laugh, but Charles managed it. "You must be mistaken, William."

"There's nothing to laugh at. I tell you I'm not mistaken. He was here to serve a summons on you. Don't I know what they look like? Do you want to lose your job?"

Charles put the receiver carefully upon the hook and walked toward the locker room in a somewhat zigzag course. Once free from the club's more frequented area, his conventional expression of roguish pleasure vanished in a look of grim despair. "Talcott mustn't know," he murmured beneath his breath. "I can't stand it if he knows." And then a moment later Charles made another remark, perhaps still more remarkable. "And anyway," he whispered fervently, "damn the Talcotts!"

There could be no doubt any longer. The words of a letter which even then rested in his pocket seared his memory like a bright electric sign:

> "Messrs. Cobble & Cobble, we regret to inform you, have placed their account with you in our hands for collection. It has been long overdue, running, in fact, over a period of six months, in which clothing and other accessories have been purchased by you and your family to the extent of $638. As repeated letters from our client have evoked no reply from you, we must request your check for this amount by return mail, or otherwise we shall be forced to take legal steps."

The connection between the letter and the telephone was too obvious—much too obvious to be overlooked. Any doubts he might have harbored before had vanished. Disgrace, and nothing else, was stalking close behind him.

Charles clenched and unclenched his heavy fingers. Much as he hated to do it, there was only one recourse

"I'd Rather You Called Me Nurse," She Said

"What Do You Mean, Charles? Please Don't Look Like That! Just Tell Me What You Mean"

left—a loan. Recently, however, his sources for borrowing money were almost exhausted. He turned guiltily at the sound of a footstep behind him; but it was, after all, one of those fortunate coincidences which sometimes meet a man in trouble. There was only one man in all Sweet Hills who walked in such an uneven manner. It was John Lathrop, and the very man he wanted. John Lathrop's thin and slightly emaciated face was a welcome sight, yet not wholly welcome, for Charles had a conscientious streak of decency. He was too heavy and too ponderous not to have it, and the thing he had to do hurt him, for John Lathrop was a friend of his. Charles had never capitalized friendship before, and he knew John Lathrop would have to come across. The circumstances under which John Lathrop had acquired his limp would make him.

"What the devil are you slinking away for?" inquired John Lathrop. "Aren't you speaking to your friends any more?"

Charles endeavored to laugh, but it was difficult, for of late he and John Lathrop had not had much in common.

"John," said Charles, "come over here a minute—no, over here. You're just the man I'm looking for."

Charles' broad face was troubled. He felt insufferably cheap.

"Why don't you see your friends any more?" John persisted good-naturedly. "You don't belong with the crowd you're playing with. You've lost weight, Charlie. You look ten years older since you've come here."

Charles had one of those faces which become instantly marked by worry, one of those simple good-natured faces unused to wearing a deceitful mask. There were hollows beneath his eyes, and his skin was somewhat gray and drawn taut over his cheeks.

"If you had a wife and family," suggested Charles, "maybe you wouldn't look so young yourself." He endeavored to speak lightly, but he was abashed and nervous. "And anyway, joking aside ——"

"I wasn't joking," said Lathrop.

"Then you'd better be. I never felt better in my life." Though Charles did his best to feel better, what he had to say stuck in his throat. "By the way, John, seeing you reminded me of something."

It was a feeble beginning and a deceitful one. John Lathrop looked at Charles until Charles wished he would look somewhere else.

"You couldn't forget very well," he remarked, "and I am certainly not forgetting. You remember those horses squealing in the dark and the branches coming off the trees, and what a mess everything was? If you hadn't lifted up that caisson and pulled me out ——"

Charles moved uneasily. There were certain phases in his life which he was glad were over.

"I wasn't thinking of that. Anybody would have pulled you out."

"Then what were you thinking of?"

There was no use beating about the bush, and Charles had to get it over.

"I was thinking you might have some ready money."

Charles felt his face grow red. John Lathrop had thrust his hands in his pockets

"Why didn't you tell me in the first place?" he demanded. "How much?"

"Six hundred dollars."

Charles cleared his throat. John Lathrop whistled softly.

"Charlie"—he sounded almost diffident—"don't think I'm welshing or anything. It's going to turn me inside out, but I don't mind—if you've really got to have it."

Charles hesitated and grew red again. He did not have the proper face to carry it off. He had too many sensibilities. What could he say? In all decency, what could he?

"Just speak up," said Lathrop. "If you've really got to have it I'm your man."

Charles cleared his throat again. He had never been so ashamed.

"Don't worry, John," he said hastily. "It isn't—that important. I just thought"—he smiled apologetically—"you might have it lying around. No, don't worry. . . . I've got to be getting home. . . . Yes, I'll let you know. . . . Yes, I'll see you soon."

As Charles continued on his way to the locker room he looked older still. He had strained the bonds of friendship; nor was that all; he knew he had gone as far as his spirit would allow him—that he could not ask anyone else. He was literal; he was dull; he hated instant action. Yet all that was left were two grisly possibilities, demanding immediate energy and resolution.

"I've got to sell the car and fire the baby's nurse—that's all," he muttered.

But it was not all. He paused and stared before him. His striped sweater and his gay stockings accentuated his woe. What would the Talcotts say when he sold his car? He could imagine the gentle tilt of Talcott's eyebrows when he heard of it, and Talcott's insinuating laugh.

Down in the locker room Charles took his wallet from his coat and produced two twenty-dollar bills, negligently, gracefully, as became the Sweet Hills atmosphere. The sight of Roger Talcott complacently stroking his clipped mustache made Charles hesitate, reluctantly daunted by the smoothness, the sureness, the wealth of Roger Talcott's presence. He had that slight build in the legs, and the proper intellectual boredom to make him the perfect object of fortune and of the sportiveness wealth brings. Charles held forth his two twenty-dollar bills with the delicate suggestion that he was parting with scraps of paper.

"Let me see ——" He began as though he did not remember. "It was two up, wasn't it?"

Talcott blinked as though he also could not remember, and rubbed his upper lip.

"Nonsense! What's your hurry? Wasn't it a great game?"

"Great!" breathed Charles.

"Oh, by the way"—Talcott cleared his throat and fingered the bills diffidently—"er—Lawrence, I've been meaning to tell you—if you think twenty a hole's too steep we can shade down, you know. It's all the same to me."

Charles laughed heartily, very heartily.

"Don't talk rot," he said. "Have a drink. I've just got some from a bonded warehouse."

"Better try mine," suggested Talcott. "I just got some yesterday off a liner; a bit more expensive, but it pays. Can I take you back? I just bought a new car yesterday."

"Bully!" cried Charles. "Wish I could, but I've got one too."

"Fine! Well, mine's a six."

"Great!" cried Charles still more enthusiastically. "Well, mine's an eight costs a bit more, but it's worth it."

"Bully!" Talcott rubbed his upper lip. "Well, how much did your baby weigh this morning?"

"Fifteen flat."

"Splendid! Well, we're fifteen three ounces."

"Think of that!" cried Charles. "Look here, did your nurse weigh him?"

"Of course! Who else would?"

(Continued on Page 126)

"Indeed?" Began Mrs. Talcott With Superior Amusement, for Mr. Higgins Was Something to be Amused At

LITTLE FREDDIE

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

It Swooped Down Over the Battery and Let Go With Its Machine Gun, Raking the Guns From One End of the Battery to the Other, and Dropping a Couple of Hand Grenades Besides

ABOUT noon on September 25, 1918, me and my friend Henry Elton—both of us privates in the artillery were sitting just behind the four guns of our battery on Hill 304, fifteen kilometers northwest of Verdun, France

We were holding our mess kits in our laps and just starting in on some fairly good slum, when a sad-looking little shrimp of a private with big horn-rimmed spectacles came up and said to Henry, "Excuse me, sir, but could I speak to you a minute?"

"What's your name and what do you want?" asked Henry, taking a big bite of slum.

"I am Private Frederick Mills," he said

"All right, Freddie, go ahead."

"I was wondering if you could tell me where I could get something to eat." He looked longingly through his thick glasses at Henry's steaming slum. "I'm hungry," he said

"Where's your outfit? Why don't they feed you?"

"My outfit is too far away."

"Where is it?"

"At a place called Bourges."

"And where the hell is Bourges?"

"It's down south of Paris, sir."

"South of Paris!" said Henry. "It looks to me like mamma's boy is a long way from home. How come you are wandering around way up here?"

"You see," said Freddie, "when I was drafted they made me a clerk in the Quartermaster Corps and they sent me to the Central Records Office in Bourges, and I spent three months sorting out little cards and sticking them into filing cases. I didn't like the job, and I thought I would like to sort of see the war, if you know what I mean. So I left and came up here, and I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday, and I don't want to be any bother, but I'm hungry—honest I am."

"Holy Moses!" said Henry. "His name is Freddie, and he's a clerk in the Quartermaster Corps, and he wants to 'sort of see the war'!"

"Yes, sir," said Freddie.

"Listen, son," said Henry. "The best thing you can do is chase right back to Bourges where you belong. The German front line is just over on the other side of this hill, and things are liable to get hot around here any minute. You seem to be a little weak in the head already, and if you stick around here you'll see so much hell that you'll go completely crazy. This war ain't a good place for children."

"But I don't want to go back to Bourges," said Freddie. "And I think it would be so nice to see the war, and I'm hungry."

"The battery kitchen is just down the road," said Henry. "They got plenty of food there."

"I know," said Freddie. "I was just down there. I asked the cooks for something to eat, and I talked just as politely as I could, but they seem like a tough bunch. They told me to get to hell out of there, so I came up here."

"You make me sick," said Henry. "I got enough to bother me already. And now I gotta feed babies that's lost from their mothers. Have you a mess kit?"

"Yes, sir," said Freddie, and brought it out.

"Take that," said Henry, dumping his slum into Freddie's mess kit. "Eat it and shut up. Now," he went on, very disgusted, "I gotta go down and drag some more out of them cooks for myself."

"Thank you, sir," said Freddie, starting to eat. Henry beat it to the kitchen. In a few minutes he was back with a fresh mess kit of food, and the three of us sat and ate.

It seemed to me that Freddie had picked a pretty poor time and an awful sad place for a sight-seeing trip. The weather was cold and damp, dark and cloudy. And Hill 304 was one of the most dismal-looking dumps I ever seen in my life. It had been all shot up in the big Battle of Verdun two years before, and it sure was a mess. There was no trees or houses or fences left, and the shell holes was so thick they overlapped. On our right was Dead Man's Hill. Just behind us was a few heaps of building stones that had once been the town of Esnes.

We had come up the night before and put the guns in position. We was on the south slope of the hill, and the guns was pointed so as to shoot over the crest at the Germans to the north. We hadn't done any firing yet ourselves, but every once in a while a lazy German shell would come sailing along and hit far behind us. Me and Henry had got so used to shells that they didn't mean much to us unless they hit near by. But I noticed that Freddie cocked his head on one side and listened to them with much interest. They was new stuff to him.

We seemed to be in what they called a quiet sector, but it didn't look like it would stay quiet long. Not only our battery, but dozens and dozens of other batteries had come up the night before. They was planted all over the landscape, and the roads was filled with supply trucks and ammunition trucks, and with infantry going up to the front lines. It was just like the day before the Battle of St.-Mihiel two weeks before. And—just the same as at St.-Mihiel—the clouds was so low and heavy that there wasn't much chance of German planes spotting anything, so everybody was out in the open.

After we had finished eating, Freddie asked us very polite if he could do anything to show his gratitude for the food.

"Sure," said Henry. "We gotta have a hole behind the guns here for the telephone station, and if you want, you can get busy and dig it."

So Freddie got a pick and shovel off one of the limbers, and while the rest of us was busy running out telephone wire he started to dig. Freddie couldn't have been much over five feet tall, and he was kind of skinny besides. But I never seen a guy work harder or faster. He shoveled so fast that there would be sometimes two or three shovelfuls of dirt in the air at the same time.

The captain and Lieutenant Baird came walking along, and right away they took notice of Freddie.

"Who is the little boy with the glasses?" Baird asked me.

"He's lost from his outfit," I said, "and he's working to pay for some chow we gave him."

"I suppose," said the captain, "we ought to turn him over to the M. P.'s as a straggler."

"If you ask me," said Baird, "I'd say that we are too busy to be going out of our way to assist those damn M. P.'s. If they want him let them come and get him."

"Fair enough," said the captain, and they walked on.

By the middle of the afternoon Freddie had a swell hole about three feet deep and big enough for the telephone and for two or three men to lay down and go to sleep.

"Fine," said Henry. "You must be tougher and stronger than you look."

"Oh, I'm strong enough," said Freddie. "What shall I do now?"

"That's all," said Henry. "You better rest yourself a while."

But Freddie seemed so ambitious and so anxious to please that he went over and helped the fourth-section gun crew dig a hole in the side of the hill for the gun.

In the meantime me and Henry had pitched our pup tent over Freddie's elegant hole, and fixed up a very nice telephone station with sleeping accommodations. So far no German shells had hit anywhere near us, but we was glad to be dug in a little, just in case. At five o'clock Henry kidded another extra meal out of the cooks, so Freddie was able to eat again.

"He ain't such a bad kid," Henry told me privately. "He's polite, and he's a good worker. But can you imagine a guy that would come to a place like this on a sight-seeing trip? I tell you he ain't quite right in his mind. And the longer he stays the worse he'll get."

"Aw, he's all right," I said. "I rather like him. And considering that he dug this hole, the least we can do is ask him to sleep in here. He has no pup tent of his own."

"I suppose we'll have to," said Henry. So we took him in.

It was now almost dark. The cannoneers had finished their work of getting the guns ready to fire. Hundreds of shells which had been delivered by trucks earlier in the day were all wiped off and arranged ready for use. And the cannoneers had crawled into their pup tents and the battery was quiet. Me and Henry had to take care of the telephone, which was connected to the captain's post of command in an old French dugout at the bottom of the hill.

"How would it be," said Henry, "if I watch the telephone until midnight and then you take it from then until dawn?"

"It's all right with me," I said. "Although we both may have to work after midnight. They have been calculating firing data down at the captain's dugout, and it looks to me like a big barrage is scheduled for tonight."

"I hope so," spoke up Freddie. "I would like to see it."

"It beats me," I said, "why you should be so crazy about seeing this war."

"Ever since I was a little kid," said Freddie, "I've been interested in wars. At home we used to have a big attic all full of old magazines and books and papers. And I used to go up there and spend hours and hours pulling out the papers and magazines of the time of the Civil War. There was Harper's Weekly and a lot of others, and I read them all. And then I used to read histories. I read everything I could get my hands on about the Civil War and also about the Spanish-American War. And I always used to say to myself that when I grew up I would be a soldier. So when this war came along, of course I wanted to be in it."

"And you joined the Quartermaster Corps," said Henry.

"That wasn't my fault," said Freddie. "I tried to enlist in the army and also in the marines. I went to more recruiting stations than I can remember, but they always threw me out. They said I was undersize and underweight and nearsighted."

"Yeah, I know," I said. "Seems like them army medical boards spent most of their time rejecting guys that wanted to get in, and then turned around and worked as hard passing drafted birds that wanted to stay out."

"That's right," said Freddie. "I finally got drafted myself. They shot me right through, and the next I knew I was down there in Bourges sorting out those little cards. All day long, day after day, I sorted those cards and stuck them one by one into filing cabinets."

"And all the time you wanted to see the war?" I asked.

"I certainly did," said Freddie. "About a week ago I hopped a truck and rode up to Tours. Then I went to Paris—where the M. P.'s pretty near got me. But finally I grabbed a ride on a freight train to Bar-le-Duc, and then up to Souilly. As long as my money held out I bought meals from the Frogs, and after that I bummed what I could off various outfits that I ran across. At Souilly I asked a guy how to get to the Front, and he told me to come up this way. Last night I was in Blercourt and tonight I'm here, and I hope I'll see the war pretty soon."

"You will," I said. "I look for a big attack tonight. And such being the case, we better get some sleep while we can."

Me and Freddie rolled up in our blankets, leaving Henry at the telephone. I went to sleep at once, and the next I knew, Henry was shaking me.

"Time to get up," he said. "It's after midnight, and the battery is getting ready to fire."

I stretched myself and sat up and blinked at the candle by the telephone. Then I looked outside. Lieutenant Baird, who always directed the firing, was standing by the tent door with his eye on his wrist watch. I could hear the chiefs of section reporting, "Ready!"

I sat down by the telephone. Henry passed me the firing data book, and then he waked up Freddie.

"Come on, you poor boob," he said. "If you want to see the war, it's going to begin pretty soon."

Freddie got up sleepily, and stumbled out into the night just as Lieutenant Baird yelled "Fire!"

Flash! Bang! "On its way!" reported the section chiefs. And at the same instant other batteries all over the landscape started up. The ground underfoot began a gentle, steady trembling, and the whole sky seemed to sort of flutter and shake. From our hill we could see for miles to the right and left, and the whole country was lit up by a continuous flashing and winking. The big attack of September 26 was on—the beginning of what was afterward called the Battle of the Argonne.

Hour after hour it kept up. For a while Henry helped me with the firing data and the telephone messages. Then, when things got going more smoothly, he turned in and got some sleep. Freddie stayed outside; every once in a while I would catch a glimpse of him wandering around observing the war.

H hour was five-thirty A. M., and as usual this brought a bigger burst of fire than anything so far. As the doughboys advanced we kept raising the range. Gradually it got light. And at nine-thirty we reached the limit of our range and ceased firing. There had been no return fire from the Germans. They must have been pretty well smothered by our barrage.

About this time Henry came rolling out of his blankets, and the two of us went down to the kitchen and got some chow. Henry brought back an extra helping for Freddie.

"Listen, kid," said Henry as he handed it over to Freddie, "this is the last time I get you any food. After you eat this you're going to start south. This ain't no place for kids like you. You've seen the big barrage, so now you can go back where you belong."

"I wish I could stay a little longer," said Freddie. "The barrage was a wonder, but it seemed so one-sided. Don't the Germans ever fire back?"

"I'll say they do," said Henry. "We knocked them off their feet last night, but as soon as they pull themselves together again they'll probably make it pretty warm."

"That's what I'd like to see," said Freddie. "I'd like to see a real fight. This other was too much like a big exhibition of fireworks."

Henry was just opening his mouth to reply to this when Lieutenant Baird came chasing up from the captain's dugout, where he had been turning in his report. He called me and Henry and Jim Davis—another of the telephone men—and several of the cannoneers.

"Get some extra rations," he said, "and be ready to leave in ten minutes. The infantry has captured a whole flock of perfectly good German 77's, and they are hollering for artillerymen to shoot them. We're going. Make it snappy."

We gobbled the rest of our breakfast and ran down to the kitchen and got some canned willie and hard-tack. Then we took a blanket apiece and made up light packs, and was ready to go. Men from some of the other batteries arrived, and we had a party of about forty altogether.

Just before we started we noticed Freddie still hanging around.

"Good-by, kid," said Henry. "When I get back I don't want to find you here. You go back where you belong."

"Yes, sir," said Freddie.

"Line up!" yelled Lieutenant Baird, and the forty of us who were to go lined up on the road. "Left face! Forward march!" And we started off in column of twos. I thought I had seen the last of Freddie. But I was mistaken.

Me and Henry was near the head of the column, and Baird and another lieutenant walked along in front at a fearful rate of speed.

"The infantry needs artillery support," said Baird. "We want to get those guns working as soon as possible."

We followed the road across the top of Hill 304 and down the other side until the road ended in the trenches and barbed-wire entanglements of what had been the front line a few hours before. Already there were thousands of engineers leveling the ground and throwing in stones to make a new road so the artillery and supply wagons could follow the attack. We had to keep to one side of this road, and it was slow work hopping over the shell holes and trenches and wire.

Finally we crossed the Forges Brook and reached the old German trenches in the town of Haucourt. This town, of course, was nothing but a bunch of building stones strewed around over the ground. A half a mile farther was another collection of stones with a German sign that said "Malancourt." By this time we were across the old No Man's Land, and had found the road again. It was all full of shell holes, but there was enough of it left for us to follow.

Everywhere there were remains of trenches, dugouts, barbed-wire entanglements and concrete pill boxes, all of them pretty well messed up by the heavy barrage of the night before. We had caught up with the rear or supporting lines of infantry, and ahead we could hear a continuous rattling of machine guns, and at times the bursting of shells. Streams of slightly wounded were coming back, and scattered about the fields were dozens of dead Germans and dead Americans.

About half a mile beyond Malancourt we turned off the road and went up into a little valley where we found a battery of four German 77-millimeter guns. Piled all around was a large quantity of ammunition.

An infantry major came running out to meet us. "Do you think you men can handle these guns?" he asked.

"You're damn right we can," said Baird.

"Fine," said the major. "There are a lot of machine-gun nests just ahead that we want wiped out."

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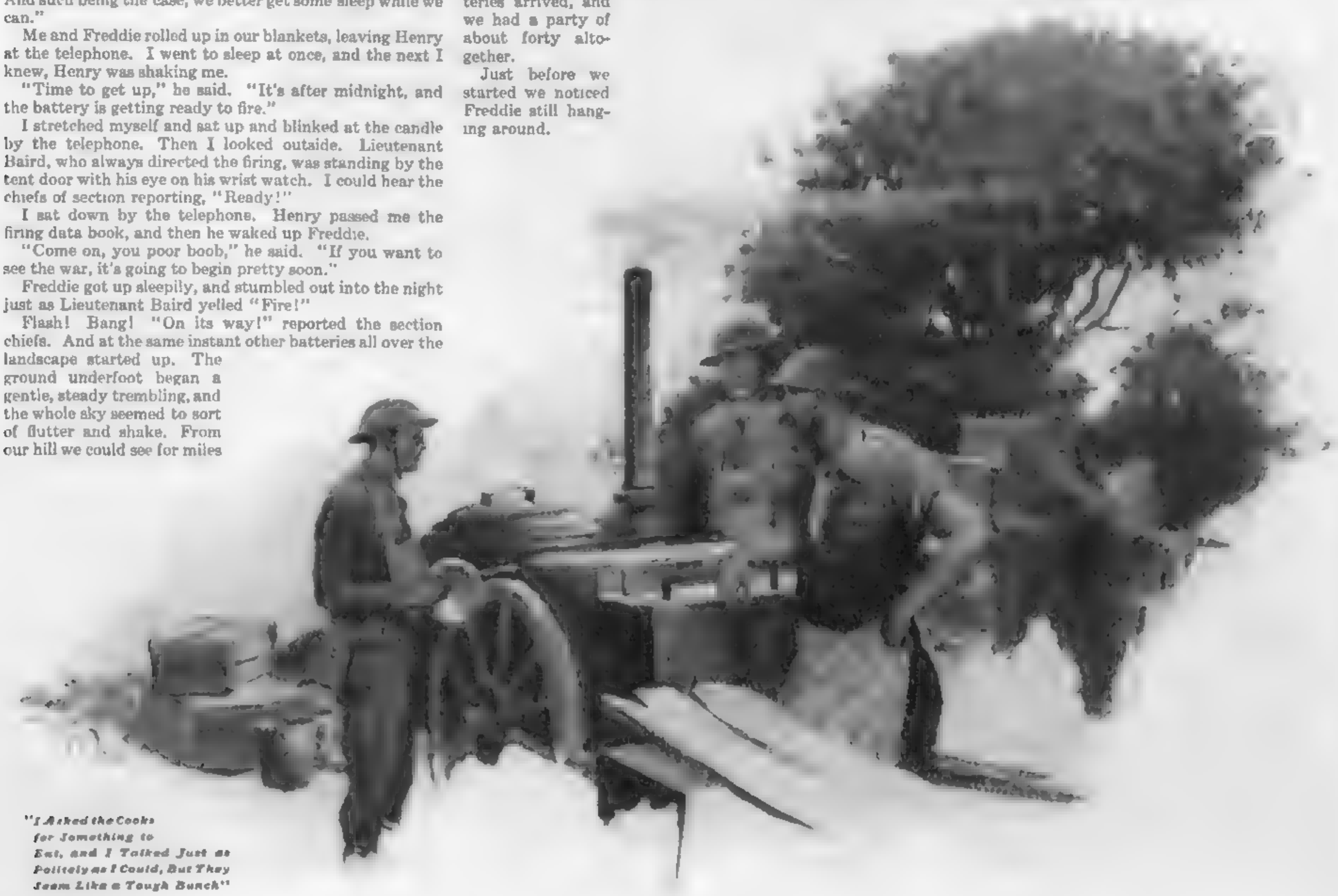

"I Asked the Cooks for Something to Eat, and I Talked Just as Politely as I Could, But They Seem Like a Tough Bunch"

CAPITAL SOCIETY

By Maude Parker Child

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

WASHINGTON is explained more and understood less than any other city of the United States. The newcomer finds everyone eager to tell him about its peculiarities

"Washington is unique among the cities of America because it is our capital," says the spokesman for the official group. But the experienced foreign diplomat answers, with a twinkle in his eye, "And it is certainly unique among the capitals of the world because it is American."

When the stranger attempts to find out exactly of what this quality of uniqueness consists, he will hear a great many diverse answers. Someone will say that Washington is unlike any other city of the world because of the extraordinary beauty of its broad streets and giant trees and innumerable parks.

"And in the spring," the nature lover invariably adds, "when the cherry trees are in bloom along the Speedway, it is the most wonderful sight imaginable!"

On the other hand, an equally ardent connoisseur will exclaim, "What a pity Washington could not have developed more according to the ides of L'Enfant, the Frenchman who designed it. How unfavorably it contrasts with Paris! And now with all these suburban developments—some of which resemble nothing so much as flimsy settings for musical comedies—its beauty is rapidly being ruined."

"There Is Nothing Wrong With Any of Them," They Said in Substance, "But They Simply Don't Count"

A Personal City

THE Southern resident may tell you that our capital has many of the traditions of the South, but unfortunately shows the lack of its aristocracy. The Northerner will say, on the contrary, that Washington is more like the North, except that it lacks enterprise. Apropos of this point of view, the wife of a newly appointed official complained the other day to an old resident, "In Washington no one is occupied with business."

"Oh, yes, they are, my dear," was the retort. "Everyone down here is tremendously occupied with—everybody else's business!"

The retired American diplomat will say that he enjoys living in Washington because it is so cosmopolitan. The cave dweller—that austere native whose father and, perhaps, even grandfather, have been residents—has been known to declare that our capital is no longer attractive for the reason that it has become so large, especially since the war, and overflows with an ever-increasing number of strangers.

The newcomer of inquiring mind who listens to all of these expressions of opinion, as well as to the lively personal narratives which usually accompany them, is apt to conclude that Washington must be unique primarily because it contains so many extraordinary individuals.

There is no city in the world more personal. Whether the stream of gossip, anecdotes and conjecture which forms the basis for most conversation concerns the rumor of the resignation of a cabinet member or the latest social blunder of the harassed hostess of an unofficial household, it is conducted in human terms and rarely reaches the plane of impersonality.

In other cities, for instance, one's dinner partner may say, "Did you go to the opera last night? What did you think of Galli-Curci's voice?" In Washington they say, "Did you go to the concert yesterday? Then perhaps you can tell me who was sitting next to Alice Longworth."

The politically minded visitor from out of town will ask, "How is Senator So-and-So doing?" And the true Washingtonian will probably answer, "I hear that his wife seated her first dinner party all wrong."

In the course of these numerous personalities, however, it is astonishing how little is said that is really harmful, or, in the vernacular, poisonous. In other capitals where people, and not things, form the subject matter of conversation, the stories which develop first as possibilities, then as rumor, and finally take their place as accepted facts in permanent social history are usually stories which could not be repeated before the *jeune fille*, if, indeed, this species is not extinct.

In Washington, however, true genius is shown in the ability to keep the conversational fire aglow without adding much heavy fuel.

The foreign diplomat who said that Washington was unlike other capitals of the world spoke of this particular phase of its social life.

"Over here I find that there is tremendous agitation over the fact that someone failed to return cards on someone else within a certain prescribed time limit, or that Mrs. So-and-So, the wife of a congressman, walked out of the dining room ahead of Mrs. Somebody-Else, whose husband is a senator. I do not mean to imply that there are not foolish people all over the world who pay attention to such details, but in Europe when we begin to gossip I fear we do not stop there."

Someone has said that the very cosmopolitanism of Washington gives an added impetus to its tendency to superficial personalities, in that there are always new and varied actors arriving on the scene, so that the human material is inexhaustible. These new recruits are drawn from all parts of the United States, and from all kinds of people.

First of all, there is the ever-changing official stream. Every four or eight years there is even a new President and a new First Lady who move, with their family, into the White House. Their friends, their guests, their habits of recreation and their very clothes are discussed ad lib. If they have children, their activities and appearance are also objects of the keenest interest.

In a Strange Land

THIS interest, it must be said, is usually of the most friendly and even affectionate nature. Washington feels that it has an especial and proprietary right in the presidential family, and it wants to be proud of them and to like them. It may, as members of the same family sometimes do, indulge in an occasional adverse criticism, but except when the heat of political battle obscures their good sense, Washingtonians feel that the President, in coming to live in their most beautiful residence, has done well both for himself and for them.

Then there are the members of the cabinet. They, too, are usually newcomers. One of the outstanding features of Washington's difference from other capitals of great countries is that it is not—as are London, Paris and Berlin—the most important of our cities, nor indeed a city at all in that sense. Therefore most of the appointees who come to our capital come as strangers. In other countries the chances are that a man chosen as a cabinet member will be well known in his own capital and will have a wide acquaintance there. His social status will have been established long before he becomes part of the government.

In the United States, however, a new official may come from a town as remote geographically from Washington as Constantinople is from Dublin. His wife and children may have never even seen the city of their new residence until they go there to live. It is possible that they may not have one friend who is a resident. This applies equally to the undersecretaries and to the innumerable men of the State Department, but it is usually more acute in the cases of senators and congressmen.

"How lucky you are to be going to Washington to live," the neighbors of the newly elected senator say to his wife.

But as she prepares to close the house in which she has always lived, as she takes her children out of their schools, and away from all their associates and familiar surroundings, she must have moments of wondering just what will be the compensations offered by this new life in the capital. That she and her family will find, eventually, their new existence rich or barren, according to their capacity, goes without saying. But in the meantime they must go through that difficult process of adjusting themselves to a new environment. Moreover, they sometimes feel that they are serving a term of probation when they are conscious that all eyes are upon them, eager to detect any possible mistakes

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From the Diary of a Dramatist

Behind the Scenes—By Cosmo Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

IN THE brave days when I was twenty-one, an age when life is looked at through rosy glasses and with an adventurous spirit, I hitched my wagon to a star. Translated into prosaic words this means that for the purpose of writing a play under the daily supervision of a well-known leading lady I followed her from one small town to another in the English provinces and endured the extreme but amusing discomforts that go with touring on the road.

Kate Santley was the lady, kind, quaint, regal and distinctly talented, then with a bird's nest of yellow hair, eyes that twinkled between two thick bands of black and a throat hidden in a mass of tight-wound pinkish tulle. Going upon the stage at the lisping age of six—although she had acted in private life from the moment after birth—she had been bracketed with Nellie Farren in the early days of tights. There were photographs in her dimly lit drawing-room showing her, gay and slim and conquering, singing "Champagne Charlie is mah name" or "Don't make a noise or else you'll wake the baby."

When I knew her she was the proprietress of the Royalty Theater in Dean Street, Soho, the Latin quarter of London, on one side of which there was a court which might have been in Montmartre, where the constant aroma of garlic and veal gave the finishing touch to the illusion. Here, in the heyday of her career, she had appeared in English versions of La Fille de Madame Angot and other delightful French operettas in which every number was a gem. At this time, however, no longer able to sing and prance about in tights, but drawn back to the stage by the magnet that never ceases to exert an irresistible power over those who have been injected with the virus of grease paint, she had emerged from a long and reluctant retirement to play, on tour, the leading rôles in legitimate comedies, and was at that moment starring herself in a part that was rather a deft mixture of comic tragedy and serious farce in a piece called Vanity Fair. It had no connection, in spite of its title, with W. M. Thackeray's gorgeous novel.

I had written and submitted a one-act play which, although a long way after Sheridan, was laid in the period of patches and Gadzooks, and the idea was that I should elaborate it into a three-act comedy with a leading part for her.

With a bagful of books which were to provide me, after deep and constant study, with the authentic language of that racy port-wine age, its spirit of debt and duels, languishing ladies and minuets, I spent six months in the capacity of court writer to this elderly queen, on a barely living wage, and before the end of the tour had finished a three-act opus which bore the title of Old Lace and Lavender, or the Company of Saints. It was praised and bought and paid for, put in a Hepplewhite bureau in the pink and mysterious boudoir of Miss Santley's London house, and never came out again. And when, in the course of time, the black camel knelt at the gate of that dear little lady to carry her to another and a better stage, my youthful effort fell into the limbo of forgotten things into which so many plays have gone.

But it was not a waste of time. There is no better way of telling how lines and scenes "go" and "hold" than that of watching audiences every night, and this I did from a peephole in the wings; no such good way, either, of spotting the dull and static places in a play as by keeping an eye on the tilt of the public's chin. During these months of touring I learned, too, more of actors and their ways and manners, thoughts and ambitions, joys and heartbreaks, than would have been possible by any other means.

It seemed to me then, and a wider knowledge has since done nothing to alter the impression, that only a small percentage of the people who go on the stage have any right to be there. As to the others, some have a touch of gypsy in their natures, which finds an outlet in moving from town to town; some a desire to escape from conventional restraint and the dull routine of office work and enjoy the pleasant vagabondage and bonhomie that goes with theater life, and some, especially those of the feminine gender, a feeling for what they believe is romance and adventure, the glamour of which carries them through discomfort and humiliation, the close companionship with people with whom, perhaps, they never would have been by way of meeting if they had remained in the particular niche to which they were born. If they are nice looking and speak well, they have their uses, like those instrumentalists in an orchestra who sound a note from time to time. They are, however, unless they buy a more important place, doomed to be small-part people or carry trays.

Of those charming and childlike souls to whom the stage is a vocation I think it would be found by psychoanalysis, or by the easy use of imagination, that in their childhood there was the love of dressing up—the exhibitionist complex. They had discovered in nursery days the keenest

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The Company Then Assembled at the Station, to be Watched as Though They Were Freaks by Townees and to be Seen Off by the Week's Acquaintances

BY BEQUEST

By CHARLES BRACKETT

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Finally Rod Was Produced. He Came In, the Personification of Pale Indignation. "My Pocketbook Has Been Stolen"

DOUG CALDER had never liked Miss Cosgrove of the Misfortunes, and even Katherine, his wife, had admitted that the afternoons she sat with that poor lady were a little too much like Complaint Night in the House of Atreus to be really exhilarating; but Miss Cosgrove was a neighbor, and she'd pretty thoroughly exhausted the sympathies of the rest of Westford in her sixty tremolo years and was often alone, so Katherine continued her visits.

Doug had admired her for it, and hadn't even complained when Katherine became practically a stranger to her home during Miss Cosgrove's dying moments, which lasted, as was natural, something over two weeks. He hadn't protested when Katherine told him that she must fulfill Miss Cosgrove's final request and take her "back to the little cemetery on the hill where I played as a happy child," though he permitted himself to remark that a cemetery was the one place one could imagine Miss Cosgrove's admitting any degree of felicity at any period of her existence. Doug did think, however, that it was carrying sentimentality pretty far for Katherine to descend from her home-coming train with a face simply ruddled from tears.

"What the deuce is the matter?" he asked blankly.

"Nothing. Wait till we get to the car. Oh, Doug, what do you suppose that pitiful creature did? She willed me everything, every penny she had left. They say it's about two thousand dollars."

"You don't mean it!"

"With a proviso, just like in a book."

"A proviso?"

"The will says, 'To my dear young friend Katherine Calder, with the request that she spend it on one of the "foolish" things I never could afford.'"

"What's the idea?"

"Oh, don't you see? She'd had to think of every penny all her life, for fear of becoming dependent on people, and she'd hated it, and she'd wanted —— Oh, I think life is too awful."

With that Katherine began to cry again.

Doug let her, only saying in a comfortable impersonal tone, "Well, the kids have been fine. They wanted to know what presents you'd bring them from the funeral."

"I'll stop in a moment," Katherine assured him. "Only don't you think it was too pitiful for words?"

"Of course I do."

But Doug didn't. He was ashamed of himself, but he couldn't ignore a vision which passed through his mind of Miss Cosgrove tearfully enjoying herself as she thought out one last masterly play for pathos.

"She was such a darling."

"She must have been a good sort at heart."

To be sure, the form of the legacy might give everyone the impression that Miss Cosgrove, in her intimacy with Katherine, had come to regard Doug as stingy, but he couldn't be sure Miss Cosgrove had intended to convey that.

"What are you going to do with the money?" he asked.

"I don't know. I suppose we couldn't go abroad—just you and I—and leave the babies with your mother. You wouldn't want to leave your business."

"Why, there isn't enough business to hold me very tight just at present. But look here, Katherine, you don't want to count on anything like that. If they told you two thousand, it's just as apt to be twelve hundred when taxes and legal fees are taken out. And even if it were two thousand, I doubt if that would be enough to take us over and back and keep us there very long. Our honeymoon certainly cost more than that when things were a lot cheaper than they are now."

Doug's uncle had given them the trip, and what a trip it had been!

"I suppose not," Katherine sighed. "Maybe if I bought the kind of clothes I really want, that would be foolish enough."

Katherine had hoped the money would arrive before Doug's spring business trip to New York, but it didn't.

"Come along, anyway," he urged. "I'll advance you something on your prospects, so the combustion won't be so terrible as if it all happened at once."

Katherine went; but the very first afternoon after going to two or three of the big establishments she decided she couldn't be in the mood for shopping, and when Doug went to the hotel for dinner he found her waiting for him a little dejectedly.

"I don't know what's wrong with me," she told him, "or what I expected, but I'm disappointed in the clothes. They look thick to me. They look just like what everyone's been wearing for two years. I haven't ordered a thing."

Doug grinned.

"You're just getting stingy, like everyone else who comes into a legacy."

"No, I'm not. Only I want to do something so marvelous with that money! So exciting!"

"Well, cheer up," Doug said. "Your trip hasn't been lost. I ran into Rod Hale and he's coming to dinner."

Rod was the gayest of their friends, though he would have been the last to admit it.

He had entered Princeton when Doug was a junior. From the presidency of Triangle he had soared to a majority in the air service; then, in a burst of postwar self-expressionism and the consciousness of a living income, he had gone on the stage. He was what used to be known as a handsome devil, with fire-blue eyes and pallor and a scar which had come from a high chair, but which, since his dramatic venture, was, tacitly, a shrapnel wound.

Rod Hale was several of Katherine's favorite characters, and she knew the instant she saw him that evening that he'd been being particularly light of conduct lately and was in one of his black, spectacular, Byronic moods which were always a delight.

"You're saving my life," he greeted them. "I'm half starved for the sight of people that don't look like Broadway. I've been out of a job for two months."

"You!" Katherine exclaimed. "Now, Rod, let's have the real facts."

"Oh, I've had parts offered me," he admitted, "but none so good as my last; and only today I learned definitely that I'm not going to get the one in hope of which I was holding off."

He paused, infinite pain in his eyes. "It was to play a dying drug addict," he concluded.

Doug guffawed, and after that Rod put a brave face on his sorrows until Doug was called from the table by a page boy bawling his name, whereupon he settled down, as was his wont with ladies of whom he was fond, to reveal what he considered the depths of his soul—sad, turbid depths.

"The real trouble, Katherine, is that I'm getting old. I'm burned out, I'm stale. You can't afford to get old when you're on the stage."

Rod's senility had been one of his sorrows since he was twenty-two

"Oh, a man of twenty-eight can, surely," Katherine said. "At least a little now and then."

"No, it's not a joke. Something in me is dead. I can feel it. I haven't been in love since Lois Grinnelli ——"

He broke off effectively.

Lois had married three months before. Katherine made a little sound to indicate that it appeared grave and she was sorry.

"The truth is," Rod went on, "I've thrown away my life. What do I amount to? An actor! What have I got compared to Doug, for instance, with you and the babies?"

"Your freedom."

"What's that worth?"

"In dollars and cents, I should say at a conservative estimate about thirty thousand a year."

"Thirty thousand!" Rod yelled as though he'd detected a sign of rabies in her.

"I mean that, being a bachelor, you can go about with people and do things which, if you were married, you couldn't consider under a substantial income. You can do the magical things we dream about. If the fancy seizes you, you can go abroad."

"That's a strange remark for a woman who's just come into money."

"Two thousand dollars isn't enough to take two of us over so that it would be any fun."

"Listen to that! Katherine Calder, that's the first green remark I ever heard you make. Why, you could go marvelously on that! You don't have to be a millionaire to enjoy yourself on the Continent. It's only in America that people are divided into the rich and the cheap."

"That's what I thought, but Doug says ——"

"Doug just doesn't want to go. Look here, I'm feeling poor; but no job is likely to turn up for a month or two, and I've been thinking that I could go to France and live there until the middle of August for less than I spend here, and I would if I could find the right ——"

"Rod, you're not proposing an elopement!"

"Oh, we'd take Doug along. And we'd go in the really cagy way—small French hotels, little restaurants, a one-class boat. I needed some impetus before I made up my mind; but if you'll do it, I'll go along and show you the ropes. I know Paris like a book, and I have friends who've lived there on fifty dollars a month; and I'll get lists "

"Doug is feeling so poor, and I wouldn't for anything get over and find that he had to draw on the business."

"He wouldn't have to, I tell you. Not if you didn't lose your heads, and I'll see to that. It'll add ten years to both your lives and it'll keep me from suicide. Doesn't that mean anything to you? I don't see why you hesitate for a minute. Just think of that first morning when you wake up on the boat—free! Being carried to adventure! Think of the gayety and the *joie de vivre!*"

"Don't, Rod! Oh, if I could be absolutely sure about the expense!"

"I'll give you my written guaranty. That's not a difficulty. It's just an illusion of Doug's."

"What's an illusion of mine?" Doug inquired, returning, but he didn't wait for an answer. He handed Katherine an envelope.

"This is what I was called for. It came special delivery. It's your check."

Katherine took it out.

"Sixteen hundred and eighty dollars and sixty-three cents," she read.

"Ample," Rod told her. "What do you say?"

What she said was, "Doug, dear, I want you to listen to this python, and please don't say afterward, 'The woman tempted me.'"

Rod began looking up cheap steamers, but it was Katherine who found the English Queen. She happened to see the notice in the paper. It wasn't a one-class boat at all, but it was just as inexpensive, and quicker. It was making a long cruise, and there were some passages to be had between New York and Cherbourg. Rod didn't quite know about it. It sounded rather luxurious for people who were going economically; nevertheless, they reserved places.

No corner of Devonshire could have been more British than the English Queen. It was simply a country house on a keel, utterly comfortable, and so smooth that one was tempted to expect an English garden under one's porthole, and almost every passenger was a substantial Briton who could be relied upon not to intrude on one.

"It's a miniature version to make up for us not getting to England," Katherine said to Doug. "I adore it."

"Just about ten times as good as we expected."

They glowed with self-gratulation as they unpacked.

"Could anything be more perfect?" Katherine asked Rod when they met at dinner.

"Well " Rod was dubitative.

"What's the matter with it?" Doug asked angrily.

"I just haven't seen so much respectability gathered together in five years. I suppose I'll survive it."

"What did you expect?"

"*Joie de vivre!* Gayety! There's no reason you shouldn't have those, no matter how cheaply you travel. Lord knows, I didn't come to sea for the purpose of practicing competitive aloofness."

"Don't you get enough *joie de vivre* in New York? I should think you'd be glad of a change."

But Katherine was sympathetic.

"Poor Rod! What an awful six days we've got you in for!"

Rod was busy answering Doug.

"I didn't happen to be born ninety, like you, old gaffer Calder! That's what you are. Stick in your false teeth and keep calm. You see, Katherine doesn't like it any better than I do."

"Oh, yes, I do," Katherine informed him. "Why shouldn't I, when I have the two best-looking men on the boat?"

"You won't for long," Doug prophesied. "Rod'll find one of his cuties any minute, and from then on all we'll

(Continued on Page 94)

"Oh, No, I'm Not," She Contradicted Him, With Arrogance in Her Tone. Suddenly He Hated Her Acutely

A RUN IN SILK HOSE

By Clara Belle Thompson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

MOLLY WILLIS adored hearing men shout. They always sounded exciting and sort of thrilly to her. So when she heard her new boss, Mr. Haworth, uttering loud cries into the telephone mouthpiece, she naturally slowed down as she passed his office.

"I told you I'd send the first girl who came back from lunch," he was saying. "Don't ring me again about this, Lewis."

Then he saw her with her piquant little face, cropped brown hair and wide gray eyes.

"Come in!" he called. "Come in!" She complied with interest.

"You work for me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"How long?"

"Week."

"That's long enough to learn to put goods into a box. Where'd you wrap this morning?"

"Handkerchiefs."

"They'll spare you. No business there now. Go right up to silk hosiery—women's. There is a special, five-dollar ones for three-fifty. Help out."

She had started out when he noticed her frock. "Here, come back. Don't you know the regulations about black dresses, or don't you intend to observe them?"

"Gosh," she breathed. "I just came from lunch. I never meant to work in this dress. Why, green is a crime at Nolan's, isn't it?" Before his startled gaze, she slipped an untrimmed all-over black apron over the offending frock.

"Never mind about crime," he answered. "But hereafter don't use this office as a dressing room. Now make it snappy."

"Sure." And she started out.

"Oh, Miss—Miss ——" he called.

"Willis," she supplied. "Molly Willis."

"Is this your first job?"

"Sure."

"Well, when people in authority tell you what to do, you might say 'All right' or 'Certainly.' It sounds more businesslike. Understand?"

"Sure," said Molly Willis.

Mr. Haworth let her go without further discussion. A nice comprehension of young people had made his department the most efficient of Nolan's Department Store. Of the four thousand employes that comprised the grand total, his five hundred cashiers and wrappers represented a minimum of trouble in help turnover and general disaffection. It was not luck. Mr. Haworth, in his dignified, serious, impartial fashion, knew girls.

Meanwhile Molly made a leisurely trip to the third floor and reported for duty at the wrapping desk in silk hosiery. She found a dashing girl of seventeen or eighteen very much in charge.

"Sent from the office," she said diffidently. "What do I do?"

The girl with a flip back of taffy hair and an expressive manipulation of great brown eyes, proffered a small bag of peanut brittle. "Hab sub," she said, and at the same time pointed to her bulging cheeks.

Molly took a small helping and surveyed the wrapping area while she awaited intelligible direction. She found little difference between this wrapping desk and the others in which she had been working. A flat table some six feet long provided the wrapping surface, while several shelves placed just within reach held piles of brown paper, stacks of brown boxes and balls of brown twine. The stockings to be wrapped were dropped into a large pasteboard carton and placed in the center of the table. When Molly arrived there were perhaps twenty pairs awaiting attention.

"Helluva time for company," said the girl with a broad grin as she swallowed the last of her generous portion. "Name's Gloria Dean. I gotta have a little candy after I eat. Say, who'dja say sent you?"

"Mr. Haworth."

She Put the Stockings on Her Dressing Table, Where She Would See Them the First Thing in the Morning and Remember to Take Them Back to Mr. Haworth

"For swimming the ocean!" shrilled Miss Dean. "Whyn't you say so? He always follows up, to see did you arrive safe. Here, wrap them hose, 's if you had a minute an' a half to live." She quietly chucked the candy out of sight and began some rapid-fire work of her own.

Molly put two pairs into a small brown box, slipped a paper sheath around them, tied the cord securely and pasted the customer's address neatly in the center of the package.

"New, ain'tcha?" said the other.

"Week," replied Molly. "How'd you know?"

"Easier'n swallowing 'noyster. When you been here a while you ain't so particular 'bout them addresses and tying. Say, gotta a name to call you by?"

"Sure," said Molly. "I'm Molly Willis."

"Welcome to our country, Molly. I've had a helluva morning with Lewis on the rampage on account the sale's a freeze-out, and him razzing the sales and them razzing me. It's a life for a nervous woman. And him only assistant buyer. Now if he was —— Hey, kid, speed up." The last words were spoken in softer key as Mr. Haworth came down the aisle.

"Work pretty well cleared up," he said. "May need your helper later, Miss Dean."

Gloria raised anxious eyes to heaven. "Matthew-Mark-Luke-John!" she ejaculated in sharp dismay. "Honest, Mr. Haworth, you oughta been here. It was somethun fierce the way we been rushed. Just somethun fierce!"

"Well, I'll see later. Is she doing all right?" He nodded his head in Molly's direction.

"Her?" asked Gloria. "Elegant. Never no one done better." And she gave Molly a solemn stare.

"That's good. Keep her busy," said Mr. Haworth, and walked away.

Molly smiled. "I like you," she said.

Mr. Haworth need not have worried about keeping Molly busy. A sudden influx of customers brought enough work to keep the two girls occupied all afternoon. Sales persons brought bundle after bundle of hose, tossed them into the carton receptacle and rushed to attend the next customer.

Gloria stopped one of them. "Who d'ya think you are, Ruth Carruthers?" she demanded. "Think you're Elizabeth Nolan? Here, tie a string around them hose and sales slips, if you don't want them packages mixed. It looks like Hamburger already."

"Shut up," said Miss Carruthers. "And mind your own business. You're paid to wrap, not to shoot off your mouth."

Gloria shrugged. "Thirteen's the right number for you, Bad Luck."

"Oh," said Molly, "is thirteen your number? I got a sales slip of yours put aside. It called for three pairs of hose, and you had five. Here."

The woman grabbed the extra stockings with a snort of disgust. "Say, I had enough from this infants' department today. See? Don't you know you're better to see than to hear?" She trounced off.

Gloria looked at Molly in wide-eyed amazement. "Say, you must be goshawful green!"

"Why?" asked Molly.

Then Gloria explained to her something of the system of the store, and the possible confusions. It was all very well to give back stockings to sales persons who really brought too many pairs by mistake. But too often the extra article came from a hurried blunder on the part of the wrapper, who had left it out of a package that she had handled earlier in the day. Then the recipient, finding herself short in goods, either came in or wrote in a complaint, and the wrapper had to account for the missing merchandise. It was wisest for her to bring any extras to the office of Mr. Haworth and turn them over to him at night. He credited her and kept the record. If short goods were reported, that credit helped. Otherwise the wrapper had to make up the deficit herself.

Molly listened to this recital with dismay.

"Gosh," she said. "I wish I had those two pairs back."

"Nemmine," cheered Gloria. "Just keep the others. Give any goods that's going to Penanton a swell wrap. That's where the boss lives and it might be a friend of hisn."

As Gloria was dropping extra stockings into her apron pockets, Molly followed her example. It was better than leaving them on the table with a chance of being mixed with the others.

"Say, Molly," said Gloria out of a busy silence. "Say, gotta girl friend?"

"No. How could I? So new at work."

"Well, I been thinking. Y' know, I might take you on. We'd look like a billion dollars together, different hair and eyes an' all. An' you're quiet, but nice."

"I'm awful nice," Molly recommended herself. "And I'd love a girl friend. But you must have one."

"Married last week," said Gloria. "Moved to Buffalo. Can ya 'magine it? But say, you gotta pick your girl friend careful, secrets and all."

"I don't talk much," confessed Molly. "And if you were my girl friend, you could spend nights. I live with my mother."

"Me, I live with my married sister. Say, kid, whatcha got on under that black shroud?"

Molly daintily lifted the apron to reveal the pretty green kasha beneath. Four pairs of stockings rolled from the pockets.

"The extras," she murmured. "Better leave them out now and take this apron home to wash."

"You dress good," complimented Gloria. "Say, how'd ja like to shake a mean hoof tonight, if me and my boy friend can fix it?"

Molly's eyes glowed. "I'd love it," she said. "But I'd have to ask mother."

"Ask Saint Peter and welcome," assured Gloria. "It's strictly on the level, Y. W. C. A. and all. My boy friend's chum ain't hooked up with no regular girl yet, and if he ain't dated—say, how far out d'ya live?"

Molly's face fell. "Pretty far. Sixty-sixth Street."

"Now ain't that fate?" Gloria gloated. "And me living right on Sixty-ninth all the time!" The two girls hugged each other ecstatically.

"Girl friend," whispered Molly.

"Girl friend yourself," said Gloria in the same pleased tone. "We're all right!"

Molly reached home that evening in fine excitement. Such a marvelous day—a girl friend, a dance and, maybe, a boy friend!

She ate her supper with scant attention to food as she told her mother the plans of the evening.

"Gloria's in hosiery, mother," she explained. "You just ought to have seen the stockings for three-fifty. They had been reduced from ——"

Her mother laid down her fork.

"If you're hinting for them kind of stockings, Molly, you might as well clear your mind. I want you should dress well, neat and respectable, but you ain't no call for $3.50 silk stockings."

"Oh, I didn't mean that, mother," assured Molly, who had meant nothing else. "I'm just telling you about Gloria. She's good-looking, a little taller than me and wonderful in her clothes."

"I'm glad you got a nice friend," commented Mrs. Willis. "I hope she's as fine as her name. But don't take on no fool ideas about clothes. What time they coming?"

"Gloria and her boy friend at eight-thirty. If the other boy comes we can go to the dance."

"You better put on your tan dress then. It looks good enough for the dance, and just as good if you stay home."

"I had thought the blue," suggested Molly. "The blue stockings are better than the tan."

"Well, honey, you got time to mend the tan ones. Don't mind to help me with the dishes. I got nothing else to do all evening."

"Mother, you're a darling," said Molly, as she leaned over and kissed her. "I ought to help, but I'm so excited! I will see about the tan stockings."

She escaped to her room to make the important preparations. The tan dress was all right, so were the slippers. But that run in the stockings! She sighed a small, regretful sigh at all the lovely hose she had wrapped, five dollars reduced to three-fifty.

Before going to take her bath she laid fresh underwear, the tan frock, the tan hose, on her bed. The slippers she dusted with the coiled black apron and stood beside the bed, also in readiness.

As she bent over, something tumbled out of the apron.

"Gosh," she muttered as she held up a sheer, silky pair of exquisite tan stockings. "Gosh, one of those extras must have stuck in the pocket."

She put the stockings on her dressing table, where she would see them the first thing in the morning and remember to take them back to Mr. Haworth. Then she went to her tub. When she returned she slipped into her knickers, her brassière, her frock. But she did not remove her bedroom slippers. Time enough to put on shoes and stockings when she had fluffed her short, bright hair and rouged and powdered her pert little face. She took plenty of time with the prinking, until presently her mother called, "All here, dear. Nearly ready?"

Her mother had said "all." That meant all three! Excitedly she plunged her foot into a tan stocking and gave a gentle tug. Another long, jagged run slid down the side.

"Oh, darn," she murmured. Then her eyes turned to the dressing table. "Nothing else to do," she decided, and replaced the old, worn pair with the delicate one that had been in her apron pocket. "Oh, well, Mr. Haworth can take it out of my first pay."

She stuffed the old pair out of sight in the bottom of a drawer. No use rowing with mother. Then she snatched her coat and ran to join her new friends. Her mother had been entertaining them, but at Molly's entrance she quietly withdrew.

"Gosh, I hope she did not notice these stockings," thought Molly a trifle uneasily.

But soon there was no room for any but pleasant thoughts. Gloria had her boy friend, a nice, chubby young person whom she called Harold Bendon. He was all right, but his chum was simply wonderful. He looked taller than his six feet, but that was because he was so slim, with that lovely straight brown hair and gorgeously deep-brown eyes. Like a movie actor!

"How-do, Mr. Maston," she had said when they were introduced. But he had laughed in the most beautiful bass voice and caught her hand and said, "My friends call me John. Let's hear how it sounds."

A lovely, lovely name—John Maston. And he had manners to correspond too. On the way to the trolley he whispered, "You know, you in a tan dress and nifty shoes and stockings ain't so hard on the eye. I could look at you a week and not go blind."

"You don't make me sick either," she ventured shyly.

And then he had laughed again in that beautiful, beautiful voice. "You'll do, kid. You'll do!" he shouted. "Say, where you been all these long years?"

She was doubly glad then for the lovely stockings. They made her not hard on the eye! Now if she could learn to say clever things like that, even Gloria might be impressed. The trouble with her had always been that she was too quiet. But once she ——

Then Gloria had called her to hurry and she and John had joined the others and had entered the dance hall together. The dance was glorious, with John and Harold knowing all the boys and introducing them around.

"I could dance forever," said Molly.

But of course she couldn't, and at twelve o'clock they were all separating again, Harold taking Gloria home and John going with Molly.

A beautiful wind was carrying them along, fluttering Molly's skirt and billowing John's overcoat. It was marvelous, almost like flying. It blew her hard against John and she stumbled.

"Another leaf hit me," said John. "A pretty brown leaf of autumn. Know what I do to nice leaves? I pick

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The Wrap Hummed With Industry. Nimble Fingers Folded Coats, Slipped Them Into Boxes, Tied Deft Knots

BEATING THE BANDITS

By FORREST CRISSEY

BEATING the bandits has become one of the most intensive specialties of modern business. This because banditry has progressed from a desultory, sporadic calling to an organized profession, having its departments and workers as sharply specialized as any legitimate business.

There is hardly a large city in the country which has not one or more of these criminal organizations devoted to the business of robbery with an utter and ruthless disregard of the loss of life involved in its operations.

Shooting in the back, without warning, has become a standard practice with bandits of this type.

In contrast with the modern pay-roll and bank bandit, Black Bart and Jesse James of pioneer days appear to have been rather gallant gentlemen who gave their victims the courtesy of a fighting chance. The head of the largest organization in America devoted to the delivery of pay rolls, bank funds and other treasure recently remarked to me:

"The Deadwood stagecoach or the California treasure wagon of the old days was a cradle of safety compared with the modern automobile carrying pay rolls or collections through city streets today.

"My task is the problem of meeting organized murder with organized protection at every point. It is a progressive game of wits which keeps me stepping. When I tell you that a few years ago I had a fine young son shot and instantly killed by an ambushed bandit, who gave him no warning, no chance, you will understand that I attack this problem of beating the bandits from a viewpoint different from that of the average citizen."

Captain Marsh and His Assistants Ready to Unload Currency

Outlaws' Lawyers

"WITH me it is more than a business; it is a form of patriotic service. I regard the killing of a bandit as an outstanding service to my community, my country and human society at large. Every man in my employ knows that I will pay $1000 for the killing of any bandit. Also, our men are instructed to take no chances with a wounded bandit.

"The daily movement of vast sums of money through the streets of our cities is an absolute necessity; business could not carry on without it. Protecting that movement is just as much a form of public service as that which the policeman or sheriff performs.

"About thirty years ago, with a horse and buggy, I delivered the first pay roll ever carried by an outside agent. I thought I was fooling the bandits. Perhaps I was then; but any business man who today is sending his own messenger to the bank for his pay-roll funds in the belief that he is fooling the bandits is a babe in the woods who hasn't the slightest conception of organized banditry as it exists today.

"If his pay roll amounts to anything the bandits know all about it. Any immunity his messenger has enjoyed is due to the fact that the gangs of organized bandits have been too busy with bigger game to give him attention; his turn is virtually sure to come when they have nothing more important on their schedule.

"All important holdups today are pulled by organized gangs. One experience will show how complete and sensitive these gang organizations are: A captured bandit was rushed to the nearest police station. Before he arrived the gang's lawyer was there waiting for him."

The executive head of the largest insurance company covering armored-car service declared recently:

"The agility and resourcefulness of gang lawyers in freeing captured bandits is so well recognized by our clients and the police that instead of taking a captured bandit to the nearest police station, the prisoner is rushed to a more distant station, kept there for a few hours and then shifted to another."

The head of the police force in one of the largest cities of the East recently said to me:

"Pay-roll and bank holdups are almost invariably the work of organized gangs having master minds at the head of them. I could name several such men. The reason they are not caught and convicted is because of the extreme difficulty of obtaining evidence establishing their direct connection with the crimes of their gangs."

Efficiency Engineers of Crime

"WE MAY know to a moral certainty that a particular job is the work of a certain gang and that its operations are all planned by a certain man. This is generally as far as we can get. Let me illustrate: A manufacturing company's own pay-roll messenger was held up at 8:15 of a certain morning. It was clear to us that the job had been pulled by a certain gang. Among the suspects brought in was the man who we were morally certain engineered its operations.

"'Let's see,' he remarked, 'where was I about that time? Yes, I remember. Suppose you call in your fly cop, Michael Moriarity.'

"When Mike appeared this man turned to him and asked him, 'Seen me lately?'

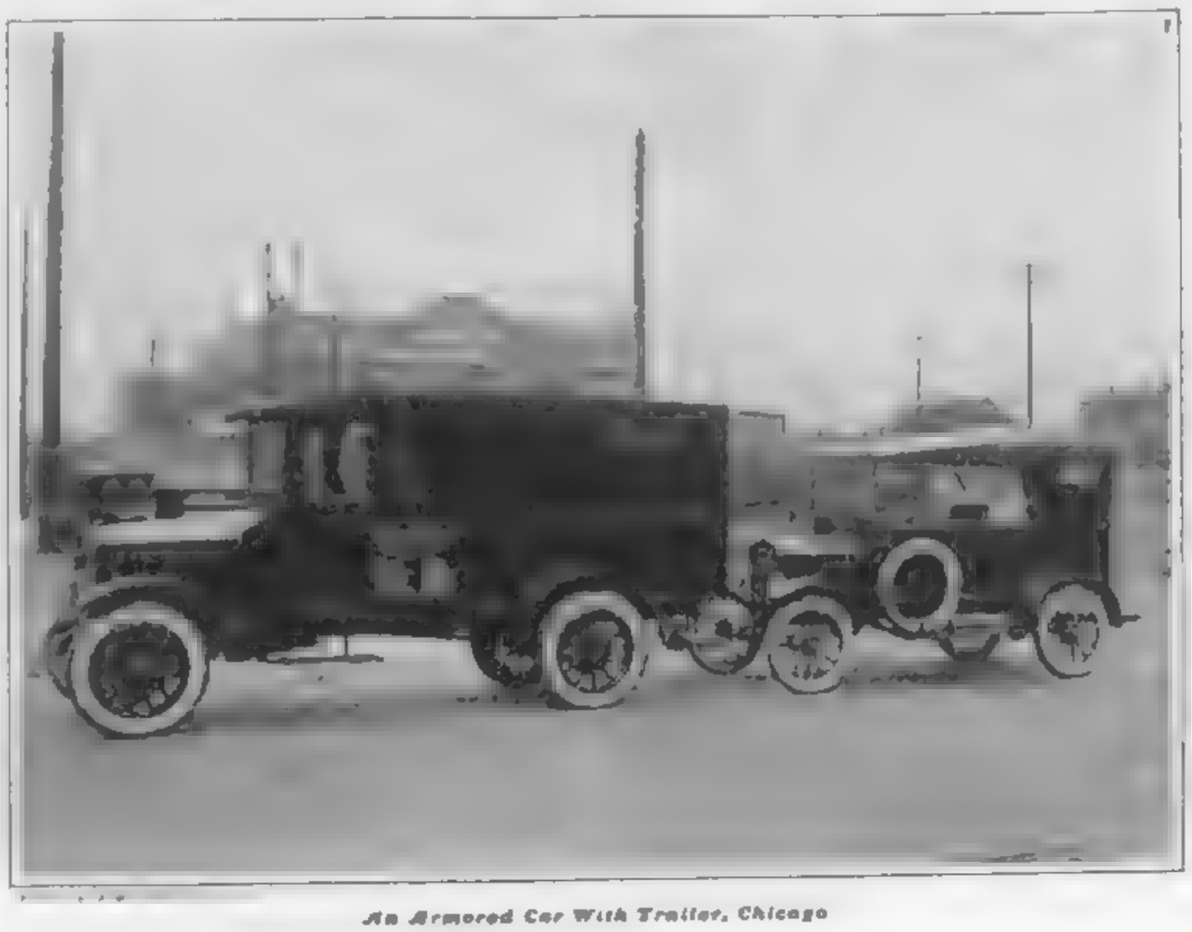
"'Yes, this morning,' admitted Mike.

"'Where?'

"Mike named the street corner and was then asked, 'Know what time it was?'

"'About 8:10,' responded Mike; and added, 'This guy took out his watch, looked at it, held it up to his ear and asked me the time. I told him 8:10.' Some clever alibi, wasn't it? We couldn't hang a thing on him!

"There are few shrewder minds in the country than those doing the planning and general direction for the holdup gangs. Their research departments are up to the minute and their plans and attacks are based upon definite and complete information. They leave the small impromptu jobs to the wild young thrill hounds."



An Armored Car With Trailer, Chicago

The foundation work for the modern bandit gang is done by finders—research men. They locate the prospects, separate the good ones from the poor and then work up the details on which holdups are planned by the master mind that directs the organization.

Many a pay-roll messenger thinks himself protected because he carries a revolver, and imagines that he is pulling the wool over the eyes of the bandits by having his pay roll wrapped like a store parcel. All disguises are childish because based on the assumption that bandits are not admitted to the counting floors of banks.

When spotted, the messenger is followed repeatedly to his or her destination. Throwing the bandits off the scent by switching routes is futile. The main points carefully covered by these finders are the destination of the messenger, the approximate amount of his pay roll and the lay of the land as to the best point of attack. Often finders begin their shadowing work at the plant instead of the bank end of the route. Very careful attention is given to the physical features of the route, particularly of the plant end of it. The layout, as it involves the get-away, is minutely studied and reported.

All this information, say the police authorities, is reduced to maps and diagrams for the benefit of the gang master who does the planning. He keeps himself very much aloof from finders and gunmen, transmitting his orders to them through a few trusted lieutenants. The fewer the men who know him as connected with the crime organization, the safer he is when a captured gangster is tempted to squeal or when there is a gang row over spoils.

Risking Employes' Lives

MANY gang masters are key men in the dope traffic and a high percentage of their gunmen are themselves dope addicts. The safest members of a gang organization are the lawyers, who are retained to give protection by every hook and crook of sharp legal practice and political pull.

A keen criminologist of wide practical experience makes this comment:

"The typical bandit of today is the dope-shaken youth of seventeen to twenty-five years who commits his crimes to satisfy his distorted appetites. His mental atmosphere is unspeakable and he would be an object of contempt and loathing to Black Bart or Jesse James if those old-timers were living today. The idea of giving a victim a chance to throw up his hands is not in their code. The nice old men and the trusting young women and boys who carry pay rolls because they are afraid they will lose their jobs if they don't are taking greater chances with their lives than any prospector ever took in the Wild West mining camp. As for the employers who deliberately expose them to these dangers for reasons of economy, I can't trust myself to speak of them."

There are still a lot of trusting Pollyannas in business who are asleep to the advances which banditry has made since the World War. Also there are altogether too many business executives who prefer to compel certain of their employes to take desperate chances in carrying their pay rolls rather than pay for adequate protection. These two classes of business executives are responsible for fattening the bandits and keeping the money-messenger death rate up to what it is. Any man who makes a study of pay-roll holdups will soon convince himself that the bandits are not going up against armored cars and their trained armed crews so long as there are plenty of unprotected or half-protected pay rolls passing through the streets—this in spite of the fact that the bandits know that the big loads of treasure are in the armored cars.

The Keeper of a Bullet-Proof Gun Nest in Chicago, With a Sub-Machine, or Riot, Gun

Indifference to human life and safety is by no means confined to bandit ranks; it is not unknown among employers. Here is a case in point: An official of a large Eastern bank telephoned the active head of the largest local armored-car service.

"The pay roll," explained the banker, "generally runs above $25,000. It is carried by a young woman. At the door of the bank she takes a taxicab and drives to the plant. We know the bandits will get her sooner or later. She'll be in great luck if she gets through alive. See her employer and get the business."

The banker's customer, however, met the proposal for protected pay-roll delivery service with substantially this statement:

"That girl doesn't have to bring out our pay roll; we can get plenty of girls who are willing to do it if she doesn't care to. Suppose we do lose the pay roll; we're fully protected by insurance."

"But," suggested the armored-car man, "what if she is shot?"

"Oh," complacently responded the manager, "we've got compensation insurance on her for either death or injury."

Cash on Delivery

"WE'RE up against that sort of employer attitude all the time," said the president of the largest armored-car service in America. "However, I question the accuracy of that manufacturer's statement as to the completeness of his robbing insurance coverage. As we pay more than $100,000 a year in premiums, I ought to know a little something about insurance of that sort.

"But the inhumanity of his attitude is entirely familiar. Not long since, the vice president of a very large corporation vetoed arrangements for armored-car delivery of their heavy pay roll, which was being carried from the bank by an employe who had worked for the company for more than thirty years. Our man urged the humanities of the situation and suggested, 'Just think how you would feel if this faithful old employe were killed by the bandits!' The answer was substantially this: 'We should worry; our compensation insurance covers anything that could happen to him.'"

The bandits are doing their best to checkmate the heavy handicap of the armored car by shifting their point of attack to the pay roll immediately after its delivery, before it has been diffused throughout the plant.

Two recent pay-roll robberies in Chicago illustrate the latest addition to the bandits' book of tactics. The instant the armored car was seen to approach a certain plant, two men in overalls, carrying a coil of wire and electrician's tools, entered the office and reported that they were trouble men from one of the municipal electric companies. With the plant engineer they went immediately to the room where the pay roll was being delivered. When the armored car and its trailer of guards were seen to leave, the "electricians" pulled their revolvers, held up all the employes and disappeared with the pay roll in a car which had driven up to receive them. Every detail carefully worked out in advance upon specific information furnished by a confederate planted for that purpose!

Another example of shifting the attack to the pay roll after its delivery: Within two minutes after an armored-car crew had brought into a large industrial plant a pay roll of $33,500 and taken their departure,

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Paying Off From an Armored Car, Chicago

TRAIL'S END

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

After That Donovan Could Only Follow the Lights Among the Rocks Above. He Saw the Three Climb Upward

WHAT the what!" muttered the New York man, in a manner of speaking, as he whipped back into the cover of the baggage room. Donovan barely caught the words.

"Dear me!" he mocked, also in a manner of speaking.

"My!" cried Muir.

The New York man, an acquaintance of Muir's named Thomas Evarts, was an agency detective, according to his card. Donovan was jewels expert for Redelos Indemnity, with headquarters in Chicago. Though he was not a detective, now and then he employed his knowledge of precious stones in tracing losses. Muir, of course, was Billy Muir, of Muir's Inn, a summer camp in the high Sierras behind Lake Tahoe. At the present moment, 5:40 in the morning, the three men were standing before the seven tracks of Truckee, which is the junction point for Tahoe.

Evarts stood in the doorway until the girl descending from the Pullman had summoned the station redcap to take charge of her hand baggage. Meanwhile a second woman appeared with a final hatbox.

"As Evarts says, she doesn't look it," Donovan began at last, addressing his abandoned thumb.

And, indeed, she did not. She stood as straight as a young tamarack, tall, slender, clear skinned, her dark hair insurgent under a severe little hat, her wide-spaced gray eyes looking out upon the world as frostily as a nun's. Something about her tailoring suggested Boylston Street, which is in Massachusetts. Donovan set her down as from Boston.

"I didn't say anything like that," Evarts protested feebly.

"Huh!" cried Donovan.

"Huh!" cried Muir.

Evarts laughed. "How did you guess it was the girl made me dodge back?"

"I didn't guess," said Donovan. "It might have been the porter, but you had seen porters before. It might have been that other woman, but she was still in the car."

"Her maid," Muir interrupted to say.

"Yes. Nobody else in sight. Therefore it must have been the girl. What is it your impression that she stole?"

"Impression?" asked Evarts.

"Quit it. Anyhow, you're wrong."

"Wrong," Muir added.

"So I'm wrong," said Evarts.

He bent over his bag, and after a search took from it a silver-mounted photograph. This he handed to Muir without comment. The picture was hardly larger than a woman's hand and its silver frame hardly thicker than the card it protected.

"That's funny too. It's the same girl."

And it was, without any question, as Donovan saw a moment later.

Whatever the circumstances of the coincidence that Evarts should have had it with him, no one seeing the photograph could have failed to identify its subject with the girl on the platform.

"That's why I'm changing my plans," said Evarts.

He was a large man, with a face and neck and hands oddly firmer of flesh than his cushioned torso. Donovan wondered whether the change would affect the healthy breakfast the detective had planned to eat in the station restaurant. He had planned to run up to Lake Tahoe. Donovan, on his way to Muir's, felt rather glad the man was not going farther.

The three had met in the Truckee sleeper the night before; and because Evarts had never seen the sight, they had agreed to rise in time to watch the dust-covered limited from the East, drawn by its two huge mountain engines, roar up Truckee Cañon and come to its delicate and spectacular stop opposite Truckee station. It was from this train that the girl in the tight little hat had just descended.

"Don't bother waiting for me," said Evarts.

"Her name is Fielding," remarked Muir idly.

"Fielding, my eye!"

"Gloria Fielding. The sly-eyed person with her is her hired companion. She was standing in the vestibule when you dodged back; it's my impression she saw you dodge. She's conscious of your presence at this minute. Did you notice that? She whispered something to her mistress."

Evarts smiled at the idea. "You're a ready guesser."

"She can't see you now, of course. Here are some further guesses. Miss Fielding and maid are about to have breakfast in the station dining room, after which they will board the Lake Tahoe narrow gauge, and after that the boat, and then the stage for Muir's. I know, because Miss Fielding wrote me she would arrive by this train. She has engaged a three-room cottage."

"Wrote you from where?"

"Boston. Where did you think? Sing Sing?"

"Muir's right," said Donovan. "She isn't the type. I never saw one of them yet—nor you either—who didn't like to show her diamonds. This girl hasn't a diamond on her. The maid is wearing a pair of rings, but not her mistress."

"Wait and see," replied Evarts, and not one word more.

The three men watched the women until they passed into the restaurant. Donovan noticed that Evarts remained in the shadow of the doorway even after they had disappeared; but later, when they themselves entered the dining room, the detective merely chose an inconspicuous seat.

Later still, he noticed another interesting fact. Between the entrance of the girl and their own an interval of time had elapsed. She sat across the room at a table in front of an east window, through which the rising sun flooded her with warm light. The sunlight intensified his first impression of her; but at the same time he noticed that his earlier description had gone wrong. Not a diamond on her? Her extended left arm lay full in the light. At her wrist blazed a group of diamonds of such lovely iridescence he caught his breath.

"The watch is a thin-model Sussman," he heard Evarts say.

The girl moved her hand, then lifted it from the table; he had the feeling that her movement followed closely upon their notice of the Sussman. Yet she gave no hint that she had become aware of their interest. She did not again lift her wrist watch into the sunlight; but after a while she rested her right arm upon the table, and another fiery diamond held in an oddly heavy ring opened its heart to the morning. The detective began commenting softly upon its value. "A thousand bucks, anyhow, that ring. One grand; maybe more. Can you see it, Donovan?"

"The ring, yes; but not what you're driving at."

Evarts still seemed reluctant to commit himself. "I have to wire first. I'm just inquiring into things a little."

After breakfast Donovan made an inquiry or two on his own account. Her baggage, he learned, had been checked to Muir's Landing. Later he saw her and her maid board the Tahoe train they themselves meant to take. He could not see her plainly on the train, but he noticed at the end of the railroad, where they changed for the boat, that she had added a brooch and eardrops, likewise set with diamonds, to her visible jewelry. The sight caused him to shudder.

"She has an enameled jewel box full of gimcracks like that," Muir confided to him later, in the absence of Evarts, at the cigar counter.

"She'd better keep them in it."

"Perhaps she's afraid they'll be stolen."

"The maid has taken off her two rings," said Donovan. "Is that because she isn't afraid?"

A later incident suggested still further questions with respect to mistress and maid. The boat had called at a private wharf at signal, and was backing clear in order to continue southward along the shore, when the purser came up.

Donovan was well known to the officers of the line. During two summers he had camped behind the lake and had made the boat trip many times.

"Mr. Donovan," he began, "could you tell anything about diamonds out here away from your instruments?"

"I think so, Mr. Purser"

"There's a woman on this boat has a diamond ring she wants to sell. I bet I could buy it cheap."

He produced the ring from somewhere behind his watch. Donovan glanced at Evarts; the fat detective had just returned with his cigar. The ring seemed strikingly like the one he had seen on Gloria Fielding's right hand.

"The first test to apply to a diamond," he replied evenly, taking the stone, "is the test for hardness."

"Want a file?"

"I always use another diamond. See? Hold it so and touch it lightly on the girdle. My diamond will not scratch it—it's a genuine diamond. Now for the next test."

He breathed upon it to dim its luster, as diamond experts like to do when judging stones for color. No one can tell very much about the color of an undimmed diamond; its iridescence forbids. When it is clouded by the breath and held against white paper its facets cease to act as prism faces and its body color can be seen.

"A blue Wesselton," he said. "Color very fine." The name is sometimes applied to a blue-white stone just under fancy in grade. Such a diamond would not often be carried by any but the larger dealers. Compared with a fancy river diamond, or a Jager, a blue Wesselton would appear faintly yellowish; but compared with a top crystal it would show distinctly blue-white. Diamonds three or four grades poorer in color are often sold as fine blue-white stones by the retailer, even down to silver capes.

"All diamonds look alike to me," said the purser.

"Naturally. Now as to its weight."

He drew a diamond gauge from his pocket. The spread of a well-cut diamond is about two-fifths of its thickness. Of its thickness, a scant one-third will lie above the girdle, and slightly more than two-thirds below. Its table will measure about four-tenths of its spread. It follows that if the spread and thickness are known, and the diamond is well cut, its weight can be instantly computed.

When he had measured the stone he began looking it over under a pocket glass for flaws. Few diamonds are wholly free from these; but their flaws are usually minute, and their cutter will always cut them so as to hide their defects as much as possible when looked at from the face As a consequence, diamonds are always examined from behind for flaws.

Donovan inverted the stone and went over it facet by facet. Then he went over it from the front

"No serious flaws," he announced at last. "It's an unusually fine diamond I'm surprised it is offered in this way. By the by, who is this woman?"

"A lady's maid," replied the purser

"Where did a lady's maid get hold of a stone like this?"

"Her mistress gave it to her to sell."

"Can you prove that fact?"

"She says to ask her."

"One of your passengers?"

"Yes. She's seated aft. Her name is Fielding"

Donovan avoided looking toward Evarts. After a moment he said, returning the ring, "You asked me about the diamond, and I told you. If I were you I'd inquire."

"I will," replied the purser

When the man had gone, Donovan made the excuse that he wished to see who was on board and believed he would stroll about the deck. Muir rose with him.

"Will you take a turn?" he asked Evarts.

"Too fat and lazy. Tell me what you find out."

The two men crossed to the seaward side, then worked their way aft so as to approach the deck passengers from behind, there being little of interest on the seaward side compared with the snow-crowned Sierras on the other.

"What do we expect to discover?" asked Muir.

Their answer arrived very soon. As they drew near her chair—she had seated herself at the rail—Gloria Fielding began arranging her hair with her ungloved right hand. They saw in that moment what they had expected to see The diamond that had shown its heart to the rising sun in the restaurant was gone, as, of course, was also the oddly heavy ring that had held it.

"You asked me to stop over at Muir's," the detective remarked on their return. "I believe, if you don't mind, I'll accept."

II

THE light had already fallen upon the wrist watch, the oddly heavy ring, the brooch and the eardrops that Gloria Fielding had added to her attire during the morning. By the time the boat reached Muir's Landing she had loaded her fingers with still further rings and her wrists with further bracelets and her slender neck with a flaming necklace, until her masts would carry no more sail

Donovan saw her leave the boat, and after a little delay, through sheer chance, followed her, with Evarts at his elbow, down the narrow wharf. The stage for Muir's Inn stood at the edge of a grove of pines. When Gloria reached it, the easier riding seats—namely, the two in the center—contained their quota of passengers, but the seat behind remained vacant except for the inside position, as did also the seat in front

"Oh, hello!" cried Donovan, pinching his companion.

Gloria and her maid had separated, the maid climbing into the rear seat and her mistress into the front. The maneuver left one vacant place beside each. The two men had no choice but to separate likewise

"Please let me sit behind," drawled Evarts languidly.

"Where you will."

Donovan's further impression of the girl at his left corresponded with his earlier, for all her barbarous display of jewelry. The diamonds constituted a grossness; but her tailored suit and tight little hat remained as right as ever. Her gloves she had removed; from the corner of his eye he saw her finely molded, muscular little hands, her dainty bronzed wrists, her soft strong young arms, her sensitive sensible fingers. Even the purse in her lap showed exquisite workmanship and the texture of high quality.

"Too bad!" he thought, the blaze of the diamonds in his eye. "The Sussman is well enough, and any one of her rings. But the others!"

Even so, he was compelled to admire the things. He knew diamonds. He knew that these stones were more than mere diamonds—their fire, their vivid play of color, told him that. Every diamond in sight was a full-fashioned brilliant. The necklace, of course, contained only matched stones—matched in color and in cutting, and carefully graded for size; the eardrops also. The quality of their color he could only guess; but the rest he could see.

The driver had not yet arrived. As some of the passengers were acquainted, conversation sprang up here and there, then died down. Donovan, seated in front beside the diamonds, remarked into the air that he was ready. To his amazement the girl began talking to him.

(Continued on Page 61)

This Acquaintance Ripened Into Open Friendship. There Was Nothing Neutral About Jimmy Truxton's Position With Respect to Her

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMBLE

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

THE limitations of his instrument restricted Elmer to eight notes, without sharps or flats, but within these narrow boundaries practice had made him reasonably proficient. Uncle Clem nodded approvingly as the final bleat of Home, Sweet Home faded into the heat of the June morning

"Le's see. I'll say: 'You can see for yourself that this here Baby Bugle is a real, high-grade band instrument, only so easy a child can play it'"

"Going on thirteen, ain't I?" Elmer scowled.

"Makes it sound stronger to say child," argued Uncle Clem. "Ain't only a manner of speaking, anyhow." He hesitated, but Elmer's face did not relax. "I could say boy, of course, or no—I'd say: 'So easy that this here young man plays it like a perfessor, and sold at a figger that leaves anybody have first-rate band music in their house.'" His tone became conversational again. "Play the other piece, Elmer, and le's see how it goes."

Mollified, Elmer elevated the muzzle of the Baby Bugle and proclaimed that the la-aa-ast rose of summer was left bloo-oo-ooming alone. Drawing breath for the next bar, he became aware of the sunbonneted woman at the roadside, and lowered the instrument as Uncle Clem cramped the wheel and addressed Miss Sarah Poddy with a cordiality which Elmer, in spite of his knowledge that the friendliness was wholly professional, disapproved and resented. Always it seemed to Elmer that if a woman was a homely old maid it was less her misfortune than her fault, and Miss Poddy, he saw, was even homelier and older and more unpleasantly spinstery than when he had last seen her, two summers before.

He inspected her with the harsh, unpitying eye of his twelve years. She was a lank, bony woman, her shoulders sloping forward in the gingham dress, her upper teeth showing like a squirrel's above the retreat of her lower lip, her long nose quivering ridiculously at its pinched-out tip. None of these things seemed apparent to Uncle Clem; the conviction with which he declared that Miss Poddy was looking first-rate sounded genuine even to Elmer's trained ear.

"Remember Elmer, don't you, Miss Poddy? Wouldn't blame you if you didn't, way he's growed."

Elmer wriggled under the moist beam of Miss Poddy's faded eyes.

"I thought it was Lester playing," she said. "Gave me quite a turn. He's been poorly ever since he's been home, Lester has, and I was real worried to think it was him, clear up here."

"Lester?" Uncle Clem's voice sounded surprised. "You say he's home again, Miss Poddy?" She nodded, and he went on: "Then your pa looks at it different from what he used to, eh? I ——"

Elmer interpreted the distortion of Miss Poddy's features as implying grief.

"I guess you didn't hear pa died, a year ago last March."

She related melancholy particulars to which Elmer gave unwilling and inattentive ear, but which seemed deeply to interest his uncle. Elmer remembered Mr. Poddy without regret, a mean old man, close of fist and sharp of tongue. His low opinion of Miss Poddy's intelligence was not improved by the discovery that she was unmistakably sorry that the old codger was dead.

Elmer Lifted the Instrument in Obedience to Her Entreating Glance. Its Tinny Bray Seemed to Distract Lester Poddy's Mind From Weightier Grievances

"I see," said Uncle Clem. "That's why Lester's back then"

Elmer had a vague recollection of some story about Miss Poddy's half brother, much younger, who'd run off with a circus or something. He had gathered that Uncle Clem didn't like Lester.

"Yes." Miss Poddy's bleached eyes brightened. "Pa forgave him, at the last. I could hardly believe it, when he had Lawyer Scarlow up from the village and made a new will—just the day before he was taken."

"A new will, eh?" Elmer detected a certain lessening of the sympathy in Uncle Clem's tone. "Left Lester a share, after all?"

"He left him the whole place!" Miss Poddy looked and sounded happy about this. "Not outright. I've got a life interest and then it goes to Lester, but it says in the will that I've got to give him a home if he wants. Pa didn't need to put that in, but I'm real glad he did. It shows how he felt about Lester at the end."

Uncle Clem nodded.

"So Lester's living home again. Well, well! How does it suit him?"

Miss Poddy's face clouded.

"It's real hard on him, of course, but he keeps cheerful, considering how he's been all over the world, playing before crowned heads and everything." The watery gaze beamed on Elmer. "Maybe you'll grow up to be a great player, Elmer, like Lester, and get a position in Doctor Dingle's Grand Amalgamated Troupe of Peerless Entertainers, same as Lester gave up so's he could keep me comp'ny, now pa's gone."

Elmer straightened. "Doctor Dingle—why ——" Uncle Clem's elbow silenced him. More than once their orbit had crossed that of Doctor Dingle's Grand Amalgamated Troupe, but it was evident that Uncle Clem, for some reason of his own, preferred that Miss Poddy should be left in ignorance of these encounters. He climbed down over the wheel and gently possessed himself of her tin pail, nearly full of the black raspberries that grew wild along the road.

"You climb in and ride down home with me and Elmer, Miss Poddy," he urged. "Seat's plenty wide enough for the three of us."

Miss Poddy allowed herself to be persuaded, although, as she pointed out, the pail wasn't filled as yet and Lester, it seemed, set a sight of store by blackcaps, although his appetite, naturally jaded by the hospitality of crowned heads, had inevitably lost its relish for most items of farm fare.

Elmer was on the point of reassuring her about those crowned heads when Uncle Clem's eye again restrained him. A little sullenly he complied with a request for music, and Miss Poddy's unmistakable enjoyment of Home, Sweet Home as rendered on the Baby Bugle slightly mollified him.

"It's Old Hundred, isn't it?" She sighed as Elmer, staring, enlightened her. "Oh, dear, I did think I had it right that time. I always get those pieces mixed up, somehow. Play something else, Elmer. It's real pretty." She hesitated. "Lester only plays fancy pieces of course."

She moved her hands in time to the melancholy bleat of The Last Rose of Summer, and Elmer was in the act of gratifying her request for an encore when the van turned into the drive that led up to the square little house under old elms. An angry voice rose above the note of the tin horn and a man sat up suddenly in the barrel-slat hammock swung between porch pillars. Lester Poddy, considerably altered in appearance since Elmer's last sight of him as one of Doctor Dingle's Peerless Entertainers, but still recognizable, slouched across the shaggy grass.

"Who's making that infernal racket?" His scowl relaxed a little as he recognized Uncle Clem. "Oh, it's you, is it, Bixby? Thought Sarah must be trying to sing." The mouth twisted meanly, and Elmer detected a filial likeness to the late Abner Poddy, which further lowered his opinion of Lester. The tip of Miss Poddy's nose quivered as Uncle Clem gallantly handed her down over the wheel, but Elmer's fear that she was going to cry proved groundless; she spoke with a wheedling eagerness, exhibiting the tin pail of berries.

"Look, Lester—I got enough to make a nice shortcake for dinner."

"Well, why don't you go make it then?" said Lester graciously. He turned to Uncle Clem. "Got any good cigars, Bixby? Can't seem to get it through Sarah's head 't they's any kind but them cabbage-leaf two-fers that old Sam Tift sells her."

Miss Poddy's eloquent nose quivered again, but once more her voice was placative and apologetic.

"I guess Mr. Tift isn't a much better judge than me," she said. "Lester couldn't hardly smoke the last ones I got him, and Mr. Tift claimed they was the best ones he ever kept." Her tone changed slightly. "I—I'll go get my purse."

"Needn't," said Uncle Clem amazingly.

Elmer stared. He had long since learned that one of the most important steps in the science of peddling was the delicate process of maneuvering a farm woman into the admission that there was money in the house. Usually, even to Uncle Clem's finesse, this was anything but easy, and now ——

"Don't know how me and Elmer come to forget to stock up on cigars," Uncle Clem was saying. "I can leave you have some first-rate smoking tobacco, Les. Reas'nable, too."

Elmer held his tongue in obedience to an unmistakable ocular order, but his spirit rose in hot rebellion. Technically, Uncle Clem was within the truth; he hadn't actually said they were out of cigars, but Elmer would have forgiven a forthright lie more readily than the folly of throwing away this beautiful chance to work off maybe a whole box of those Five-Cent Straights that had turned out to be too high-priced for the peddling trade. He glowered sulkily as Uncle Clem handed over a bountiful ten-cent packet of Old Honeysweet Fine Cut, at which Lester Poddy sniffed without enthusiasm.

"Better'n nothing, I guess, but not much." His hand came away from his pocket empty. "You pay for it, Sarah."

Elmer observed the stupid, troubled widening of Miss Poddy's faded eyes.

"Why, Lester—I don't want you to be going round without any money. I thought you had plenty left or I would have ——"

"How long do you think five dollars lasts?" Poddy snapped at her. "Got to buy my medicine, ain't I? Or maybe you think medicine ain't included under the old man's will? Think all you got to give me is room and board?"

"Oh, no, Lester! I just meant ——"

"I know what you meant all right. Ain't satisfied with coaxing pa into leaving you the whole place so I got to ask you for a penny same as if I was in short pants! All the thanks I get for giving up my perfession so's to keep you comp'ny up here! Serve you right if I washed my hands of you and the place both, the way you acted! I got a good mind to ——"

"Now, Lester! I never meant——" Miss Poddy's hands fluttered helplessly. "You know you're welcome to anything I've got—and it's bad for your heart to get all stirred up about poor pa's will. You'll be down sick if you go on this way." Her eyes twisted to Elmer and rested on the Baby Bugle which he still carried. "You go lay down in the hammock and leave Elmer show you how nice he can play."

Elmer lifted the instrument in obedience to her entreating glance. Its tinny bray seemed to distract Lester Poddy's mind from weightier grievances. He put his fingers to his ears and there was indubitable sincerity in his anguished outcry. He snatched the Baby Bugle out of Elmer's hands as Miss Poddy's skirt whisked out of sight at the corner of the house.

"F'r heaven's sake! What do you call it—a pig under a gate? Mean to tell me you got the gall to sell them things, Bixby?"

"'S a real, high-grade band insterment," said Uncle Clem stoutly, "only so easy a ch—a young man without no lessons c'n play it, and sold at a figger that leaves anybody have first-rate band music right in their own house."

"Band music!" Poddy spread his hands. "Might think you never heard no real music in your born days, Bixby. Why"—he snatched up a cornet from the chair beside the hammock—"why even Sarah'd know better 'n to call that racket music. Listen."

He filled his lungs and puckered his lips. Against his will, Elmer's antipathy lessened a little as the golden sounds flooded the glen, with little ripples of echo spilling over the brim and trickling back along the hillsides. Shamed by the force of the contrast, he scuffed his heel in the weedy gravel of the path while Uncle Clem plied Poddy with applause.

"Ain't no expert, but I guess it don't need one to know that's high-grade playing. Ain't nothing so pretty as a cornet either."

"Shucks! Make it sound like that there tin squawker if I had a slip horn." Poddy wagged his head. "Ain't no comparison, Bixby. Guess even Sarah couldn't help but tell the difference. If I could get me a good slip horn ——"

Elmer stiffened. Ever since Uncle Clem had bid in that trombone at the auction over in Canaseraga, they'd been looking for a chance to sell it. He glanced at Miss Poddy, returning with a worn purse in her foolish hands, and as she opened it to pay Uncle Clem for the tobacco, saw that there were some bills inside. You couldn't ask for a better chance; just give Lester Poddy one look at that slip horn and he'd make his sister buy it for him. Uncle Clem wouldn't have to say a word!

Again he caught a warning side glance and held his peace, puzzled and rebellious, while Uncle Clem wasted good time trying to sell a gingham dress pattern and some rickrack braid for trimming, with Lester Poddy standing by and doing his best to hinder, talking about wasting good money on gewgaws and pointing out that Sarah was old enough to have got over such nonsense. Elmer agreed with him. No amount of rickrack and gingham would make much difference in Miss Poddy's looks; he concealed a grin at the way she fingered the cloth and draped a breadth of it around her skinny hip. You could see that she'd have bought it if Lester hadn't been there, teasing her, but long before Uncle Clem gave it up, Elmer saw that it was no use trying to talk her into it. If he'd only give Lester Poddy one look at that secondhand slip horn, instead, it wouldn't be five minutes before those bills were out of Miss Poddy's purse and safely in Uncle Clem's pocket. Meeting the admonitory glance over Miss Poddy's slanting shoulder, Elmer wondered whether something wasn't wrong with Uncle Clem's head. Throwing away two good sales in a row!

Miss Poddy mumbled something about dinner, as Uncle Clem was folding the dress pattern, and her brother laughed harshly, as if she had said something funny. Elmer saw her eyes flicker at him timidly, but when Uncle Clem said that he guessed they'd better be moving on, she didn't urge him. Elmer was sorry, mindful of the blackcap shortcake and still clinging to the hope of selling that slide horn. He managed to contain his dissatisfaction until the van had rolled out into the road, where Uncle Clem spoke approvingly.

"Done just right, Elmer, keeping still about them cigars and the slip horn. I was scared you'd come right out and let on 't we had 'em in the wagon."

"Sold 'em easy as rolling off a log if I had," said Elmer bitterly. "Missed a first-rate chance to make good money, you did. She'd 've bought that there slip horn in a minute."

"Guess so," said Uncle Clem. His face looked troubled, Elmer thought, as if he had already begun to regret the senseless waste of opportunity. The boy touched the lines

"Le's go back and peddle right," he urged. "It'd be real easy."

"Guess it would." Uncle Clem shook his head slowly. "Too easy, I figure. Didn't aim to help Les dreen me

(Continued on Page 44)

Out Over the Stunned Countryside Streamed a Mighty Noise

FLORIDA DIVERSIONS

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

THERE was a time, no long ago, when the visitor to Florida amused himself or failed to amuse himself with diversions that were as neat and methodical and unconfused as the Sunday diversions of refined New England households of the early 80's, which, as is well known, consisted of feeling uncomfortable in unaccustomed garments, eating too much dinner and attempting to prevent oneself from slipping off the haircloth furniture.

In the year 1887, for example, Mr. Oliver Marvin Crosby published a chatty and illuminating volume entitled Florida Facts, Both Bright and Blue, with Appendix by Resident Experts; and in this book appears a picture of a number of Florida tourists diverting themselves with the most popular diversion then known.

The lady tourists of this period were clad sweetly and chastely in dresses whose lower halves were heavily reënforced with bustles about the size of the front end of an Italian observation balloon, and whose upper halves looked as though they had been built by a conscientious urn maker and the frail wearers subsequently pushed into them by main strength.

The skirts of the lady tourists swept the ground, which must have made it nice for the burrowing red bugs and the adventurous sand fleas; and their bonnets were coyly perched on their heads with such extreme cleverness as to expose a large part of their front hair and the bulk of their back hair; while in their left hands they carried something resembling a Gladstone bag that had been left out in a hard rain and had shrunk to one-fifth of its original size. Their right hands were thrust timidly through the arms of their great big virile escorts.

Tourist Thrills in the Early Eighties

THE great big virile escorts wore high stand-up collars, ascot ties strikingly similar in size and shape to a guest-room pincushion, and garments that bore all the earmarks of having been pressed under a mattress at the time of purchase, but never again. They also affected mustaches with wavy ends, and derby hats shaped like a conventional beehive.

The exciting diversion in which these tourists of the early eighties were engaged consisted of staring in a genteel manner at an alligator that was being exhibited in the cart of his owner, a Florida cracker—"cracker" being the term applied to native residents of Florida country districts, possibly because of their unwillingness to waste valuable time and energy on the preparation of cooked food as long as they are able to obtain soda crackers at the nearest store.

After the tourists had thrilled themselves thoroughly by examining the alligator in detail, they obtained further diversion by looking at the cracker. The cracker in the 80's was little different from what he is today. In other words, he was sallow, peevish, badly in want of a haircut, and constitutionally averse to work, strangers, friends, relatives and himself. It should therefore be apparent to the deep thinker that the early Florida tourist was easily diverted.

There were, it is true, other diversions in which the early tourists indulged, as one may discover from a careful perusal of Florida Facts, Both Bright and Blue. They sat on hotel piazzas and permitted themselves to be charmed by exquisite orchestral music; or "clad in light summer suits, they sought shady spots in February, and read in New York papers of blizzards and snow blockades in the land they left behind them."

The latter diversion, one scarcely needs to point out, still ranks near the top of present-day Florida diversions, and will probably continue to do so until the last resident of Florida, on his deathbed, babbles tirelessly to the four walls around him that one lives more cheaply in Florida than elsewhere because one doesn't have to purchase heavy underwear, and that Florida summers are more comfortable than Northern summers because of the constant blowing of the trade wind.

There are some who feel that the beneficent results that are supposed to accrue from the blowing of the trade wind are frequently nullified by the blowing of residents; but the person who expresses this thought in the presence of a Floridian is usually confronted, confounded and bewildered by a table of temperature statistics which the Floridian draws from an inner recess of his garments. By means of this table the Floridian promptly proceeds to show—to his own satisfaction, at least—that the cities of Blagovestchensk, Siberia, Oslo, Norway, and Boston, Massachusetts, are sweltering furnaces in the summer months by comparison with almost any Florida city.

At any rate, a Florida householder can restrain himself fairly well when he is confronted by highly important news of terrific moment to the world at large; but he loses all control when he encounters any unusual news about the weather.

He picks up the paper in the morning, for example, and learns from the front page that the ladies of Gubbleston, Muss., are raising a fund to send baskets of trailing arbutus to the sensitive gentleman who cut up his wife and three children with a potato knife; that the Ministry of Transmagnesia has fallen because the vote in the Gizzick, or Transmagnesian House of Representatives, on the question of whether the national dress of Transmagnesia should have fringe or braid on the pants, if any, was 173 against to 168 for; that Senator Muttler of Pennsakota has introduced into the Senate a bill providing that ninety-six stenographers be employed to sit by the bedsides of the ninety-six senators so that anything that they might say in their sleep could be immortalized in the Congressional Record along with the equally important utterances made on the Senate floor. He reads these things and knows that they are of vital importance; yet he reads them in silence.

Mr. Roberts Engaged in the Popular Florida Diversion of Being Photographed With Somebody Else's Sailfish. Above—A Horseshoe-Pitching Tournament in Florida

Cold Comfort

AND then his eye strikes the column that tells about Northern weather conditions. Instantly he is afire with enthusiasm, and he bellows the stirring information to his relatives.

"Oh, Genevieve!" he shouts. "It was only seven above in Fargo yesterday. And in Albany it was fifteen and snowing."

Bellowings of that nature arise in countless thousands of Florida homes on every winter day, and the voice of every bellower is athrill with delight and gratification.

So, too, is the voice of Genevieve when she answers the bellow from an upstairs chamber.

"Seven above!" she screams back in delicious horror. "My sakes! Just think of it!"

Nothing in Florida starts a visitor's day quite so pleasantly as does an adverse weather report from the North; and since the North covers a large amount of territory, there is scarcely a day from mid-October until mid-April when some small section of the United States is not visited by weather sufficiently vile to be reported eagerly in Florida papers for the diversion and spiritual uplifting of the temporary and permanent inhabitants.

The tourists of the 80's had other diversions. They could, according to Florida Facts, Both Bright and Blue, spend many a restful hour floating upon the tranquil surface of lake or river; they could go on picnics to spots where ladies and children could find choice festoons of the

moss that droops from the trees, and gather it free of charge to take back North and hang on the chandeliers and gas jets of their attractive homes; or, if they asked permission, they might wander through the adjacent orange groves.

Whether these diversions were to be regarded as bright, or whether they were supposed to be blue, is not specifically stated in Florida Facts; but it is certain that a present-day visitor to Florida would regard them as being considerably bluer than indigo, cobalt or ultramarine. The very thought of spending any part of a day in wandering through an orange grove, to say nothing of asking permission to indulge in this exhausting pastime, would give a modern tourist a penetrating pain.

Florida Rest Cures

A MODERN tourist might get a little pleasure from entering an orange grove and stealing forty or fifty oranges or digging up a young tree; but it would be beneath his dignity as a free and equal American citizen, and as a potential Florida real-estate millionaire, to ask permission of anyone to do anything.

The basis of all Florida diversions has changed greatly in the past few years. Originally restfulness was the chief requirement. Today it is movement, and preferably some sort of movement that is embellished with plenty of noise. Life in Palm Beach, which is frankly admitted by its inhabitants to be the last cry in diversion headquarters and the absolute apex of everything as a camping ground for those who have devoted their lives to amusing themselves, was so quiet, only a few years ago, that when a prominent social butterfly displayed his cleverness, originality and social talents by becoming stewed and entering the ocean in evening clothes at five A.M., his maudlin shouts were distinctly audible to four-fifths of the winter colony.

Roque in St. Petersburg

All or practically all—was peace and rest. Celebrated social leaders whose celebrity appeared—and still appears—to consist of their ability to sit through any dinner without committing the almost unforgivable social fault of speaking interestingly, amusingly or informatively on any subject, frequently arrived at Palm Beach in a state of nervous collapse from the strenuous social leadership in which they had been engaged prior to their arrival—leadership that entailed such intricacies of generalship as giving dinners with as few as twenty-six front or exposed servants, or refusing to invite the S. Acker Grimys to a musicale after Acker had socked his wife in the eye and knocked her into the middle of a rubber plant.

Yet after a few weeks at Palm Beach these social leaders would be as good as new, and would be thinking up horribly original ideas for their parties, such as inviting an author to come and eat right alongside their regular guests. This was because one-fifth of their days were devoted to the soothing and nerve-building pastime of changing their clothes. Before they could get really involved in anything, they were obliged to retire to their rooms and change their clothes once more.

While their clothes were being changed they were unable to think about anything except whether the skirt hung too high in front, or whether the petticoat showed, or whether their hair would look better if a little gin were put in the water to liven it up when it was next washed. Their minds were detached from their social aspirations and disappointments. They momentarily ceased to worry over whether they would receive an invitation to the Soapberrys' party. They rested without knowing it.

Those were the good old soothing days at Palm Beach—purling days, dulcet days, susurrant days, days of tropic calm.

But with the passage of time, even the proud exclusiveness of Palm Beach has been invaded by the restless movement of the outer world. All day and all night the barytone toots of Florida East Coast engines echo across Lake Worth, just as they echo through every city on the east coast of Florida, constantly reminding rich and poor alike of the train on which they have recently traveled, or on which they soon must travel, or on which their friends or relatives will soon arrive, and filling every breast with irritating reminders that well-nigh every Florida East Coast train, for obscure and undiscoverable reasons, is often from three to ten hours late.

The business of meeting new arrivals on Florida East Coast trains has grown to such proportions that it might be listed as a diversion; but it is not a pleasing diversion. One might even steal a line from Mr. Oliver Marvin Crosby's Florida Facts and call it a blue diversion.

The First Families on Wheels

AUTOMOBILES, furthermore, zip and roar unceasingly through the streets of Palm Beach—streets that, prior to 1925, knew little traffic save the silent passage of wheel chairs propelled by stout-legged but boneheaded Africans. Travel by wheel chair was for many years a favorite diversion of Palm Beach visitors; and those who rode in them were vaguely excited by the thought that the occupants of passing wheel chairs might be Biddles or Satterwhites or Bonapartes or Frelinghuysens.

Wheel-chair occupants examined one another furtively and self-consciously, and the African chair operators occasionally added a thrilling touch to the adventure by pointing out a Vanderbilt or an Astor. The chair operators acquired great dexterity in such matters, and were able to add greatly to the pleasure of their patrons by showing them an Astor or a Vanderbilt when there wasn't an Astor or a Vanderbilt within fifteen hundred miles of Palm Beach.

Travel by wheel chair is still a popular diversion in Palm Beach, but a dangerous one. Those who ride in them no longer stare defiantly and with some embarrassment at potential Frelinghuysens and Whitneys in other wheel chairs, but constantly shoot fearful glances

(*Continued on Page 141*)

Diversion Seekers Listening to the Band in Williams Park, St. Petersburg

A PARTY OF BACCARAT

XIII

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

TO MRS. TURNBULL, the proposal of Dariano was a godsend. If Angela acceded, it would be her last problem settled. She told herself she was glad Angela had the chance to get settled; but down in her heart, unknown to herself possibly, was the feeling that she would be free of all trammels. Also Dariano was so rich that he would not bother about money. If Angela were to marry a poor man or a man not in affluent circumstances, he might be vulgar enough to want half the money left by the late Turnbull, and Mrs. Turnbull didn't quite see how she could refuse. The difference between her present income and one-half of that amount would be the difference between regality and comfort. Mrs. Turnbull was all for regality.

She knew the wealth of Dariano better than Angela did, for at that Cercle Agricole of which she was striving to be a shining light, all personalities were examined with a thoroughness that would have done credit to a police station: What new lover this woman had; what attraction had Nice for the Fürst von Gilbuichtts; and was it true that Lady Mary Morgan had been seen on the battlements of Monaco with the hedancer at the Café de Paris? And was it at two in the morning? One of the main topics of conversation was the riches of the newly rich and by what steps these had been achieved. Dariano's agents, they said, had bought the jewels of Russian refugees in Constantinople for next to nothing, and had sold them to the merchants of the Rue de la Paix for a fortune; Dariano had gypped the Greek Government during the war of millions in contracts; Dariano, through secret information such as Greeks always seem to have, had made a supplementary fortune over the exchange. Dariano had a palazzo in Venice, while they, poor grand dukes, had to live in farmhouses in Antibes. Dariano had estates in Greece. They, the brothers Dariano, owned the banking house of Thurhiles & Co., with offices in Triest and Marseilles.

This club of noblemen and noblewomen who were huddling together for warmth and propagating the belief that it was fashionable to be poor, had nothing but evil words for the Darianos and the Zaheriffs. Yet Mrs. Turnbull knew shrewdly, were Solon or Archimède Dariano to apply for membership in the Cercle, each monseigneur would strive to be the first to propose him.

When Angela was married she would have a wonderful time. She would be Mme. Jasmine Howard-Turnbull, without any staunch young Angela Turnbull to appear in the offing with upstanding New Worldliness to disconcert her, and many luxuries she wished for she could then afford, such as a lady in waiting. She had her eye on three already, any of whom through stress of poverty would be willing to come to her—an Austrian baroness, a Spanish countess and the widow of a famous Irish general. They needed the money, and it would be so pleasant to have a woman of that kind, half chaperon and half servant. It would be very regal. Also, as mother-in-law of the great Greek banker Dariano, her position would be very strong on the Riviera. All the young men who played baccarat, all the Hungarian counts and Russian nobles would be eager to be with her, to dance attendance upon her. She could have the pick of the prettiest young men there. There would be no Angela Turnbull to shame her; there would be Madame Dariano. Also it would be pleasant to visit Angela at Venice—she had heard Venice spoken very highly of—and in Greece. Greece was the Orient, wasn't it? Or near enough to be called so. She could read in fancy in the Anglo-Continental papers: "Mme. Jasmine Howard-Turnbull has returned to Var after a tour in the Orient." Or, "Mme. Jasmine Howard-Turnbull is in Paris for a few days, having arrived from Venice, where she has been visiting her daughter at the Palazzo degli Tedeschi."

She ran straight to Angela and kissed her.

"Oh, you lucky girl! Oh, you lucky, lucky girl!"

"How come?" Angela asked curtly.

"Haven't you seen Dariano? Hasn't he said anything to you?"

"I've seen him," Angela answered, "and he's asked me to marry him."

The older woman's face became hard suddenly.

"Angela, you haven't refused him!"

"No; no, I haven't."

"Then that's all right. My dear," said Mrs. Turnbull, "this is the proudest day of your life."

"I haven't accepted him either."

"But, Angela, you're mad!" Her mother got worried. "Do you mean you've let him get away without accepting him?"

"Just that!"

"But why? In heaven's name, why?"

A strange savage quality rose in Angela's bosom at the sight and thought of her mother attempting to push her into this marriage.

Much as she liked Dariano, much as she felt friendly toward him, yet now every defect he had Angela used as a weapon to hurt the woman to whom she should have been everything, and to whom she was only a useless encumbrance.

"Mother"—She Looked at the Elder Woman Straightly—"Do You Realize I Don't Love This Man?"

"Mother"—she looked at the elder woman straightly "do you realize I don't love this man?"

"Love," Mrs. Turnbull said, "is a very overrated thing, Angela, and it isn't at all necessary for success in marriage. Your father and I were an ideal couple ——"

"Were you?" But Mrs. Turnbull decided to pay no attention to this remark.

"—— yet I didn't love him, as schoolgirls understand love."

"I think that is evident," Angela said.

For an instant her mother thought she would lose control of herself.

In the slums, she would have struck her daughter. In ducal circles, she would have said "Mademoiselle, I find you impertinent!" and so, she fondly believed, have crushed her. But she must be canny, she must be careful.

"Angela," she said sympathetically, "what do you find wrong with Dariano?"

"He is a common gambler."

"If he is a common gambler," said Mrs. Turnbull, "so is the Grand Duke Peter, so is the Archduke John, so is Mrs. Deliverance Lowell, so is Lady Mary Prideaux. They don't know where to stop, but he does. Angela, Dariano is a great banker, a great financier."

"He is old; he is fat."

"Angela, if he is somewhat older than you, so much the better. All marital unhappiness comes from too young people being cooped up together. And he is not too fat, Angela. I find him a handsome, dignified man."

"He is a Greek, mother."

"Angela, don't be narrow."

"Mother," she said suddenly, "I am an American. Doesn't it ever strike you I should like to marry an American?"

"Angela," her mother implored, "don't talk to me of American marriages. The dreadful rush in the morning to get your husband off to business; the dull, dull days until he comes home; and when he does, he is so tired, all that is in his mind is bed and rest."

Mrs. Turnbull, in her new surroundings, now considered she had been a martyr most of her life. She had rearranged her existence in her mind, so that looking back she could see herself, a woman of taste and infinite charm, married when quite a child to a man who was only a money grubber, and not in the first flight of grubbers at that. She had silently, as becomes the better sort of martyr, suffered the dull American life. She could recall with a shiver of horror the commuters' train rolling into the little American station and ejecting its cargo of commuters, a rabbleish domestic army charging a suburban townlet. And the games of bridge in the evening with people whose every gown you knew, in whose card play every move was ridiculously transparent. Oh, how could she have suffered that for so many years? An American marriage, except in the very best of circles, where wealth permitted you as a luxury what the Europeans enjoyed as a matter of routine, was a dull and an ugly thing.

"Angela," she said softly, "remember what a thing this marriage would mean for you. You are not getting any younger, Angela, and husbands are scarce. You are not a rich girl. We are so poor"—she let fall a phrase she had

learned at the Cercle Agricole—"we are so poor," she sighed, "since the war!"

"We are so what?" asked Angela. "And since when?"

Mrs. Turnbull flushed. One of her dislikes against Angela was on account of the fact that before her she could indulge in no pretense. With other American women, and in public, one could indulge in pretense for the reason that they would not contradict one flatly. But Angela would. Angela was what the French call, said Mrs. Turnbull to herself, an *enfant terrible*—which is precisely what Angela was not.

"At any rate," Mrs. Turnbull sighed, "I'm sure you will marry him."

"I wouldn't bank on that, mother, if I were you," Angela answered. But she knew in her heart that she would marry Dariano—that she would have to marry Dariano.

III

ALL the time she was losing so heavily Angela felt such a weight of resentment against her mother that she was ashamed of it. At home in America she had put up with her mother's whims and pretensions and selfishness with ease. "Poor mother!" she would say. But since coming to the Riviera mother had become nearly outrageous.

It wasn't her mother's fault she had lost—was losing. But her mother was a contributing cause. Now and then—more than now and then; every month, every week, even—there was an extraordinary phenomenon at the Casino. You would meet people there who had arranged to stay all winter. They had taken out season cards at the golf links, bought subscriptions for all the operas, chartered automobiles for months ahead. One day they would be telling you of their plans a week ahead, inviting you to their box at the Battle of Flowers, making engagements with you for Nice races. One day their faces would be absent from their favorite table. You would pay no notice. Two days later they would still be absent, and you would ask where were the Such-and-Suches.

"Oh, they left on the five o'clock train on Wednesday."

"Oh, but I thought they were going to stay all season."

"Mrs. Such-and-Such's mother was ill, I heard, and Mr. Such-and-Such couldn't allow her to travel alone. They'll be back by Easter, they said."

The truth of it was that the Such-and-Suches had been cleaned out at the gaming tables and had invented this little story of Mrs. Such-and-Such's mother, Mrs. So-and-So, being ill, so as to save their faces. As if everybody didn't know what the matter was! Now business was given as an excuse; now politics. Occasionally some ill-bred male or female rascal simply said that they were broke to the wide and had to clear out. But in the paradise of Var, where there are held to be no misfortunes present, anything like this was frowned on. If one were knave enough to lose all one possessed, one was pardoned if one invented an illness of great urgency, as of Mrs. So-and-So. The air of Var is filled with sunshine and excuses for leaving it.

Angela envied these folk who had somewhere to go when Luck had definitely turned her disdainful back on them. They had a home somewhere in England, in Ireland, in America. They had interests to help them forget the bad luck at the gaming tables—friends. She had nothing.

It was on the fourth night of the Darianos' bank that she got badly nipped. For two nights before, the bank had been doing badly—a woman Angela knew had won a quarter of a million, and the word had gone out that the Darianos' run of luck had ceased. From Monte, from St. Raphael, from Nice the gamblers came to pluck the Greeks. Old ladies who were supposed to have died in their villas years before drove down from the hills in their victorias to punt in hundred-franc notes against the losing Greeks. It was as though the wolf pack had gathered to prey on travelers exhausted in a mountain pass. Hither came the Russians, chatty emotional men; hither came English, outwardly haughty, shy; hither came the French, voluble, cool as rain; hither came Hungarians, aloof, very great gentlemen; hither came Spaniards, very quiet, very courteous; hither came Portuguese, often shifty-eyed; hither came Italians, the fair Gothic Italian of the north, very dangerous; and the dark soft Italian of the south, more dangerous still; hither came a great Dutch poet; hither came a great French prize fighter; hither came a great English jockey; hither came great ladies, dressed dowdily, mean as to money, talking slangily as gutter-snipes. Hither came prostitutes, treating bank notes as though they were tissue paper, superbly gowned, talking as great ladies should.

Because she had always been a favorite with the Casino officials, invariably courteous, winning with grace, losing with so pleasant a smile that it made the winners, so they said, reluctant to take her money; because she was beautiful and would grace the party—because of these things she found no difficulty in getting a seat at the big baccarat game, where many rich and famous players were turned away with regrets. Miss Angela Turnbull sat between an *Altesse Royale*, who was prince of a reigning Latin house, and a Monsieur Schmidt, who dealt in lighter-than-air craft. Back of the table, around it, three deep, the ordinary punters stood. Jewels were glittering, eyes were glittering, aloft light was glittering from the thousand facets of the candelabra. One felt suddenly it was one of the clock.

Down the room came the Darianos, Solon and Archimède and the worried brother with the beard; came the man with the waste-paper basket stuffed with money; came the gunmen, came the French Government official. As Archimède Dariano was about to take his seat he evidently changed his mind, spoke to the elder man. Solon sat down in front of the shoe.

As she looked at him Angela felt the Greek dominate the table, dominate the room. He was so big, so solid; his gray mustache and graying hair gave him a dignity the younger, suaver brother did not have. Archimède had gallantry. Solon had dignity and power. His brown eyes were clear, his olive skin was clear. His face had no expression on it, but it was alive, somehow—alive with power. She noticed his hands. They were not beautifully kept like the younger man's. They were stubby and powerful and roughly clean as though scrubbed.

"A bank of a million francs!" called the croupier. "Gentlemen, make your bets!"

There was a moment's hesitation. The gamesters had looked forward to playing against Archimède, who was notoriously out of luck. Of Solon they were afraid, not so much of his luck as of the appearance of him, like a strong city impregnable. But they were there to gamble.

"*Dix mille francs*"—ten thousand francs, said Monsieur Schmidt, and he threw the bundle on the table.

And then suddenly, from all quarters thousand-franc notes fluttered to the table, were laid out fanwise, or in businesslike bundles which the croupier counted deftly. Dariano stretched his fingers to the box.

"*Rien ne va plus!*" called the croupier. "No more bets."

The silence was as oppressive as the silence before a thunderstorm.

"A card for Number One, the left side of the table. A card for Number Two." The soft flicking of the cards. "*Quatre au premier. Un deuxième baccarat. Six à la banque!*" the croupier announced. "The left-hand side, four. The right, nothing. The bank has six."

With his trowel-like beard he gathered up the notes from the table, counted them, arranged them in packets of ten thousand each, snapping home elastic bands. He crammed the Casino's percentage in pink slips down the ravenous Casino

(Continued on Page 149)

"I'd be a Poor Creature, Wouldn't I, Dariano, if I Had the Game and the Chance and Then Slid Out Without Paying?"

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 20, 1926

Mobilized Knowledge

DR. JOSIAH H. PENNIMAN, the learned provost of the University of Pennsylvania, has framed an unusually vigorous and convincing statement of the mighty contribution which the modern university is making to the business and industrial life of America. Writing in The Nation's Business, he shows how industry, once rather hostile to spectacled professors and their higher learning, now depends upon them so completely that without them it would be helpless.

"A university today," Doctor Penniman reminds us, "is a glorified factory. It is a mammoth corporation, dealing not in a single product or group of products, but in the principles and products of all knowledge. It has added to its traditional strength because it has learned how to organize knowledge in such fashion that the fundamentals of the several fields can be brought to bear upon a given situation in almost any field. . . . Universities have released the scientific spirit for use in business and in other affairs of life. It is a great service and one for which business, in particular, has shown gratitude."

Persons unfamiliar with modern methods of research can scarcely realize the extent of the new-found powers of science in attacking baffling problems. Steadily increasing specialization in both physical and social sciences has led to intensive studies of a new order; and, as the minor specialties have developed and become great, fresh units of knowledge have been transformed from a mob, as it were, into an army so highly organized and coördinated that it can be readily mobilized for any given plan of campaign. As a result of this development great problems are no longer attacked upon a single front, but upon flanks and rear as well. The intensive study of specialties and this new mobilization of knowledge are responsible for some of the most signal triumphs of the present generation.

As proof positive of the high esteem in which university achievement is held we are told that in the past twenty years donations to American institutions of higher learning amounted to four times those received in all the years preceding. In the past five years alone, according to Doctor Penniman, the total of such donations was fully one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. This is striking evidence of the unexampled liberality of American business men in furthering educational movements which have stood up under the exacting test of workaday life. All over the country, stadiums, gymnasiums, library buildings and dormitories are springing up like flowers in the spring. More and more the rich men who are benefactors of colleges are perceiving that gifts of buildings may prove to be sources of real embarrassment if no new funds are created for their upkeep.

It is greatly to the credit of these generous men of means that they show a well-defined tendency to provide such endowments and thus to relieve the objects of their munificence of any increase of overhead expense.

There is still one field in which many of our universities are sadly crippled for lack of funds. This is the domain of pure science.

Many a rich man who is prepared to finance with the utmost liberality specific scientific investigations which have a clearly defined goal in view, and will confer practical benefits if that goal is reached, turns a cold shoulder toward general research which is bound to increase the sum total of human knowledge but cannot promise practical results.

This feeling is natural. Even in giving money, prudent men desire to know in advance what knowledge it will buy, what benefits it will confer. Unfortunately, research scientists are often unable to tell them. The line between pure and applied science is so faint and wavering that no man can trace it. The useless facts, the laboratory diversions of one decade, so frequently prove to be the key knowledge which makes possible some great advance in another that a generation may elapse before the value of a given discovery can be truly appraised.

The whole history of science bears out this belief. Moreover, it may be said that some of the most successful and forward-looking corporations in the country accept this idea as a fact and maintain large staffs of high-salaried scientists who are free to work as they please and are not required or expected to produce results which can be instantly capitalized. This wise policy has paid for itself a thousand times over. When our rich men who desire to endow scientific work realize more fully the peculiar conditions under which it is conducted and are willing to give university research men the same free hand which big business has learned to give them, there are strong reasons for believing that America may be expected to enter upon an era of scientific discovery hitherto unparalleled. This change of attitude is bound to come; for the self-made men who have had the genius and energy to raise themselves from penury to positions of wealth and influence will not be slow to recognize the possibilities which lie before them the moment they make their dollars as mobile as the sciences to whose service they are already devoting them.

Taxes as Teachers

SMALL favors, we are told, should be thankfully received. The income tax has bedeviled most of us. It is annoying, complicated and often burdensome. Nor is it always fair. For persons whose incomes are at all large, or for men of affairs, there is a very real stint of clerical, accounting and legal work to be done. Even the most conscientious of individuals and corporations discover that wide discrepancies of judgment are possible as to the amount of taxes due. Frequently misunderstanding and litigation run their expensive and vexing course.

All this is an old story, almost an old wives' tale in weariness of repetition, even though Congress is again threshing over the much-beaten straw. Yet out of the sorry jumble of our Federal tax system emerge a few advantages.

The collective cost of preparing income-tax returns and quarreling with the Government as to their accuracy is substantial; but the collective education that results is no inconsiderable item. Common fairness must chalk up a little on the credit side. It is worth something to have millions of people learn how to keep track of their own incomes and expenditures.

Also, discussions of the methods and details of taxation sometimes yield much good educational fruit. Secretary Mellon's appearance before the Committee on Ways and Means contributed mightily to the nation's working knowledge of how a revenue bill should be formulated. He not only expressed sagacious opinions as to the effect of certain measures but he explained how he had arrived at them, and made clear to every reader of the daily press the basic principles which he was engaged in applying to the particular problems in hand. So illuminating were his comments that his statements in their entirety reminded one of the replies made by Benjamin Franklin when members of the House of Commons catechized him with reference to the repeal of the Stamp Act.

This is a gain not only to men of affairs but to millions of receivers of relatively small incomes. The few dollars which they pay is no great price for the more exact knowledge gained of their own finances, not to mention the added sense of civic participation. After all, if taxes are as fairly levied and apportioned among the population as human ingenuity renders possible, there should be a sense of pride in paying one's share, whether it is only a few dollars or tens of thousands.

Politicians of a certain stripe can always gain a hearing and grab off valuable newspaper space by wishing off all taxes upon the rich.

This course somehow has a popular sound, it seems as if one were allying oneself with the multitude, to say that no person with a small income should pay a tax. But common sense tells us that this is not wholly a rich man's country. It is not a land which the millionaire owns exclusively. We don't want him to pay all the operating expenses. It is a partnership of all of us, in which we have a share and an obligation fitted to our ability.

Millions of wage earners, clerks, farmers, business and professional men earn small incomes, but are contented, comfortable citizens, ambitious and on their way. Many are young and will earn much more when they grow older. It is an insult to them completely to exempt them from the general cause. The rate of taxes at the lower brackets can be made small enough so that the contribution proves no burden.

It is probable that most of these men and women do not seek complete exemption. They are proud to do their bit, to participate in the great common cause of country. More than that, to make out an income-tax return gives one a sense of substantiality. Even though the amount is small, even though deductions make it unnecessary to pay anything, the mere fact of being in the select group of those who are compelled to make a return raises one in his or her own financial estimation.

Men and women who make income-tax returns will always be a small and financially select portion of the total population. They are the more fortunate, the more successful, the thriftier section. This very knowledge cannot fail to add to their self-respect and make desirable an increased knowledge of personal and business finances on their part.

Anecdotes creep into the newspapers at frequent intervals of the amusing and absurd errors and the pitiful ignorance displayed by some of those who make returns. One man who earned sixteen hundred and thirty-five dollars in a year sent six hundred and thirty-five dollars to the collector, under the impression that all incomes above one thousand dollars must be paid to the Government. Amazing deductions are asked for, and ignorance takes the form of base greed or vulgar insolence as well as of too great generosity.

Witness the man who put in a deduction of one hundred and fifty dollars for a radio set, on the theory that he listened to sermons on Sunday and therefore regarded the sum as a religious contribution.

But this merely clownish phase of the income tax is passing, or will soon pass. Such cases are exceptional. People are learning to keep books and are beginning to understand the principles which govern income taxation. It has taught business concerns to keep larger reserves than formerly, and is driving home to individuals the great truth that one's income, whether large or small, must be shared with many, and is incrusted with many obligations. The income tax has faults enough without their being exaggerated, but it possesses practical if incidental advantages which are worth at least a passing thought.

CITY AND FARM—By Will Payne

AT THE turn of the year there is much stock taking on a national scale. Numberless annual reviews published by government chiefs, newspapers, trade journals, banks, insurance companies, brokers and who not, unite in saying that the twelve months ending with December, 1925, was a period of high prosperity in the United States the fifth consecutive year of an ascending scale. Many of the reviewers attempt to answer the two most pertinent questions: What made the prosperity and how can an indefinite continuation of it be assured?

In answering the first question reviewers agree that the largest single item in the present flourishing state of the nation consists of the so-called building boom. Trade statistics based on contracts let, instead of on building permits which may never find realization in actual brick and mortar, cover about seven-eighths of our building operations. Allowing for the other eighth it appears that construction begun in 1925 involves an outlay of considerably more than $6,000,000,000, against $5,000,000,000-odd in 1924 and $4,500,000,000 in 1923. That makes about $16,000,000,000 in three years, which, of course, means enormous purchases of material, employment of high-wage labor on a great scale and a brisk circulation of money. Mostly it is city building. About 60 per cent of it is classed as commercial and residential. The three big items in those classifications are city office buildings, city apartments and hotels, and suburban dwellings. The so-called building boom then is one outstanding sign of a great increase in urban population.

You need not rely on statistics. Look around any city, with frequent detours where the sidewalk is blocked by a contractor's fence, and now a bit of brick dust and now a dab of mortar in your upturned eye. You will see many towering walls of new office buildings, apartments and hotels. Then tour the contiguous territory that was open fields four years ago but is now thickly set with new detached residences.

From such a survey you might conclude that the whole American population was moving into town. All in all, it is probably a migration unmatched even in the migratory annals of the United States. Not that it is by any means exclusively a movement from country to town. The city populations themselves are a-stir, moving from city proper into the suburbs and from one section of the city that is now claimed by business into another section. Probably more people settled in new homes in the United States in 1923, 1924 and 1925 than in any other three-year period.

It is commonly called a building boom, but that phase of the matter has been attacked scientifically; and if "boom" means an activity based on future hopes rather than on present needs, it is not strictly applicable to present building operations. Statistical examination of the evidence over a term of years indicates that every old inhabitant of the country requires a yearly investment in buildings of ten to fifteen dollars, while every new inhabitant requires a like investment of something more than $1000.

If you are an old inhabitant, presumably you already have a roof to sleep under, and an office, shop or factory to work in. But your house or shop or office is always burning down in spots, or in process of repair and rebuilding here and there. So somebody must invest ten or fifteen dollars a year—experts do not quite agree on the figure—to keep you housed. And if you are a brand-new inhabitant over whose cradle mamma most unstatistically gurgles, somebody must at once invest more than $1000 to provide you with a habitation and place to work in—unless you happen to be canceled economically by the death of an old inhabitant. It appears that only at the end of 1924 did we overcome the building shortage that was caused by the interruption of war. If, in view of the accelerated shifting of population, some portion of the 1925 activity in building was in advance of present needs, the fact is still to be demonstrated.

This building implies a great activity in real estate. In the matter of booms in that basic commodity, Florida may get the spotlight, but is very far from being the whole show. The value of land in New York City, exclusive of buildings and other improvements, increased $1,700,000,000 from 1918 to 1925. In many spots near New York the value of suburban lands increased in greater ratio, and New York's experience has

(Continued on Page 169)

THE SMUGGLER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Fate of the Man Who Had Heard That a Smile Is a Great Pacifier

Pied Piping

Pie, the 100 Per Cent American Breakfast, Is Being Restored to the Morning Menu in Many Motels

FROM a gastronomic viewpoint,
When a lobster or a blue point
By itself can knock digestion all awry—
Can you visualize your tummy
Acting sociable or chummy
With an early-morning piece of breakfast pie?

"Why! Why! Why!"
The dour dyspeptics all cry,
"A dish diabolic,
Resulting in colic
Is pie, pie, pie!"

Yet the stern New England yeomen,
When they faced the British foemen,
Went to battle in the morning feeling spry.
Let the milksops sip farina—
In the fighting-man's arena
Comes the call for those who breakfasted on pie!

My! My! My!
The facts are too plain to deny.
Look what Paul Revere did
And each volunteer did
On pie, pie, pie!

Thus we won the Revolution
And we built our Constitution
On a dish that needs no cringing alibi.
Shove aside the foreign sweet cakes,
And the oatmeal and the wheat cakes
And leave a place to grace with breakfast pie.

Crunchy pie, munchy pie, crumby and flaky pie;
Cherry pie, berry pie, glum tummyachy pie;
Mellow pie, yellow pie, creamy and jelly pie;
Groggy pie, soggy pie, steamy and smelly pie.
Mince pie and quince pie,
And fit-for-a-prince pie!
Hot pie and pot pie,
And what apricot pie!
Noodle pie, strudel pie, currant and tasty pie;
Mothers' pie, others' pie, polyglotpasty pie—
Various pies that invite one to bite 'em—
Fried pies and pied pies and ad infinitum!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Problems

IF THINGS were never broken,
If Fashion did not stale,
If only Truth were spoken,
What merchant would not fail?

If men refused to quarrel,
If "take" were less than "give,"
If all the world were moral,
How could the lawyers live?

If skies were never shaded,
If love were always true,
If roses never faded,
What would we poets do?

—Arthur Guiterman.

The Forecaster's Bride

"IN CHOOSING the theme of your play," said the Professor earnestly, addressing a pupil in his class in playwriting, "your guiding thought should be interest. Now what is the subject that awakens the intensest interest in the breast of every man and woman—the subject that occupies most of our conversation, that provides most of the conflict between Man and Nature, which is the essence of drama?"

"Sex," said the student dramatist.

"No. The weather. What is the charm of the plays about primitive emotion in the South Seas? Why did Cleopatra go to meet Mark Antony clad only in jewels? Why did Noah gather the animals, two by two, into his ark?"

"Sex!" exclaimed the student dramatist.

"The weather. What, in short, is it that keeps this old world going round?"

"Sex?" queried the student dramatist.

"The weather And yet how few plays there are that are based on the weather appeal! Indeed, at the moment, I can think of only one."

"Who wrote it?" said the student dramatist.

"I did. It goes like this ——" He drew a sheaf of manuscript from his pocket.

SCENE—*The Weather Bureau station in Medicine Hat.* ANSON *is seated before a desk littered with papers and instruments. From time to time he takes the barometer, looks at it incredulously, shakes it vigorously, gazes at it and sighs. Enter* BUNSON.

BUNSON: Br-r-r-r! 'Tis a bitter afternoon! The precipitation of snow has reached four feet ten and nine-sixteenths inches. The temperature has fallen to minus 34.5 from the day's maximum of minus 7.25 at 1 P.M. It is the coldest March eighteenth since March 18, 1902.

ANSON *(reading the official weather report):* Fair and warmer. Pah! *(He throws it in the wastebasket.)*

BUNSON: I don't understand it. There is a well-developed low reported from Winnemucca, but here we are in an intensive area of high pressure, with winds southeast by south registering sixteen miles an hour.

ANSON: Nothing has been right since she went away.

BUNSON: True, true. She didn't know much about science, but she always got the weather right. *(A ground hog enters, gets in a cross-light, sees three shadows and exits disconsolately.)* Even the ground hog can't get anything right since she went away. But day after day she would read the reports from Miami—minimum 67, maximum 73—and a strange light would come into her eyes. You would say to her: "Read to me, daughter; read to me about the cyclone in Abilene." But her thoughts would be far away; I could tell that her heart was in Miami, where the weather, they say, is perfect.

ANSON: Aye, it hurt me, and I think you, too, when the Miami forecaster lured her to his office with his false promises.

BUNSON *(gritting his teeth):* Were the dastard's promises false?

ANSON: Aye. He said Miami's temperature averaged only 70, but it was bound to double within the year, like everything else.

BUNSON: It is true. It is false. *(He sighs.)*

[The wind howls and shrieks; snow beats against the window pane. At this moment the door is flung open and ANN ANSON *bursts in.*

ANSON: Ann!

BUNSON: Ann!

(Continued on Page 166)

The Deserted Village

It's Campbell's flavor that makes beans so good!

Campbell's—the beans with a flavor all their own! A flavor that's different! A flavor that people everywhere think is the best they ever tasted in beans!

Quality—that tells the story of Campbell's astonishing popularity. Such good ingredients, such skilled and careful preparation that you want them every time.

Selected beans. Famous tomato sauce. Blended by chefs who have the secret of producing the delicious taste you cannot resist.

Slow-cooked and digestible—wholesome as they are tempting to the taste.

For real enjoyment in beans, eat Campbell's!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Slow-cooked Digestible

NO THOROUGHFARE

XI

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

SAM was not particularly surprised to see the deputy sheriff; but he had a momentary shock at sight of Bat's car, it was so like his own which rusted now in the quarry hole. He never saw the other man's machine without being startled afresh at the similarity. It was not only that the two cars had been of the same manufacture, of about the same age and of a similar state of decrepitude, but they had even the same sag in the left front spring, the same battered mud guard on the left-hand side, the same patch upon the top, so awkwardly fitted that it flapped a little when the car was in motion. The likeness was so complete that it made Sam feel faintly wistful, regretting his loss; and to cover this feeling he laughed a little, and the deputy said ungraciously:

"Hello, Sam. What's the joke?"

Sam nodded toward the other's machine.

"Never see the old wagon without thinking it's mine," he explained. "They look like they'd been hatched out of the same egg."

Bat surveyed his car with a critical eye.

"Don't seem to me they're so much alike," he argued, something curiously guarded in his tone. "I guess I could tell 'em apart."

"Oh, sure, when you take a second look," Sam agreed. "My radiator cap was twisted and I didn't have that crack in the windshield that you've got. But a person that didn't know, he might have trouble telling which was which."

Bat looked at him attentively.

"What are you getting at?" he challenged. Sam was faintly surprised and said so.

"Nothing. I kind of looked for you to be out here yesterday, Bat. You ought to have come last night. You'd have run into some action then all right."

"I had to go up to the Harbor to see Dave," Bat explained. "Why, what happened here?"

Sam hesitated, momentarily doubtful of the discretion of being too frank with Bat; but after all the other man was a deputy sheriff, one having authority. In the end he told Bat the whole tale; and Bat listened uneasily, yet with attention.

When Sam was done the deputy said dourly, "Guess you couldn't recognize anybody."

Sam hesitated, then he shook his head.

"No, that's right," he agreed cautiously. "No, sir, I didn't know any of 'em. It was kind of dark; and there was a lantern shining in my eyes."

"They're probably gone by now," Bat suggested. "That's what comes of your butting in. I had my eye on that bunch, planning to nail them when I got ready. Now they won't be around again for a while."

Sam considered. "Let's you and me take a walk down there," he proposed. "I'd like to find the dog and bury it or something. Miss Delemay'd feel better if she knew that had been done. And you can poke around the mill and see what you find."

Bat shook his head emphatically at this suggestion.

"I'm running this game, son," he retorted. "I'm not burying any dogs either. And when I go down there I'll have a bunch of men with me. You don't know what you might run into."

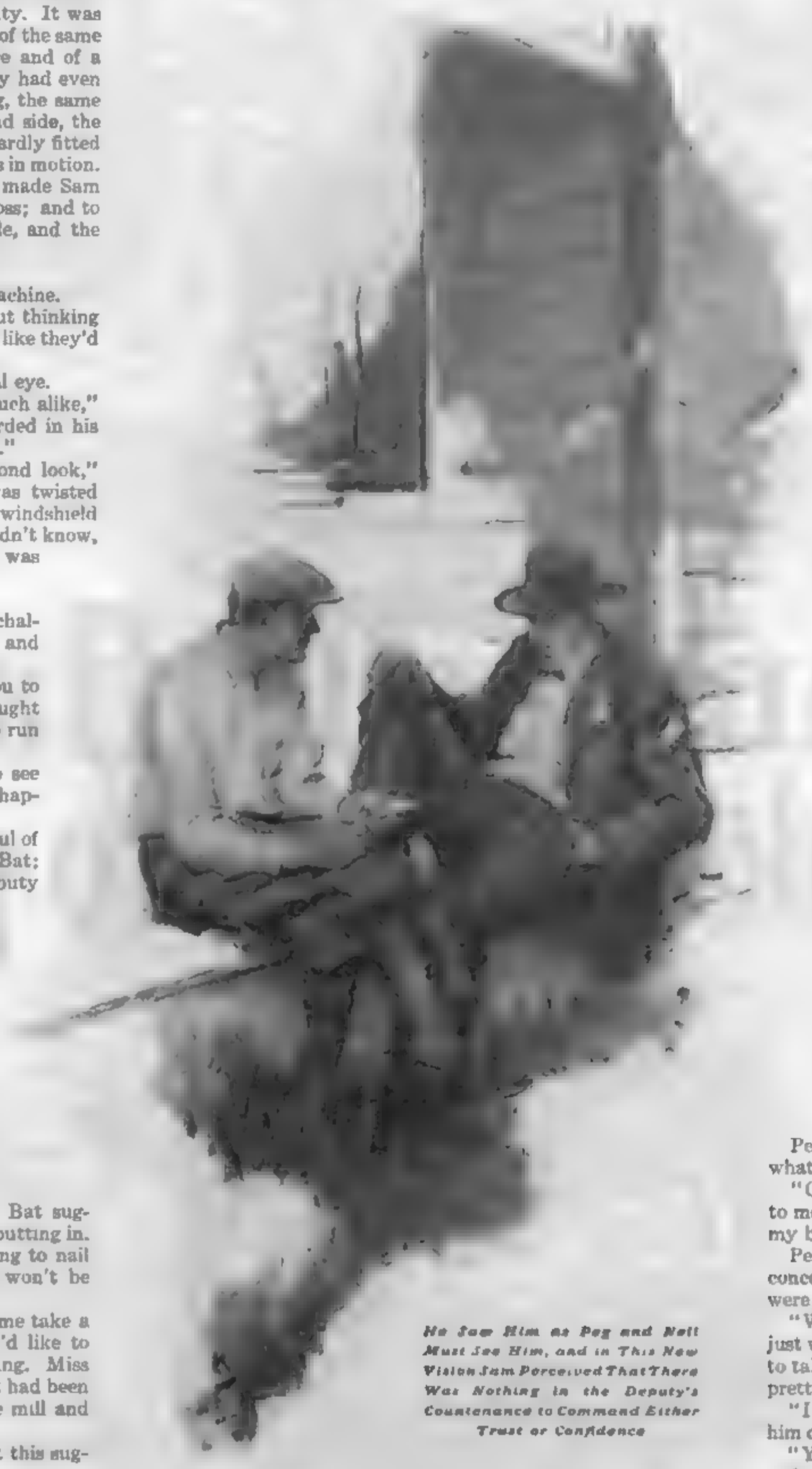
The two, while they talked, had drifted toward the house; sat down now on the edge of the porch in the shade. Sam whittled long, curling strips from a weathered shingle which he had picked up in the grass.

"I figure," he said thoughtfully, "that they're taking the stuff down Blood Brook in boats and across the river so's not to be held up at the bridge. Don't you guess that's it, Bat?"

"Where's these girls that live here?" Bat inquired erratically. "I kind of figured on having a talk with them."

"Asleep, I guess," Sam replied. "Chances are they'll be out by and by." He hesitated; asked again, "Don't you figure that's it, Bat?"

But he was not attentive to Bat's reply. He had, till the deputy spoke of them, almost forgotten that Peg and Nell were in the house; that in a little while they would come out and Bat would see them. Realization of this fact abruptly opened his own eyes to some qualities in the deputy which he had not hitherto perceived. He saw the man, as it were, through Peg's eyes. And this newer point of view was not attractive. Hitherto Sam had never looked attentively at Bat; he had accepted him for what he was—the deputy sheriff, a man having authority, an ally of Dave Budd. Dave was a good man, known for his common kindliness, known to possess courage when courage was required of him and sympathetic common sense at all times and seasons. Everyone liked Dave and respected him, and Bat had been protected by this liking and respect. It occurred to Sam now that Bat had not perhaps deserved so much consideration; he saw him as Peg and Nell must see him, and in this new vision Sam perceived that there was nothing in the deputy's countenance to command either trust or confidence. He remembered, curiously, Bill Stackhoe's remark that Bat did not look like a deputy; and he wondered what had become of Bill and whether he would some day come again. He put thought of Bill aside to concentrate once more on Bat, weighing the deputy in the light of his new understanding. Seen dispassionately, Sam found Bat unprepossessing; and he remembered that when he himself first came to the Cove a few years before, the deputy had seemed to him rather an attractive young man, with a certain light-heartedness about him, a laughing courage and a way of making friends with children wherever he went. Sam thought children might not like Bat now. He was not a young man of an analytical turn of mind, was much more apt to move along attractive dreams than in the realm of speculation. But it occurred to him now that Bat was not as likable as he had been two or three years before; that something had dulled his edge, blunted him. He thought it possible that the deputy had been on the wrong road, wandering aimlessly. Perhaps toward a blind alley ahead.



He Saw Him as Peg and Nell Must See Him, and in This New Vision Sam Perceived That There Was Nothing in the Deputy's Countenance to Command Either Trust or Confidence

Even while his thoughts were engaged with these speculations he carried on in a desultory way his talk with the deputy, but they were getting nowhere. Sam began to wish Bat would go away before the girls heard him and came to the door, but in this he was disappointed, for they presently appeared, coming out on the porch, and Sam and Bat got up to meet them, and Sam said uncomfortably, "This is the deputy sheriff, Bat Brace."

He saw at once that they thought ill of Bat.

Peg said slowly, "How do you do." And Nell merely nodded. But at sight of them Bat's demeanor changed abruptly and completely.

"Why, how de do," he exclaimed. "I'm glad to see you. I've aimed to get out here before and make sure you was all right, after what Sam here told me. I'll come often after this." He chuckled. "Sam didn't tell me all he might have. Guess he was keeping something to hisself, eh, Sam?"

Sam, his cheek dull red, answered uncomfortably, "Don't see as you're doing much, now that you've come."

"Don't worry," Bat retorted. "There ain't a thing for you girls to worry about any more. I'll look out for you."

Nell, her eyes wide and scornful, said gently, "But we haven't been in the least worried—till now!"

The deputy laughed patronizingly. "I ain't as bad as I look," he assured her. "I can show you a good time; and I'll see to't nobody bothers you after this. Leave that to me—if I have to come out here and bunk with Sam."

Peg asked in a level tone, "Has Sam reported to you—what occurred last night?"

"Guess he has," Bat assured her. "He's been talking to me steady for an hour. That's all right though. That's my business to look out for that."

Peg hesitated. "I'm—rather sorry. It's no particular concern of ours. Except that they killed Lady." Her eyes were angry. "I'd like to punish them for that."

"Well, now," Bat promised, "I don't want to do only just what you want done." He looked at Nell. "I'm here to take orders," he said grinningly. "Guess you can have pretty near anything you want out of me."

"I'm sure I don't want anything from you," Nell told him coldly; and he laughed at this as though it were a jest.

"You're a kidder, I can see that," he told her.

Sam interposed. "There's someone coming down the road—a car," he said. "Wonder who it is?"

They swung at that to listen, and heard what his ears had already caught, the slide of brakes and the creak of springs. The two men were on the ground beside the porch, the girls near the door; and Nell drew nearer Peg, limping a little, and slid her arm around the other's waist.

Sam and Bat watched the road, and Bat exclaimed abruptly, "Blast it!"

Sam thought this so surprising that he looked at the deputy; and it seemed to him there was apprehension in the other's eyes. This puzzled him immensely, so much that he forgot the approaching car till Peg said softly:

"It's Mr. Sloughter!"

It was, indeed. Sam forgot Bat in this discovery; and the four stood waiting, neither advancing nor retreating, while Sloughter stopped his car near Bat's and alighted and came toward them. He was, Sam saw, alone. Lin Ruble was not with him. And he took off his hat as he

(Continued on Page 34)

THERE is a finality about the new 90-degree Cadillac, and all it does, that is attracting new thousands to the supreme satisfaction of Cadillac ownership. In Cadillac they are finding motor car prestige, distinguished performance, transcendent luxury—everything that goes to endow a motor car with personality. They are now members of that numerous and ever-growing group who hold fast to the thought and the certainty that Cadillac is literally the standard of the world.

Priced at $2995 upwards, F. O. B. Detroit

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

Division of
General Motors Corporation

(Continued from Page 32)

came through the uncut grass in the front yard, and there was a smile on his lips for Peg and Nell.

But when his glance turned from them to Bat his eye hardened faintly; and Sam was watching and observed this.

Sloughter said genially, "Good morning, young ladies. Miss Delemay. Miss Lutrow."

"Good morning," Peg returned.

Sloughter looked at Sam. "You—have guests?" he suggested, his question evidently addressed to Peg.

She did not reply, but Bat said uneasily, "Well, I've got to move along."

No one made any comment on this. The deputy seemed to feel there was something more he should say; he hesitated, failed to find words and at last moved away to his car without further utterance. Sam thought there was a certain haste in his movements; thought the way he cranked the machine and wheeled it and drove up the hill had in it a suggestion of flight.

But as Bat disappeared Sloughter said to Sam himself, "Are you starting back to town?"

It was Peg who replied. "He's doing some odd jobs for us," she explained. "We're keeping him here with us, Mr. Sloughter."

Sloughter considered this, seemed at length to dismiss it from his thoughts.

"I called," he explained, "to find out whether you had made up your mind to sell this place. I'm really very anxious to take it off your hands."

Peg shook her head.

"I haven't even considered it," she said firmly.

He seemed to choose his words.

"I heard," he suggested, "some reports of trouble in the woods below here last night. Wasn't there shooting? Did you hear any shots?"

"We were abed very early," Peg replied. "And we all sleep soundly when we get to sleep, I think."

He smiled. "That's youth," he agreed. "A wonderful thing." He was almost benignant. "But I should think you might sleep more peacefully in a place a little more secure."

"This seems perfectly secure," Peg assured him. "We haven't been bothered at all."

He said thoughtfully, "I've a chauffeur, a young man whose interests are—wide. I sent him to see you yesterday."

"We'd rather you did not send him again," Nell told him quickly, and he smiled at her.

"Did he distress you? He has a roving fancy, but I've always found him easily diverted. What I meant to say, however, was that he heard some talk in the village this morning. He said there were men down on the brook below you here last night spearing alewives; and that a dog attacked them, and they had to kill the dog. That wasn't one of your dogs by any chance, I suppose."

Lee Ruble

Peg said evenly, "No indeed. We lock them up at night."

"They're here now?"

"Oh, yes, in the kitchen."

"I'm very fond of dogs. Your setter seemed to me a particularly fine animal. I'd like very much to have another look at her. You might care to sell her to me."

"She's—not for sale," Peg said steadily.

"I would even buy her sight unseen," he suggested. "You see, I mean to be friendly, to be on friendly terms with you. Say—two hundred dollars."

"I'm afraid she wouldn't go to anyone but me," Peg assured him.

"I'd risk that," he urged. "I'd undertake to waive delivery for the present, to come and get her when you leave here."

Peg had been fighting to control herself, and she was weakening now.

"No," she said. "No!" And abruptly and without explanation, she turned, almost fled into the house, left them behind.

Sloughter seemed troubled by this; he looked from Sam to Nell and back again.

"I wish you'd try to persuade her to sell this place, Miss Lutrow," he said. "It's really hardly safe for you to be here. I merely mean to be friendly."

"We—have our own friends," Nell said, strengthened by anger because he had hurt Peg so grievously.

His face blackened a little.

He said stiffly, "You'll remember my good intentions." And to Sam he added, "I suggest that you use your influence to—keep these young people indoors in the evening. I should stay indoors myself, if I were you. Some one might take you for a dog!"

Sam grinned cheerfully.

"If I was you, I would be afraid of being took for a dog," he agreed impudently; and Nell smiled with swift delight, and said to Sam protestingly:

"But Sam, I like dogs!"

Sloughter held his tongue; he bowed gravely.

"I'll say good-by," he told them, and with no further word he took himself away while they stood and watched him go. Nell came and touched Sam's arm, squeezing it.

"Wasn't that fun?" she demanded delightedly.

He freed himself.

"See if she's all right," he urged, and Nell looked at him reproachfully and laughed a little.

"I was sure it would be this way," she said to herself.

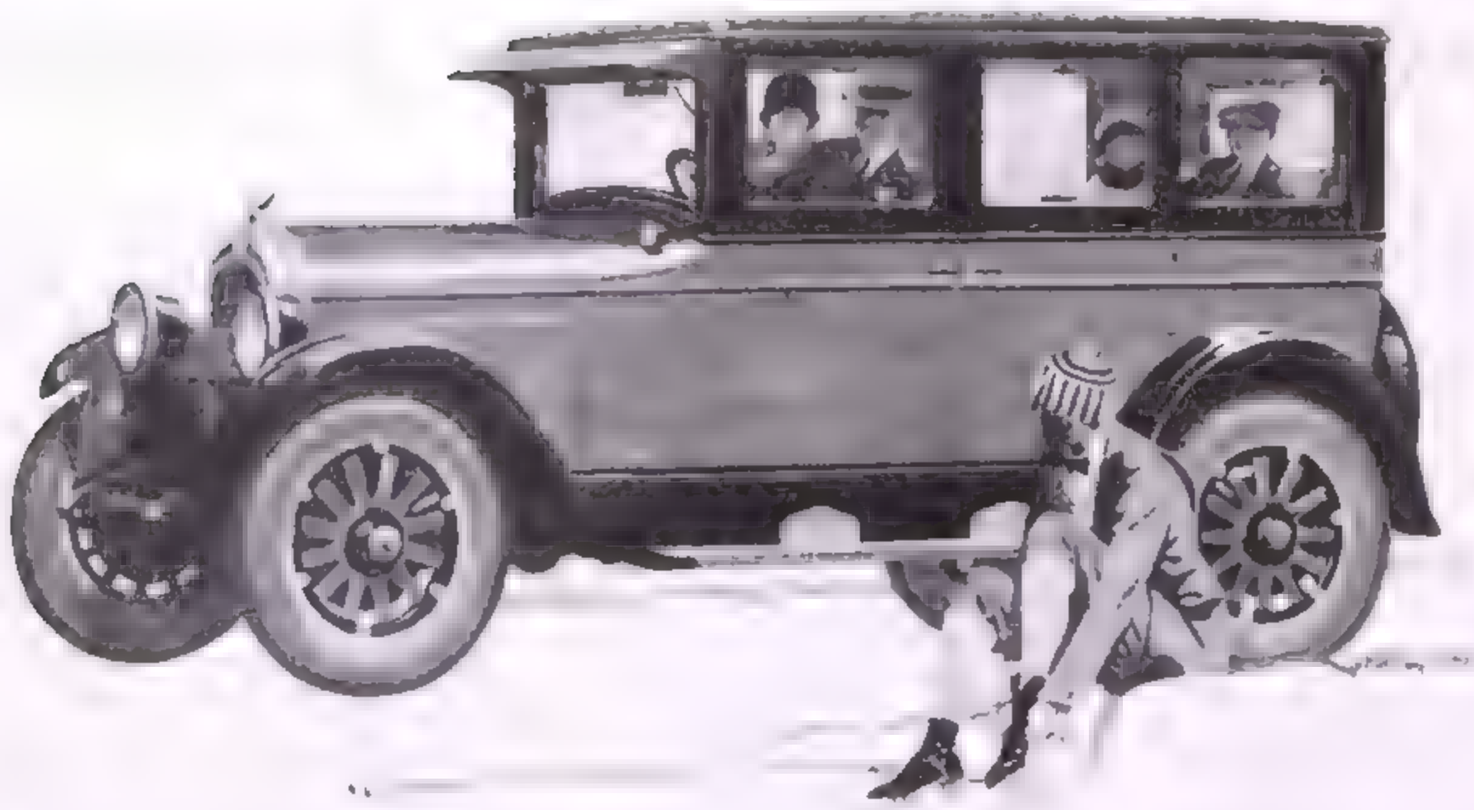
But she obeyed him, went into the house and left him there.

Sam, with a purpose in his movements, rounded the house to the barn and rummaged there till he found an old spade, still useful. He turned into the kitchen for his gun, came out again and with the spade over his shoulder, the gun under his arm, went down through the old orchard below the house. His errand was clear in his mind, and he felt no misgivings at leaving the two girls for a time alone.

When he returned an hour or so later, they were in the kitchen preparing lunch; and upon Sam's appearance,

(Continued on Page 70)

"Go Away," She Protested. "Don't Come Any Nearer"



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CHRYSLER

That Silver Arrow Pierced Plupy's Heart and Head the First Shot

By HENRY A. SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

FRIDAY, December, 19, 186— speling day in school. i dont see why it is but evry time i am chose up in a speling mach in school i always miss on a eezy wird. it is mutch eezier for me to spel daygerriotipe whitch most spelers miss on than to spel daylite. if old Francis had asted me to spel daygerriotipe i cood have did it but i missed on daylite and had to go to the foot. i forget how he wanted it speled but i dont cair now.

Saturday, Dec. 20, 186— cold as time. most of the fellers has been skating on the river xcept me. it is tuff not to go but i can ride Nellie and drive her and so i get sum fun. tonite me and father went down town. i took my $2 dollars to by crismas presents. i left father in a store setting by the stove taulking and i went out. first i went to old Rufe Cutlers and bougt 6 cigars for $.15 cents for father. father says he cant afford to smoak cigars but there is nothing he likes so mutch as a good cigar. so this time he is going to have 6 good ones. they cost .02½ cents apeace so they had augt to be good. then i went to old Polly Colkets store and bougt a linnin collar and 2 linnin cuffs for mother for $.35 cents. it was a prety high price but nothing is two good for mother. .15 cents and $.35 cents is $.50 cents or haff a dollar. ¼ of my $2. dollars went on 2 presents. gosh.

then i went to Lane and Rollins store and bougt a brest pin for aunt Sarah for $.30 cents, and a dime novil fir Cele Red Headed Rufe the hell Bender for $.10 cents and a book whitch Keene read in the New York Legger but whitch is now a book for $.20 cents. wedded yet no wife. $.50 cents and $.30 cents is $ 80 cents and $.10 cents is $.90 cents and $.20 cents is $1. dollar and $.10 cents.

then i went to old Luke Langleys store and bougt 2 twin dolls jest alike for Georgie and Annie for $.20 cents. if i had bougt dolls whitch were diferent i wood have to pay $.15 cents apeace which wood mark $.30 cents. then i bougt a tin horse and cart for Frankie for $.20 cents and a red wooden cart for Neddie for $.25 cents.

$1. dollar and $.10 cents and $.20 cents is $1. dollar and $.30 cents and $.15 cents is $1. dollar and $.45 cents and $.30 cents moar is $1. dollar and $.85 cents and $.20 cents moar is $2. dollars and $.05 cents and $.25 cents moar is $2. dollars and $.30 cents and i only had $2. dollers in the first place. i cant maik it come out enny diferent althoug i have added it up again and again. i have got all those presents and pade for evry one and i have got $.25 cents over.

so i went to old Kelly and Gardners and bougt me a 4 blaided gnife. when we got home i put my bundles in my closet and locked the door. then i had to go down to the kichen and have my bath. i dont mind a bath onct a week so mutch as i do having to use soft sope. the rest of the family use casteel sope but mother says that nothing but soft sope will ever get me cleen. gosh it stings auful when it gets into a cut or a sore or when i have gnocked off sum of my hide. then i went to bed.

Sunday, December 21, 186— snowing and cold. i took cair of Nellie befoar father got up. i wish father wood let me have sum hens. if i had a good rooster i cood be moar naborly to the fellers up here whitch have got roosters. i have never stoped fealing bad becaus my bolten gray rooster whitch licked Ed Toles rocky mountain rooster took sick and dide. after he died i sold the hens and sed i shood never have enny moar. father says peraps i can have sum in the spring. none of us went to chirch xcept Keene and Cele whitch had to sing in the quire. father caried them down in the sleig. after dinner me and father shoveled snow. it had stoped snowing. Chrismas next Thursday. wont the folks be sirprized. i wonder what they will give me.

Monday, December 22, 186— no school for 2 weaks. bully. i rode Nellie down to Ed Toles. Beany was there with Lizzie. sumhow he dident seem verry glad to see me and Lizzie she dident neether. I wonder why. then i rode up to Pewts but he had gone skating, so i rode home and put Nellie in the barn and went over to the Chadwicks. saw a good fite. Whack stood up to Bug and Pozzy. they was too mutch for him. but it was a good fite while it lasted. there is nothing like a good fite to cheer a feller up when he is homesick. enny time i go down to see Pewt and Beany i feel kind of homesick. i wish we had never moved.

Tuesday, December 23, 186— gosh what do you think. there is the pretiest girl i ever saw living in this naborhood. they have jest moved in. they come from New York. i have to go by her house when i go down town or down to Whacks and when i come back two. today i rode Nellie by her house quite a number of times. sumtimes she was sitting in the window and sumtimes standing by the gate. she looked at me but dident say ennything. of coarse i dident dass to bow to her becaus i hadent been interduced but i maid Nellie go lickety split.

i dont know what chirch she goes to but i hoap she will be at the Unitarial festival nex Tuesday. i have found out that her naim is Lucile.

Wednesday, December 24, 186— Chrismas tomorrow. i can go skating. i saw a load of wood on the river today drew by a horse. gosh, what do you think hapened today. sumtimes i think i am dreeming. i dident supose i had spunk enuf to do what i done today. well i was driving Nellie home in the sleig from down town when i saw Lucile

(Continued on Page 181)

Today I Rode Nellie by Her Heuse Quite a Number of Times

Premium Bacon Grill—the tempting dish shown above, is just one of an infinite number of delicious combinations that can be made with Premium Bacon. This dish is made as follows: place two strips of broiled Premium Bacon over candied sweet potato. Top with thick slices of grilled fresh tomato that has been sprinkled with buttered bread crumbs

THERE is just one sure way to get bacon with that sweet, mild flavor, that exceptional tenderness and the right proportioning of lean and fat. Be sure it's Swift's Premium.

You may have this choice bacon a whole piece at a time, or in pound and half-pound cartons. The first way insures a generous supply on hand for every use. The second affords the added convenience of bacon evenly sliced and free from rind—all ready for cooking.

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

POISON IVORY

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

With Trembling Fingers He Extracted Ten Crisp New Bills From an Ancient Wallet Bulging With Ancient Papers and Laid Them Gently on the Marble-Topped Parlor Table

ON THE dirty piece of opaque glass the inscription is to be read: Angus McMurty

Attorney at Law Notary Public

Loans

But among the people who live by their wits, or even less delicate means, the lettering merely stands for the abode—between the business hours of nine and five—of Poison Ivy McMurty whose law was not wasted on law courts or whose loans were never filed among the records of the county recorder.

The dingy, high-ceilinged room, with its old-fashioned desk and ancient table scarred by many a forgotten cigar and cigarette, was the haven where many a mariner of shady business sought the advice of the master pilot in the clearly charted seas of high finance; where many a furtive shadow made a small loan—very small usually—in exchange for certain articles of value which were never held for redemption. When Mr. McMurty, perforce, went to court, judges lowered and regarded the witnesses he produced in support of the prisoner's alibi with cold distrust; when he settled back in the gloom of his little office—after carefully defining the statutes covering conspiracy to the client—close-set black eyes ceased to worry and blue-black cheeks wrinkled into appreciative grins.

After Silk Hat O'Laughlin was saved from an unpleasant sojourn because of a little mistake between friends, which the law in its blind fashion termed obtaining money under false pretense, he acclaimed the little lawyer—a bit of an orator was Silk Hat Harry—as a little cluster of poison ivy trailing across the bare legs of the boy Blackstone.

In consideration of this charming bit of characterization, Mr. O'Laughlin was thereafter known as a silver-tongued wit of consequence, and the hero of his bon mot as Poison Ivy McMurty.

On the morning which discloses the opening act of our drama, as the best Victorian lady writers loved to write, Mr. O'Laughlin is once more seated in the bilious chair reserved for clients in the law office of Mr. McMurty

"Mac, you wizened-up little piece of leather, how are you?"

Mr. McMurty lit a long black stogy with extreme care and then surveyed his client calmly. "Harry, you big, well-dressed bag of wind, I'm fine. How are you?"

"Daisies," said Mr. O'Laughlin lightly. "Peaches and cream. Sweet rum and honey. Clover and sweet grass."

Mr. McMurty grinned. "In other words ——"

"—— in other words," went on Mr. O'Laughlin in his best manner, "it is coming down like rain on a tin roof, softly and yet continuously, and still yet softly. It laves me like a feather bed laves a tired traveler exhausted after a night on the wild moors. In short, a pleasant attack of shekels and nothing but a relapse in sight."

"People don't usually come to me when they get that way."

Mr. O'Laughlin grinned.

"What's the game, ha?"

Mr. O'Laughlin lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. "Florida," he said finally. "The land of sunshine and opportunity. The El Dorado! The fountain of youth! The ——"

"The hour is ten," advised Mr. McMurty shortly, "and I have an appointment in twenty minutes."

"In that case, just plain real estate."

"But ——"

"Florida real estate. The kind that jumps like a clinical thermometer in a glass of boiling water. In other words, the berries."

Mr. McMurty shook his head so violently that the ash from his stogy tumbled over the buttons of his vest like a restless spring brook. "I wouldn't buy ——"

"Buy? Who said anything about buying? Do I look like a buyer? Do I look like a sucker? After my experiences with you, do you think I would have the nerve to come here and try and put one over on ——"

"Harry," said Mr. McMurty pleasantly, "you would trade your own mother out of her only home."

Mr. O'Laughlin grinned.

"Maybe," he admitted. "But not you."

"Only because you know you couldn't get away with it."

"Old Poison Ivy," murmured Mr. O'Laughlin.

"Well?"

Mr. O'Laughlin lit a fresh cigarette and leaned back cautiously in the creaking chair.

"Mac," he began, "do you remember that little—er—er—difficulty that I got into when I was here back in twenty-one?"

Mr. McMurty did—with a twinkle in his little eyes.

"Well, just before that I was selling lots in the Golden Glow Plantations Development Company of Florida."

"Ha! Ha!"

"One thousand smackers bought a lot, and the return from the orange crop in three years would pay off the investment—you know the stuff?"

Mr. McMurty did—ha.

"Well, I sold one to a woman out here in this town near here you call Clerman—a little jerk-water place that didn't know the war ended when Lincoln was shot—I mean the Civil War. She paid me in cash, Mac—right out of the old sock, I guess. One thousand little smackers of which seven fifty was pure gravy."

Mr. McMurty nodded appreciatively and lit a fresh section of stogy.

"Well?"

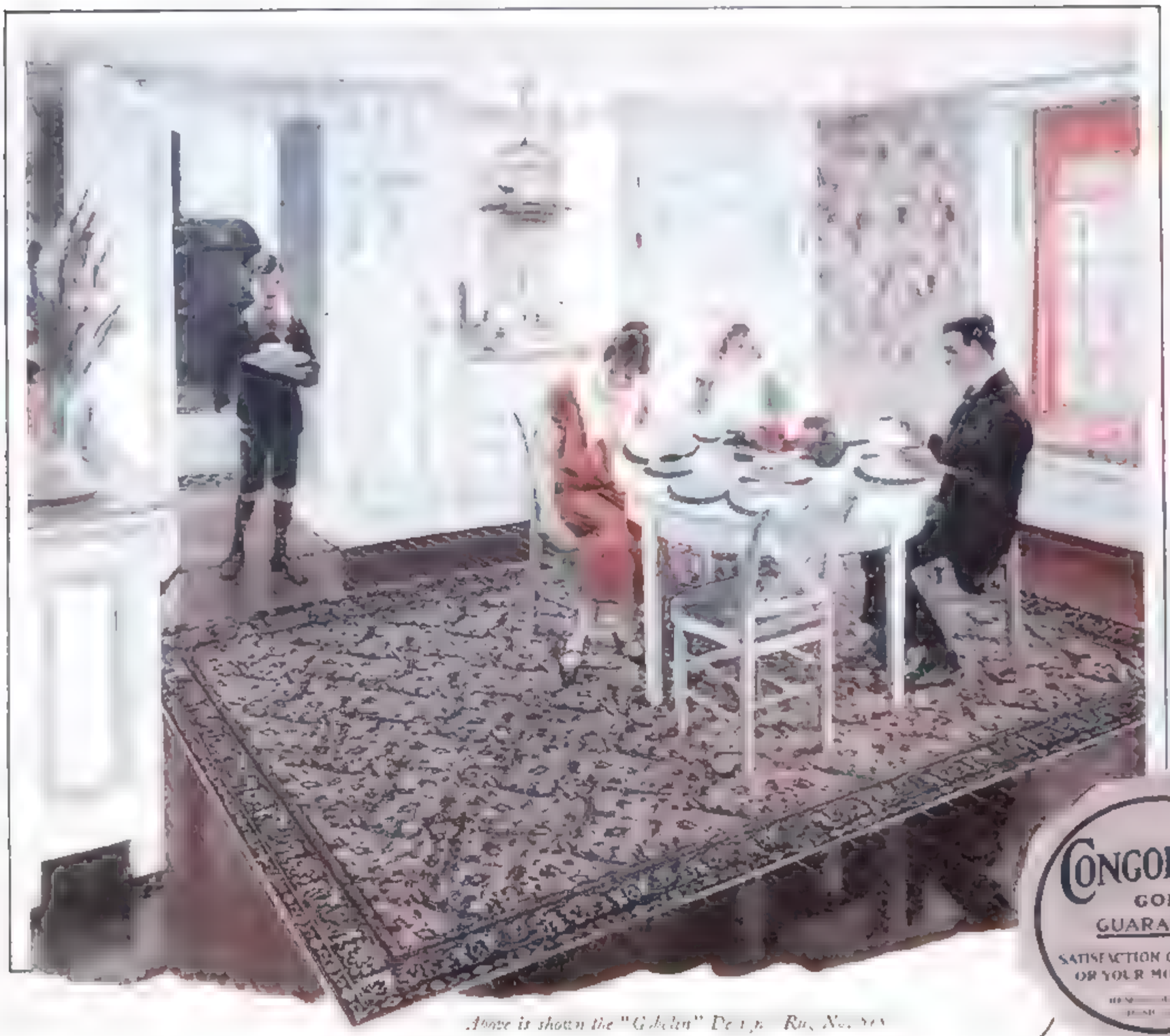
Mr. O'Laughlin reached into the inner pocket of his smart blue serge coat and brought forth two crackling notes of yellow and green.

"Mac," he said, "I want you to go out and look up that old girl—she won't know the war is over yet—and buy that lot back for fifteen hundred dollars cash."

"What for?"

"Because I want the lot."

(Continued on Page 41)



Above is shown the "Gibelin" Design Rug No. 503

A new rug and a new butler!

Mother's proud of them both! The son—well, every mother knows what a wonder her boy is. And this woman, as well as every housewife who has used Congoleum Rugs, can tell you what a pleasure they are!

Variety of Beautiful Patterns

First of all, Congoleum Rugs make every room cheerful and home-like—at a low cost! And they come in such a wide variety of patterns: elaborate effects in rich shades to set off the furnishings of living and dining rooms; pretty floral designs to make bedrooms dainty and restful; and the neatest, trimmest geometric reproductions you ever saw for the kitchen, bathroom, and pantry.

In addition, Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs have practical virtues to recommend them. They are made to endure hard wear, for they are waterproof through and through. Their surface is firm, smooth—and easy to clean. A few strokes of a damp mop make them spotless in a twinkling.

Another convenience—they lie perfectly flat on the floor without tacks, cement or fastening of any kind to hold them in place.

Save Time and Money

In every way you'll find Congoleum *Gold Seal* floor-coverings represent real economy. They save you time and labor—and they save you money, too. For they are very low in price, and very durable.

Let your dealer show them to you—in all the popular sizes from small mats to nine by fifteen foot rugs.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Portland
New Orleans Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum". It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Congoleum" are identified by a red label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine, ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy.

"Mayflower" Design Rug No. 379

"Jasmine" Design Rug No. 538

"Nassau" Design Rug No. 570

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL WHEN YOU BUY

Arresting statements for plant executives

FRICTION
—the unseen destroyer of plant machinery

The largest appraisal organization in the world makes this striking statement:

> "Lubrication is a most important influence in retarding depreciation and prolonging the useful life of machinery."

In establishing the value of a machine unit, appraisers first determine the efficiency of its lubrication. The initial procedure is described thus:

> "The first thing one of our appraisers does is to ascertain whether it (a machine unit) has been properly lubricated. He finds out whether * * * the proper grade of oil has been used and whether a regular oiling schedule is part of the maintenance program.
>
> "Where deficiencies in lubrication occur, a heavier depreciation and a lower value are inevitable results."

This testimony is born of extended experience; it indicates that defective lubrication is most destructive, shortens the effective life of machinery and dissipates large investments in equipment.

Were these the only penalties, they might be tolerated, but there are more immediate consequences.

Deterioration is never sudden, but is cumulative. It starts imperceptibly and grows stealthily. It culminates in breakdowns, repairs, replacements and multiple labor wastes.

All the while, production is retarded, limiting output as "rejects" multiply and interruptions upset production schedules. The multiplication of losses is amazing, and unchecked only because the actuating cause—faulty lubrication—is so small a matter of cost it escapes attention.

Think of oil as the means to *keep value* in your production units and you get an entirely new picture of the importance of Correct Lubrication.

Beyond question, your lubrication deserves the best and most expert advice you can obtain.

We stand ready to assume full responsibility for prescribing correct lubrication in your plant. Get in touch with us.

JUST a few instances:

FROM OUR FILES OF REPORTS OF PERFORMANCE RESULTS

Savings effected by the adoption of the lubrication recommendations of the Vacuum Oil Company engineers practically run the gamut of operations, for example:

FILE NO. 10155—
$6,800 savings in labor costs in an average sized mill in a basic industry.

FILE NO. 8255—
21% savings in a single item of production costs in a medium sized plant making board products.

FILE NO. 6304—
$4,880 savings in power costs in a nationally known cement mill.

FILE NO. 6925—
$1,300 savings in repair materials in an internationally known plant.

In each case these specific savings were attended by economies in several correlated operations and directly affected production flow and profits.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils *for* Plant Lubrication

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country.

(Continued from Page 38)

"Why don't you go out there and buy it yourself? It's only an hour on the bus."

"I can't."

"Why?"

"Well, if you must know," said Mr. O'Laughlin shortly, "the old girl tried to get nasty when she discovered it was covered with water half the time."

"All right. Now, why do you want to buy a lot that is under water half the time back at a 50 per cent profit?"

"It isn't under water any more."

"What are you going to get for it?"

"Now, see here, Mac ——"

Mr. McMurty uncrossed his spiderlike legs and sat upright. He held up the smoldering stogy to check the protest. His little eyes lost their benevolent interest and turned beady-hard.

"Now, see here, O'Laughlin, don't try that game on me. When a crook comes in to see me for professional advice—an'—an'—services he has to come clean. An' you're no better than any of them. Talk!"

The big man shrugged his shoulders. "All right, Mac," he agreed. "Put your feet back and take the poison out of your eye. Nice kitty. I want the land because I can sell it at a nice little profit—because they've drained that section and the property sits high, dry and handsome."

Mr. McMurty nodded approvingly. "How much are you getting?"

"A—about three thousand."

The poison crept back.

"How much?"

"W-w-well, maybe thirty-five or thirty-six hundred at the outside."

"How much?"

Mr. O'Laughlin reddened visibly. "Mac, I tell you——" he began.

"You tell me the truth," said the poison ivy of the law with repressed vigor, "an' you tell me quick or get the hell out of here."

Mr. O'Laughlin laughed nervously.

"Well?"

Apparently Mr. O'Laughlin made up his mind to a sudden decision.

"You win," he said. "The figure is six thousand. Six thousand nice little round hard pieces of eight."

"That," said Mr. McMurty, "is better."

"Better for you," bitterly.

"What is better for me is better for you," said Mr. McMurty with deep meaning. "What is the old lady's name?"

"Anderson—Mrs. Sarah H., widow," said Mr. O'Laughlin almost in his best manner, "residing in Oak Street, west, Clerman, Ohio."

Mr. McMurty made a note of the address.

Mr. O'Laughlin coughed uneasily.

"And now about your fee, Mac. You know I want to do the right thing. Er-r, the liberal thing in fact. What do you say if we make it four hundred dollars for the job? Four hundred dollars for one hour's bus ride. Not bad, eh?"

Mr. McMurty laid down the pencil slowly. When he spoke his voice was soft and a pleasant smile played around his thin white lips.

"My dear Harry," he said, "I wouldn't think of asking you for a fee in a case like this. Not for the world. I wouldn't think of accepting a penny ——"

"But—but ——" began Mr. O'Laughlin with obvious unease.

"—— I am going to go into partnership with you on the deal. After we have deducted your fifteen-hundred-dollar advance, we will share what is left fifty-fifty—just like two old friends—eh, Harry?" The little lawyer beamed.

But there was no answering beam in the eyes of the astonished client. For a full minute his empurpled visage glared truculently into the face of the poison ivy of Blackstone. Then he shut his jaw grimly.

"All right," he said.

Mr. McMurty held out his hand. "Shake—partner," he said.

II

THE woman saw a dried-up little man in a black Prince Albert which had seen better days; a dried-up little man with hairy ears and a touch of bottle-red in his wide nose. The dried-up little man saw a woman whose charms, though perhaps failing, were still generous, and whose dark eyes regarded him with pleasant inquiry.

The little man bowed gravely.

"Mrs. Sarah H. Anderson?"

The lady inclined her head gently.

The little man thought the movement full of grace. He coughed throatily.

"I am Angus McMurty, attorney at law, of Bigburg."

The lady nodded.

The little man thought the nod more graceful than the inclination.

"May I have the honor of speaking to you for a few moments on a matter of importance?"

The lady held the door wide.

Seated in the little parlor, Mr. McMurty coughed again.

"I hope," said the lady anxiously, "that there is nothing the matter."

Mr. McMurty quieted the anxiety of the dark-liquid eyes—he decided—with a reassuring smile and another cough.

The lady sighed gently. "I am so afraid of lawyers."

"You don't have to be afraid of me," said Mr. McMurty. "I come on a most happy errand, er -er -a most profitable one, I trust."

"Oh!"

Mr. McMurty carefully adjusted one thin knee over the other. The lady had plump white hands which folded together most attractively. Regarding them intently, Mr. McMurty for the first time thought of Silk Hat Harry O'Laughlin with the profound contempt of the virtuous for the sinful. It was just like a dirty, big, loud-mouthed crook like O'Laughlin to attempt his dirty work on a creature such as this.

"I believe," he said after a moment, "that you are the owner of a small piece of Florida property "

The lady nodded vigorously. "I am," she said. "I am one of those foolish, trusting people who believe in human nature, to my own sorrow and expense. The man who sold it to me swindled me sinfully, and some day I hope he gets his just reward for taking advantage of a poor defenseless widow."

"He will," said Mr. McMurty with conviction. "They always do."

The widow sighed. "He was such a well-dressed, pleasant-speaking man ——"

Mr. McMurty fumbled with his collar. "You can't always judge men by their appearance."

"I know that—now." The ample bosom rose and fell.

"There are men," said Mr. McMurty with studious disinterestedness, "who honor defenseless womanhood, and I hope—er—er—to prove to you that I am one of them. I suppose, if I was like—er—er—the gentleman who sold you this property, I would try to buy it from you as cheaply as I could, and pocket the profit. But I don't do business that way. Of course you know the condition of the property you bought?"

The lady's eyes flashed. The ample bosom rose and fell rapidly. The words rushed out bitterly. "I do. Water, swamp"—a shudder—"alligators."

"Exactly," agreed Mr. McMurty, "and therefore, instead of attempting to take advantage of you, I am going to say to you frankly and without beating about the bush that this property, which is practically worthless as you know, can be used advantageously by my client in an irrigation project, and I have been authorized to offer you as high as one thousand dollars for your lot and"—Mr. McMurty smiled frankly—"I am going to offer you the full amount without haggling."

The widow stood up and, without regarding her visitor, walked slowly to the window, and pulling the modest chintz curtain aside stared long into the quiet street. When she turned, Mr. McMurty noted that the dark eyes were filled with unshed tears. When she spoke, the tone was low and tremulous.

"Mr. McMurty," she said, "I wonder if you realize what it means to a poor woman to lose a thousand dollars—to lose it to a rascal. And then, I wonder if you realize what it means suddenly—out of a clear sky—to have a stranger change it all in a few words. I—I can't tell you what it means to me. I—I cannot—I—cannot begin to thank you for your fairness—your generosity. It is needless to say that I accept your offer—that—that ——"

"It is nothing," said Mr. McMurty in the grand manner.

"It is everything," said the lady quietly.

For the first time in his varied career the poison ivy of the limbs of the boy Blackstone felt his victory to be a hollow thing. For one tumultuous moment he felt like telling this poor, defenseless woman that he had made a mistake, and that the purchase price was eleven hundred instead of one thousand dollars. But the tumult passed. With trembling fingers he extracted ten crisp new bills from an ancient wallet bulging with ancient papers and laid them gently on the marble-topped parlor table.

The Rock Formation at the Needles, Black Hills, South Dakota

Mr. McMurty found his client waiting at his office, his feet resting comfortably on the table, a long cigar at a complacent angle.

"You did it, of course. You don't need to tell me. In the inner pocket of your judicial garment," Mr. O'Laughlin grinned, "reposes that delectable breakfast dish you read about so much in these go-getter days—the kind that son yells for and father grouches till he gets."

"Bunk," snapped Mr. McMurty.

"No, bacon," blandly.

Mr. McMurty lit a stogy. "Keep that cheap line of talk for your bunghole associates," he advised tartly.

His client sat forward in a burlesque of sudden horror.

"What ho!" he demanded. "Since when has yon noble earl turned cold and distant to his knavish crew? Since when, milord?"

"Since I saw how low some cheap crooks will stoop to pick up a few dirty dollars."

Just for a moment an unfathomable look came into the eyes of the cheap crook. Under the circumstances—in fiction—it needs must have passed for a gleam of hatred. And yet it seemed to contain the elements of a twinkle. When he spoke it was with a shrug of his immaculate shoulders.

"So the ample Sarah has enlisted the sympathies of our little Napoleon of the undentable alibi, eh?"

"She has."

Mr. O'Laughlin puffed reflectively. "And yet you put the deal over?"

"Business," said Mr. McMurty shortly, "is business."

"Of course she made five hundred dollars on the deal," slowly.

"Yes," shortly.

"And five hundred dollars is 50 per cent," reflectively.

"It is."

"And—and, of course, she got it in—cash."

"If you are insinuating that I am low enough to pinch out a widow," stated Mr. McMurty, losing his legal verbiage in sudden heat, "you, you ——"

Mr. O'Laughlin held up a protesting hand. "Who could doubt the big heart of our little Joe?" he murmured and grinned.

III

FLORIDA lies in the mind and eyes of the beholder. It is a state of emotions, of calculating pencils, of mud-spattered tourists' camps, filled with a camp-meeting fervor of commercialism, basking in the sunshine of ready money or Mulberry Sellers—depending on the point of view. It is the state of the fifteen-cent cup of coffee and the restaurant where the black-headed, oily Peppas is king of the cash register. It is the canvas of the spellbinder and the inkwell of the brass-tacks writer. It is ——

But to Mr. Angus McMurty it was merely a state that contained a city which contained a man who was willing to pay six thousand dollars for something acquired for one—er—er—fifteen hundred dollars. The warm sunshine bothered his eyes and the heat made him remember his asthma. He wasted no time on semitropical delights. He ate breakfast and sought advice as to the location of the Mirtland Building.

Finding the building and the man, he wasted no time in coming directly to the point.

"Mr. Archer," he stated, "my name is McMurty. I come from Bigburg."

Mr. Archer held out his hand. He was a tall, thin man seated behind a table littered with blue prints and colored plates, which in turn were littered with papers covered with hasty pencil calculations.

"Gladda know you, Mr. McMurty! Have a chair; have a cigar! Down to make a little turn in real estate, I presume. Well ——"

Mr. McMurty accepted the cigar and placed it carefully in the upper pocket of his vest. Then he interrupted the flow of words with the statement that he was the owner of a small piece of property in which he, Mr. Archer, was said to be interested. He brought forth certain papers which Mr. Archer, after adjusting a pair of heavy silver nose glasses attached to a black silk ribbon, scanned most carefully

"Ah—just so. Part of the old Golden Glow property. You were not the original owner. Mr.—Mr. McMurty?"

Mr. McMurty grinned.

Mr Archer grinned.

"Hardly."

"You—you don't look the part."

Mr. Archer went back to the papers and a small card file from which he presently turned.

"Your price, Mr. McMurty?"

"Seven thousand dollars."

"Too high."

"How much too high?"

Mr. Archer pursed his thin lips and considered carefully.

"Our client," he said finally, "had in view a price somewhere in the neighborhood of forty-five hundred dollars."

"Out of the question," snapped Mr. McMurty.

"Of course he might go a bit higher—say somewhere in the neighborhood of five thousand—cash."

"I wouldn't sell the property to my own brother, if I had one," Mr. McMurty assured him, "for a penny less than six thousand five hundred dollars, spot cash. I only make this concession in view of my desire to get home as soon as possible. Tomorrow, if possible. The next day at the outside."

"But ——"

"Not a penny."

"But ——"

"Useless to argue. If I must seek a market elsewhere, why ——"

The real-estate agent stood up. "If sixty-five hundred is your limit, we can't do business."

"If five thousand is your limit we can't do business," contradicted Mr. McMurty, and stood up.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," offered the real-estate agent suddenly. "I'll take a chance on my client and split the difference with you, say ——"

"Say six thousand," said Mr. McMurty promptly, "and I'll do business with you here and now. Six is flat and final. Take it or leave it."

Mr. Archer sighed. "You're a hard bargainer, Mr. McMurty, but I suppose you'll understand my point of view. A real-estate man, if he is honest, must make the best fight he can in his client's interest. If six thousand is bottom, I'll close at that figure."

"It is," Mr. McMurty assured him solemnly.

"Suppose we go over to the bank, get a certified check and close the deal."

Mr. McMurty rubbed his thin hands until they seemed to crackle under the friction. He smiled and bowed. Mr. Archer rescued his hat from under a pile of newspapers.

At his hotel, an hour later, Mr. McMurty made arrangements to leave that afternoon, ate a hearty lunch, then sought a telegraph office. After making certain arrangements he sent a telegram to Mr. Harry O'Laughlin, Palace Hotel, Bigburg. It read as follows:

"Deal closed. Am wiring funds as agreed. Amount slightly less due to fifty-five hundred being their limit. Regards."

Mr. McMurty turned the telegram in with a grin for the last word.

IV

MR. McMURTY sat back in his chair and glimpsed the flying Florida landscape through tired though happy eyes. A man waddled down the aisle and dropped with a heavy plop into the next chair. Mr. McMurty observed him carelessly. A short fat man with a series of soft red chins that lapped over his collar like a folded hot-water bottle. Once seated, he proceeded to wipe his wide white dome with a large silk handkerchief.

"Ain't this hell?" he demanded plaintively.

Mr. McMurty nodded.

"Beats all," the man rambled on, "the way some people fall for this sunshine stuff. If it wasn't for business, you couldn't drag me down to a place like this when I could stay in little old New York an' feel like a human being instead of a rubber sponge What they have down here isn't a real-estate boom: it's a Turkish-bath boom "

Mr. McMurty smiled—a wintry smile. He did not care for strangers.

But the other rambled on, "Thank God, I'm getting away from here for a little while, anyway."

"So?"

"Yeah. Have to take a little run out to Bigburg to see a man about a little piece of property that our firm is interested in."

Mr. McMurty fumbled with the pages of his magazine. He did not care for strangers, especially strangers who made a practice of blurting their business about a club car. In other words, Mr. McMurty detested simple people. And yet there might be something in the way of business ——

"I live in Bigburg," he said.

The face of the fat man lit up. "Well, ain't that hell? Maybe you know the man I'm going out to see. Name of McMurty. He's a lawyer, I think."

Not by even so much as a twitch of the lips did Mr. McMurty reveal his surprise.

"I've heard of him," he admitted cautiously.

The fat man laughed. "Well, I hope he ain't heard of me," he said. "He has a little piece of property down here. Just picked it up, I guess, because it was transferred to his name just as I was about to start for Bigburg to see the original owner—some poor woman who had held the property for years."

Mr. McMurty toyed with the walrus tooth at the end of his gold watch chain.

"It must be pretty valuable," he said indifferently, "if you feel it is worth while making a personal trip to get it."

The fat man grinned slyly. "Well, that depends on how wise this bird is," he admitted. "If I can save five or ten thousand, it will be worth the jump."

Mr. McMurty winced. "Well, I hope you are able to make a good deal."

"Thanks."

"But, perhaps," went on Mr. McMurty with the calmness of an impersonal discussion, "you will find the man has sold his lot. From what I hear, Florida property changes hands pretty rapidly these days."

"Maybe. But he moved fast if he did. Besides, nobody knows how bad the client for whom I am acting needs this particular bit. Of course, the poor sap might have sold it to some real-estate man who knew in a general way it was a good thing, but I'm trusting that he is still sitting tight."

"For your sake, I hope so."

Mr. McMurty shivered slightly. The fat man halted his handkerchief in mid-air.

"You ain't cold, are you?" he said. "If this weather makes you shiver, how will you be feeling in forty-eight hours, when you get up North?"

Mr. McMurty stood up and pulled down the corners of his speckled vest.

"I'm quite—warm," he assured the fat man, "and besides I am not leaving Florida just yet. In fact, I am only going as far as the next station. I have to get off for a—er—er—important piece of business."

The other man nodded cheerily.

Mr. McMurty held out his hand.

"Well, good luck," he said, "Mr. ——"

The fat man smothered Mr. McMurty's dry palm and nodded jovially. "Thanks," he said. "The name is Collins—H. K. Collins of Collins & Trent, New York."

Mr. McMurty withdrew his hand gently.

"I won't forget."

"Look me up if you ever get to New York," invited Mr. Collins. "Here's my card."

The train had been out of the next station for nearly ten minutes before the red-faced man realized that the funny little shrimp who had been his companion had not even mentioned his name, but he seemed to bear the loss with a cheery smile.

V

"WELL, well, well! I thought you had left for the North a day or two ago. Don't tell me you have succumbed to the lure of our Florida sunshine."

Mr. Archer tossed a handful of papers back on his littered desk and leaned back grinning. He noted that the little man with the red nose and hairy ears was also grinning—grinning rather sheepishly, in fact.

"As a matter of fact, Mr. Archer," he admitted, "I think I have. When I first came down here, I thought I would close up my business and right-about-face the same day, but somehow ——" The little man's hands fluttered in an artistic triumph of uncertainty.

Mr. Archer laughed heartily. "Don't tell me. I know how it is. Came down here myself in exactly the same frame of mind, nearly three years ago—just to stay for a few days, and, Lord," Mr. Archer sighed happily, "I've been here ever since. There's something about this place that gets you."

"There is," agreed Mr. McMurty. "It's got me and—and—I was just thinking ——"

Mr. Archer said, "Yes?"

"I—I—I—was just thinking—er—er—rather hoping that I might be able to get back that little piece of property I sold to you the other day. Maybe—I thought I would put up a little house on it and spend some time down here winters."

Mr. Archer shook his head vigorously. "Not on that piece of property that you owned. Totally unsuited for that sort of thing. Now I know any number of attractive little pieces that would be absolutely ideal for your purposes and ——"

"Thank you. No," interrupted the little man hastily. "I think I would prefer to have that piece I owned before, and, of course, your client would be interested in making a little quick profit."

"Maybe," admitted Mr. Archer. "But I couldn't say definitely, of course, until I had an opportunity to consult with him."

"I like to get things done. I'll give your client a five-hundred-dollar quick profit."

Mr. Archer shook his head slowly. "I really couldn't ——"

"I'll make it a thousand if I can get the deal over and done with at once."

Mr. Archer lit a cigarette and blew a thoughtful ring ceilingward.

"No," he said shortly. "I am sure my client would not be interested."

"Maybe," said Mr. McMurty, "you have a very close personal relation to your client."

Mr. Archer observed his smoldering cigarette with a soft smile.

"Maybe I have," he admitted.

"In that case," snapped the little man, "what, in your opinion, would he accept for the property?"

Mr. Archer considered this at length. He finished his cigarette while the little man fidgeted.

"This is the land of quick and big profits," he remarked. "I think it may be possible that you might be able to interest him somewhere around twelve thousand dollars."

"Not a chance."

"Just so," said Mr. Archer politely. "And now if you will pardon me, I am rather busy and ——"

"I'll make it ten thousand spot cash and not a cent more."

Mr. Archer tossed the remainder of his cigarette in the general direction of the open window.

"I think you might be able to get him to deal at that price."

The little man brushed the fiction aside. "Will you, or will you not?" he demanded.

"I will," said Mr. Archer.

Mr. Angus McMurty sat behind the dirty opaque glass in his little office, a month to the day following his return from Florida, and regarded a sheaf of letters with belligerent eyes and clenched jaws.

One letter, still in its envelope, and addressed to the firm of Collins & Trent, West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, bore the bald notation of the Post Office Department, "No such person or firm known."

The second letter read as follows:

"NEW YORK CITY, Jan. 11th.

"*Dear Angus:* As per your request of a week ago, I have sought very carefully to find some trace of the man Collins you wrote me about, or his firm, Collins & Trent.

"You must be barking up the wrong tree here. There is no such firm listed in the telephone directory book, or known by anyone here, so far as I have been able to discover.

"Trusting this will give your client the desired information, I am as ever, "Your friend,

"J. D. FERGUS."

The third was a letter from the Hume Detective Agency, New York City, and it was brief in the extreme. It was signed by one who wrote himself Jakey, and said, "There is no such animal."

The fourth letter was a short communication from the real-estate organization of Mr. J. S. Archer. In a few brief words it regretted that, because of a change in the investment policy of the client formerly interested in Mr. McMurty's property, the best offer obtainable at the moment for his property was thirty-six hundred dollars. Reading the last letter for the fourth time, Mr. McMurty spat vigorously, and crumbling the letter into a hard ball threw it across the room.

For nearly an hour he sat in bitter retrospection. Out of the ashes only one relieving picture arose—a picture of dark-brown eyes, tender and yet tearful. Coming to a sudden decision, Mr. Angus McMurty, attorney at law, thrust the rest of the papers aside with a bitter gesture and arose. He personified the ancient washstand in the corner with a deep bow.

"Mr. O'Laughlin," he said, "you and Mr. Archer, and your fat friend, Mr. Collins, have taught me just how much of a fool an old fool can be. But at least you haven't been able to deprive me of the opportunity of proving to one poor woman that there is a silver lining to every cloud."

An hour later, Mr. McMurty boarded a bus for Clerman, Ohio, to make the first purely social call he had made on a woman in seventeen years. He went with a new collar and a suspicion of lilac.

It was dusky twilight when he left, and early evening when he arrived at the little cottage of Mrs. Sarah H. Anderson. But no welcoming gleam of yellow lighted the walk, white with untrammeled snow. Instead a large For Rent sign adorned the old-fashioned door.

Slowly, Mr. Angus McMurty, attorney at law and poison ivy of the youth Blackstone, turned and wended his way back to the street.

A man came out of the house across the street and Mr. McMurty accosted him civilly.

"Can you tell me," he inquired, "where Mrs. Anderson has moved to?"

The man laughed, a cackling, disturbing laugh. "She's gone."

"Gone!" echoed Mr. McMurty.

"Scat." The man rubbed his left ear violently. "Funny about that woman. She lived here just about a month—took the house furnished. Had a different man caller pretty near every day. Told my wife she was in the real-estate business. Then she went just like that—scat."

"Scat," echoed Mr. McMurty hollowly; "other men!"

"An'," pursued the other, "another funny thing: she went away with a fella that looked to me like a lunatic."

Once more Mr. McMurty echoed the word: "Lunatic!"

"At least if he didn't look like a lunatic, he talked like one. Mister, can you guess what that man called me? Well, you couldn't. No, not in a thousand years. I helped them carry their grips down to the bus line. He give me a dollar and called me a belted earl."

What Is the Harmonic Balancer?

This remarkable new feature imparts an unmatched freedom from vibration to the Oakland Six engine, and in a manner that is simplicity itself. Torsional vibration in any automobile engine is caused by the twist of the crankshaft under repeated piston impulses. The Harmonic Balancer - built into the Oakland crankshaft—exerts an equal twisting force in the opposite direction which counteracts the twist of the crankshaft, thus stopping vibration at its source. This means new thrills of motoring pleasure, longer car life

A. *New Oakland Six engine with the Harmonic Balancer—uniformly smooth at all speeds.*

B. *Six-cylinder engine without Harmonic Balancer—not entirely smooth at all vibration periods.*

A B

Readings taken with the crankshaft indicator, a device for measuring torsional vibration

The Oakland Six has power beyond need—more speed than you will care to use—acceleration that excites envy—and a smoothness of performance unmatched in its field. Through sheer superiority, the car is winning and holding the good will of all who buy it.

Roadster	Touring	Coach	Landau Coupe	Sport Roadster	Sedan	Landau Sedan
$975 (Old Price $1095)	$1025 (Old Price $1095)	$1095 (Old Price $1215)	$1125 (Old Price $1295)	$1175 (New Type)	$1195 (Old Price $1545)	$1295 (Old Price $1645)

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OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMBLE

(Continued from Page 23)

a profit outen his sister. Expect she needs it a sight more'n what you and me do, Elmer."

Elmer's inexorable logic had small patience with such unsound sentimentalism.

"Don't make no difference how bad she needs it," he declared. "That loafer's bound to get it offen her anyhow. Guess they's other folks in the peddling business, let alone the stores down to Glen village. All you done was throw away a nice profit. Guess it don't matter to Miss Poddy whether you and me get her money or Les takes and spends it for some more of that there—medicine." He grunted. "Medicine! Seen an empty bottle in the long grass by the porch, I did, and it never come outen no drug store neither!"

"Ruther it was somebody else that made that there kind of profit, Elmer."

Uncle Clem's face darkened and set in the mild sternness that Elmer had seen only half a dozen times in all their summer wanderings.

"Dog-gone shame," he said slowly. "Sarah Poddy waited on old Abner hand and foot and now she's got that there Lester tied around her neck for life. Ain't no justice in it."

"We ain't peddling justice," said Elmer. "Ain't no business of ourn."

Uncle Clem brightened a little. "Be a first-rate line to handle, all the same, if we could just lay in a stock of it. Justice and good sense. Guess Sarah Poddy needs them there goods a sight more'n she needs that new dress Les wouldn't leave her buy."

Elmer grunted again. At Uncle Clem's suggestion he resumed his practice on the Baby Bugle, his performer's pleasure in the bleat of Home, Sweet Home reviving a little in spite of the disturbing memory of Lester Poddy's higher criticism. He was agreeably preoccupied with the La-aa-ast Rose of Summer when they came to Milo Hosmer's shabby little house and, above the flaring rim of the horn's mouth, he met Milo's eye, melancholy as ever and now informed also with a certain hostility.

For some reason the gaze prompted him to finish the tune. Watching Milo Hosmer as he played, he was pleasantly aware of a sense of power. It seemed to Elmer that Hosmer listened unwillingly, that, like the snakes in the stories of Hindu magicians, he was charmed and fascinated by the music wholly against his will. He came slowly toward the van, his heavy cowhide boots shuffling in the dust, his long, awkward arms hanging loosely from shoulders that stooped under a yoke of muscles.

"Where thy ma-ay-ates of the garden
Li-yi wi-i-ithered and dead!"

The final plaintive tootle died away. Mr. Hosmer seemed to emerge, with an effort, from his hypnosis.

"Traveling with a brass band, Bixby?" He scowled, and the mournful mustache drooped a little more dismally than before. "Got about all the music we can use around here right now, without you peddling in no extry stock."

Elmer saw his head turn in the direction of the Poddy house; again, below mournfulness and hostility, unwilling fascination revealed itself in the look. Far away, thin and sweet but clear, the voice of Lester Poddy's cornet rose in one of those fancy pieces that alone were worthy of his genius. He was triple-tonguing too.

"T-i-ta-r-r-ra-ra-ra-BOOM-de-ay!"

Uncle Clem wrapped the lines about the whipstock and descended. He stood beside Hosmer, moving his head in time to the joyous beat of Lester Poddy's song. The dying echo still hung in the air as he began to talk, and the first word told his nephew that the interval of sentiment was over. Uncle Clem was again wholly and only himself.

"Only one thing wrong with that there playing," he declared. "It's too far off to hear it good. Now that there insterment that Elmer was playing 'd leave you have high-grade band music right here to home any time you're a mind to, Milo. Yes, sir, you ain't got no call to go straining your hearing listening to Les Poddy over yonder, when you can learn the hang of this here Baby Bugle without hardly trying a real, high-grade band insterment, Milo, only so easy a ch—so easy Elmer can play it as good as Les Poddy himself."

He nodded at Elmer, who demonstrated once more that he was absolute master of the la-aa-ast rose. Milo Hosmer's knotted paw reached up and took the Baby Bugle; the mouthpiece vanished under the overhang of the melancholy mustache; bravely, boldly, the brazen notes brayed forth:

"'Twas the la-aa-ast rose of sum——"

It became apparent here that the sheer luck of the beginner rather than any native gift had guided Milo Hosmer's maiden effort. It forsook him basely, leaving him to wallow helplessly among sour experimental snortings. He lowered the bugle, the amazed, disbelieving rapture of his look a little dimmed. Uncle Clem struck shrewdly while the iron still glowed:

"There! Didn't I tell you, Milo? Way you started out it sounded like Les Poddy playing! Get the hang of it in no time, you would."

Mr. Hosmer surveyed the insterment, the pride of accomplishment patent in his look.

"Played her, by golly! Right spang off, first time ever I tried!" He shook his head. "Never would 've believed it neither! Someway I never could ketch on to carrying a tune. But I certainly done it that time all right." Again he tilted his head and again accident led him for a little, only to desert him as before.

"Shucks! Thought I had her that time!" his face revealed unshakable determination. "I'll get the hang of it before I'm done, if it takes till Christmas! How much, Bixby?"

Elmer watched the money pass, his professional approval mildly shadowed by the rankling memory of those lost opportunities at Miss Poddy's. In the intervals between Milo Hosmer's resolute returns to the assault, Uncle Clem deftly peddled other articles; music manifestly exerted a softening influence on Milo Hosmer's normal thrift. Warmed by applause, he was urgent in his invitation to stay for dinner, and this meal, instead of the bachelor fare of bread and milk and boiled potatoes to which Elmer was at first resigned, turned out to be almost a feast, with fried chicken and green peas and a jar of quivering quince jelly to be spread on smoking baking-powder biscuit. Besides, it necessarily interrupted Mr. Hosmer's determined endeavors to overpower the Baby Bugle. Elmer's enjoyment was a little keener on this account. He ate industriously and in silence, giving inattentive ear to the talk of his elders.

Uncle Clem didn't seem to see that Milo Hosmer scowled whenever Lester Poddy's name was mentioned. He kept coming back to it, time after time.

"It ain't right," he said, as he helped himself to jelly. "Sarah hadn't ought to leave Les sponge a living offen her. Somebody'd ought to tell her they ain't nothing the matter of him only laziness."

Milo Hosmer grunted sullenly.

"Like to see anybody 't could do it," he growled. "Git his head took off, most likely, if he tried it."

Even to Elmer's inattention it was apparent that Mr. Hosmer's head had undergone the experience of which he spoke. He wondered idly, remembering Miss Poddy's fluttering timidity; women must be something like hens, he thought—afraid of everything unless they get a notion somebody wants to steal their chicks, and then afraid of nothing under the sun.

"Guess that's right," Uncle Clem was saying. "Always stuck up for old Abner, no matter how mean he used her. Yeah. Guess talking to Sarah wouldn't only make her easier for Les to handle. Somebody'd ought to take and run him off ahead of a pitchfork, if they ain't no other way to get Sarah shet of him."

Mr. Hosmer grunted again.

"Huh! Have to drownd him, same as a cat, to make him stay run off, long as they's any cream left in the house. No, sir, she ain't going to get Les offen her hands long as she's got a brass cent to her name. Guess she ain't got many left right now. Softsawdered her into selling off all that was left of the timber last winter, and most of the stock's gone too."

He performed a complicated maneuver with his coffee cup that stirred Elmer's admiration, his thumb and little finger encircling the cup near its rim, his forefinger upholding the ponderous mustache, the spoon held erect between the third and second.

"Ought to be some way," said Uncle Clem meditatively, stirring his own coffee. Mr. Hosmer made a gloomy sound behind the mustache and rose. Far-away music throbbed sweetly through the open door of the kitchen; lifting his head, Elmer identified the selection. Les Poddy's cornet was again devoted to a fancy piece:

"The Bowery, the Bowery! I'll never go there any more!"

Milo Hosmer's hand, already outstretched toward the Baby Bugle, dropped back against his thigh.

"Shucks, what's the sense of me fooling with this here insterment?" he said dejectedly. "Couldn't play no such piece as that there one in a million years."

Uncle Clem's face came suddenly to life. Elmer knew the look and leaned back, stirring his coffee contentedly. Maybe Uncle Clem had been out of kilter this morning, but there was nothing the matter with him now.

"Should hope you wouldn't, Milo," said the peddler earnestly. "That's a real fancy piece, that is. Sight of folks don't hanker to listen to no fancy music. You take Sarah Poddy, f'r instance—why, this very morning she let on 't she'd a sight ruther hear Elmer play that same piece you got 'most learned already. Didn't she, Elmer? Told us Les wouldn't never play it f'r her neither. Bet you she'd liefer listen to you play that there Last Rose of Summer than any of them fancy pieces 't Les knows."

Mr. Hosmer's heavy features took on the aspect of stern purpose. He lifted the Baby Bugle's mouthpiece to the shelter of the mustache, his head went back, his bosom swelled. Four times he sailed triumphantly past the opening bars; four times, while Elmer strove to guide him with straining motions of head and shoulders, he lost his course and floundered helplessly among false notes.

"I'll get the hang of it, if it takes a year," he announced, pausing for breath. He polished the mouthpiece. "Sounds right pretty, don't it? Always liked that there piece about 's well as any."

Elmer's doubts revived at the indecision visible in Uncle Clem's face. Something of Mr. Hosmer's confidence abated under it.

"Don't know as me and Elmer done the right thing, selling you this here Baby Bugle, Milo."

Uncle Clem rubbed his chin. Elmer sat up straight, aghast at this offense against the fundamental principle of sound peddling. Milo Hosmer scowled.

"Think I can't get the hang of it, hey? Think ——"

Uncle Clem disposed of the idea with a dismissing movement of his hand.

"Shucks, no! Got the hang of it first time you tackled it, didn't you? That's what started me thinking maybe I hadn't ought to 've sold you no such insterment. Ain't saying they's anything the matter of the Baby Bugle. They ain't, not f'r most folks. It's a real high-grade band insterment, same as I told you, only sort of easy-fied so's to leave 'most anybody play it. Don't know's I'd ought to leave you put in your good time learning to handle it, Milo. Looks to me like you might's well tackle the best insterment there is while you're at it. Get the hang of it just as easy, I wouldn't wonder."

Elmer, his doubts at rest, leaned back, his mind skipping nimbly on to the next moves of the discovered gambit. Milo Hosmer fumbled bashfully with the mouthpiece of the Baby Bugle.

"Sounds first-rate, this here one," he said. "Guess it's plenty good enough for me."

"Good enough f'r anybody," said Uncle Clem. "That ain't the point. It ain't loud enough. Sounds first-rate right here, but look at how far you c'n hear Les Poddy's cornet, f'r instance. What you'd ought to tackle is something that's got power to it."

He glanced at Elmer. "Elmer, you might go get that there case outen the back locker, so's I c'n show Milo the difference."

Mr. Hosmer's eyes clung to the silver splendor of the trombone, coffined in purple plush. His huge hand shook visibly as he reached out to take it.

"A slip horn!" He spoke in an awed whisper. "Why, Les Poddy claims ——" He lifted his head in sudden distrust. "What's the matter of it, Bixby? Bound to be something wrong with it, or Les 'd 've made Sarah buy it f'r him. Been wanting one ever sence he come home."

"Never even left him know I had it," said Uncle Clem. "Didn't aim to leave him pester Sarah no more'n I could help. Ain't nothing the matter of it. Leave Elmer show you."

Mr. Hosmer's fingers seemed reluctant to let go. Elmer filled his lungs and elevated the belling muzzle. A glorious blast of sound shattered the hillside stillness.

"Gimme holt of it," said Milo Hosmer, huskily. "Jest gimme holt of it!"

He would not wait for Elmer's instructions. His head went back until the big mustache was almost horizontal. Out over the stunned countryside streamed a mighty noise; intoxicated, Hosmer moved the slide. Obscurely, amid experimental agonies, the tortured air quivered in the travestied semblance of a tune.

Mr. Hosmer lowered the mouthpiece.

"Gosh!" he said under his breath. "Golly! I played her!"

Elmer, giving a connoisseur's ear to the ensuing dicker, found no fault now with Uncle Clem's technic. Not even to Miss Poddy could that trombone have been sold at better profit. He offered only a minor criticism as the team withdrew them too slowly from pursuing sounds.

"Wasn't no need to go guaranteeing him 't he could learn to play it."

Uncle Clem said nothing. Glancing sidewise at his face, Elmer saw that it wore the look that Uncle Clem saved up for occasions of high achievement. In this view of the transaction Elmer could not concur. It was a nice trade, of course, but hardly nice enough to justify Uncle Clem in looking like the cat that ate a whole cageful of canaries.

II

BY RIGHTS both Miss Poddy and her house ought to have looked a whole year older than when Elmer had seen them last, but neither of them did. The house had been lately painted; the grass and weeds of the dooryard were smoothly scythed; the cow that grazed on the other side of the new wire fence looked like a pretty fair Jersey. These things Elmer noticed with the fringes of his attention; it was the change in Miss Poddy herself that chiefly struck and held his eye.

(Continued on Page 46)

—and now at Monte Carlo

THOSE who have been in Europe during the past few seasons remember the car beauty contests which have been a fad at the famous watering places on the Continent. *Concours d'Elégance-Automobiles* they are called in France.

In these contests, held where the wealth and fashion of all nations gather at play, the most luxurious special bodies, the world's finest motor cars, are judged for beauty and distinction.

Americans will be proud to learn that a standard American motor car has won first prize in such a competition—not once but eleven times!

Packard cars, entered by their private owners, have won first place for grace and beauty at Vichy, at Le Touquet and at Aix-les-Bains in France. At Wiesbaden, Neuenahr, Trier and Baden-Baden in Germany. At Oporto in Portugal. And now at Monte Carlo—that cosmopolitan center of luxury and beauty on the Riviera!

Such international acclaim confirms America's verdict—that the unchanging beauty and distinction of Packard lines have yet to be equaled or surpassed.

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Get a few dollars' worth of Effecto, brush it on as best you can, watch it flow out and level itself without brush marks and just let it dry. Next day call in the family and the neighbors too. Let them gaze upon a lustrous new finish that will stay there longer than the paint on most new cars!

You can not get an Effecto finish with "something else"

There are many re-named carriage paints and cheap enamels purporting to be "just as good." They are *not* Effecto—get the *genuine*.

Effecto is *not* a paint, wax or polish—it is the *original* automobile *enamel*; eight snappy colors, Finishing (clear varnish) and Top & Seat Dressing; sold everywhere by hardware, paint and accessory dealers.

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Send a dime to cover packing and mailing cost and we will send you a quarter pint of Black Effecto Enamel which you can try out on a fender or wheel.

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PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

"Save the surface and you save all"

(Continued from Page 44)

She looked plumper, he thought, and considerably pinker. As she stood on the kitchen porch in that crisp gingham dress, it struck Elmer that you'd never take her for an old maid if you didn't know she was one.

Her voice was different too: the nervous, fluttering breathlessness had gone out of it, although it seemed to Elmer that she greeted Uncle Clem with some embarrassment.

"You're looking first-rate, Miss Poddy," said Uncle Clem. Elmer observed that the words considerably deepened that pleasant pinkness.

"I—I guess you ain't heard. I ain't Miss Poddy any more, Mr. Bixby. It's going on six months since me and Milo was married."

Uncle Clem was a good hand at congratulations, but Elmer thought that he laid it on almost too thick this time. Mrs. Hosmer, however, listened without displeasure. Uncle Clem paused at last.

"How's Les?" he asked. Elmer noticed that the barrel-slat hammock no longer swung between the porch pillars. Mrs. Hosmer's expression changed.

"I'm real worried about Lester. He ain't written me once, sence he went back to play in Doctor Dingle's band—not even when Milo and me was married."

There was just the suggestion of a quiver at the tip of her nose that reminded Elmer of the way she'd looked last year. Uncle Clem spoke cheerfully.

"No news gen'ly means good news. No call to worry about Les long as he's strong enough to travel with Doctor Dingle's show."

Elmer, remembering the wagon box, illuminated by gasoline flares, from which in the intervals between serving as one-half of his Grand Amalgamated Band of Peerless Entertainers, Doctor Dingle cried the virtues of his celebrated Snake Oil and Burdock Bitters, found the logic sound. Even Mrs. Hosmer seemed a little reassured by it. Or perhaps the change in her face was due to Milo Hosmer's appearance at the corner of the woodhouse. Elmer wasn't sure.

Milo also looked younger than last year. Inspecting him while Uncle Clem laid on even thicker congratulations than before, Elmer decided that the change was mostly in Milo's mustache. Its color was still remarkably like the hue of Old Honeysweet Fine Cut; neither in length nor luxuriance had it diminished, but it had somehow ceased to droop, a banner at perpetual half-mast.

"And how's the slip horn, Milo? Bet you can play it as good as Les by now, hey?"

Elmer scowled at the undiplomatic question. The less said about that slip horn, the better; it would serve Uncle Clem right if Hosmer made him take it back under the terms of that guaranty.

"Guess I won't never play it good enough to suit Les," said Hosmer. He shook his head, but his wife warmly disagreed

"You play it first-rate, Milo! I don't care what Les says." She turned to Uncle Clem. "Les acted real unreas'nable about Milo's playing, Mr. Bixby. Used to take on something terrible when he'd hear Milo practicing his piece over to his house. You just leave Milo show you."

She brought out the trombone and Hosmer, under her incitement, slid its mouthpiece under the rejuvenated mustache. Both horses lifted their heads, startled out of the blasé indifference of their traveled sophistication.

"'Twas the la-aa-ast rose of sum——"

Except for a slight flatting on each note, Mr. Hosmer had reached this point without difficulty. Here, however, he faltered, fumbled unhappily, stopped.

"Get that far all right, 'most every time," he said. "Can't seem to get the hang of the hind end of the piece."

"You just got to practice, that's all," his wife declared stoutly. "Even Lester had to do it. And you play the first part every bit as good as Lester could, Milo. Some ways—maybe I hadn't ought to say it, seeing Lester's my own born brother—but some ways you play better."

She retired beaming to the kitchen, whence presently proceeded a pleasing symphony of clinking dish and kettle, of the falsetto song of the egg beater whipping cream, of butter spatting melodiously in a skillet. Elmer's attention, at first distracted by these heartening sounds, came sharply back to low-toned talk between the two men beside the van.

"Want I should take back this here insterment, like I guaranteed?" asked Uncle Clem. Elmer, outraged, held his breath.

"Guess not, Bixby." Milo Hosmer's eye held a sly twinkle. "Ain't no telling when Les might take a notion to come home again." His expression changed. "Besides"—his head moved in a stubborn gesture—"besides, I got a kind of hankering to keep on till I can play that there piece clean through. Sarah, she claims it lays way over them stuck-up fancy pieces Les used to play. Don't never seem to get tired of it, Sarah don't."

He put the mouthpiece to his lips. Again the tired horses started. Again, tremendously, the trumpeting blast assailed the patient hills. But this time there was no faltering. Triumphantly the notes crashed forth:

"'Twas the la-aa-ast rose of sum-ble
There's no-o place—like—home!"

The echoes died away to a breathless stillness. Milo Hosmer lowered the horn, awed wonder in the blankness of his face.

"I played her clean through," he whispered. "Gosh!"

Over his shoulder, Uncle Clem's eye checked Elmer's giggle at the very lip. Again there was in the peddler's look that suggestion of the cat that ate the canary. Suspicion quickened in Elmer's mind. Nothing in the world could have persuaded Lester Poddy into leaving the Glen of his own accord, except the combination of Milo Hosmer's dogged pertinacity with a high power, long-range band insterment Elmer's gaze searched Uncle Clem's face, but it held no trace of guile and there was only sincere conviction in the peddler's voice.

"Never heard it played no better, Milo," he said soberly. "No, sir. Seems 's if I never heard it played just right before!"

A RUN IN SILK HOSE

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'em up." And he did! He lifted her right into his arms and started to carry her. As easy.

But naturally she made him put her down. Imagine arriving home like a package being delivered! Or like a bottle of milk left on the doorstep by the morning milkman. She giggled as she told him and he shook her lightly.

"You—milk?" he was scornful. "You'd be cream. At least a gallon of thick double cream!"

At that she laughed. John was funny, talking about women's concerns. But he didn't mind.

"That's right, laugh," he said. "Keep on and laugh some more. Then learn that I gotta grocery store of my own and have in it a sight more things than just milk and cream."

Then she was impressed and thrilled. "Wonderful," she said in an awed voice. "Why, you're the very first business man I ever met!"

"That ain't half," John assured her airily. "The things I could tell you about a grocery!. Say, how'd you like to hear them day after tomorrow? Around eight o'clock?"

"Sure," agreed Molly Willis. "Sure."

Yet, when it was time to sleep, with her light out and the covers close about her, it was not John Maston's face that trembled before her in the shifting moonlight, nor Gloria's, nor Harold's, nor even her mother's. It was Mr. Haworth's.

The next morning she waited in his office to speak to him. His face looked kinder than she had remembered in the darkness of her room the night before. He would take the money out of her Saturday's pay: that wasn't hard. That is, it would not be if she ever got to talk to him. There were seven before her who had first chance, and then others began to be waiting. She heard snatches of their talk. "The boss ain't on the warpath, is he?" "Hope not. I gotta get off this after. Grandma's sick." "Me too. My uncle is dead." Suppressed giggles.

Molly froze with terror. She couldn't say "Mr. Haworth, I would like to whisper something in your ear!" He would not even allow her. But she could never tell her little story before these blasé girls. They'd laugh at her, and even he'd not believe, most likely. She turned to flee. Another time, any time would be better than this. But he called her back.

"Want to see me, Miss Willis?"

"No," she said, and she knew that her face was scarlet. "No, no, thank you."

He looked at her in surprise and several of those terrible girls snickered. But he did not make her stop and she was glad to get away. If she saw him by Saturday when she got her money, that would be time enough, she assured herself. She could offer him her pay envelope and he could take out the stocking money. Gosh, but she would be relieved when this business was settled.

On Saturday morning her mother was unusually talkative at breakfast. "Poor Mrs. Smith near cried her eyes out yesterday afternoon while she was here," she began. "All these weeks that Ethel's been getting a dollar extra in her pay and not a word to her mother. Sodas and movies, that's all that girl thinks of."

"She never had too much sense," agreed Molly with little show of interest.

"Sense? Sense? Ethel's a bad, ungrateful girl," stated Mrs. Willis positively. "I ain't no call to be overproud most ways. But my daughter's a different stripe from the general run. You get your first money today, don't you, honey?"

"Yes," said Molly. But her thoughts were busy and their portent was: "Take my thirty-five-cent discount from three-fifty and that leaves three-fifteen. And three-fifteen from fourteen dollars leaves ten-eighty-five. Gosh, here's where I ought to be telling mother! Gosh!"

But her mother, utterly oblivious, was continuing, "I been thinking. You was to pay me five a week for board and get your allowance for lunch and car fare. But I drawed a little from the savings for your lunch and car fare next week. I want you should put every cent of your first pay into something permanent, to always remember. I been looking at things, and there's a nice solid silver salad fork you can get at fourteen dollars for the half dozen. It's a real pretty pattern, and you got your starting in silver when you should want to get married."

Molly jumped from her chair. "Oh, mother," she said. "Oh, mother. You ought to think of yourself sometimes. I'm such a mess." And she rushed crying from the room.

Mrs. Willis followed. "Why, Molly," she crooned as she gathered the girl into her arms. "Why, Molly. Mother's baby. Mother's pet. Don't cry. I thought you would like some silver."

(Continued on Page 48)

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REGINALD DENNY in
"WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES"
with MARIAN NIXON

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Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 46)

"I would," sobbed Molly. "Oh, I would! I would just love it."

Later, with eyes freshened by cool water and hair smoothed, Molly tried to marshal her thoughts as the trolley carried her to her work. She knew now that never, never could she tell her mother about those miserable tan stockings. Never. But just the same they had to be paid for. Where could she cut corners? She could not walk to work; that was too many miles. But she might do without lunch; or, no, she could manage better on just half her lunch money. With ten cents saved every day, in less than two months she could walk up to Mr. Haworth and say: "Here is the three-fifteen that I owe on stockings." With the money in hand it would be easier to talk to him anyway. It was a good thing that she had not seen him last Monday, with the mix-up as it was.

Her mother could buy that silver. Salad forks were so elegant and so useful. Lots of people ate ice cream with forks, and there was pie and cake as well as salads. They were a good starting in silver—if she ever got married. She thought about John Maston.

That day she worked in the linen section. It was easy, for all she did was to fold and put cardboard and wrapping about linen towels. It was a sort of sale with the dollar and the seventy-five-cent towels reduced to thirty-five cents and twenty-five cents. The buyer cleared his shelves of odds and ends a couple of times a year.

"Ain't they swell?" asked a girl who had been in the wrap for months. "I bought a dozen."

"My mother would like them," said Molly. "I wish she were here."

"Take her one home," suggested the other. "Only a quarter."

It was all very well to talk casually about quarters in that tone, thought Molly. But she was not going round with pockets full of money. Where'd she get an extra quarter? She decided to take a towel home for her mother to see. If she wanted it she could bring the money next morning. If not, it was a simple matter to bring back the towel. So she slipped one into an apron pocket.

When she reached home she eagerly called her mother. "Look," she said. "These are only twenty-five cents apiece."

Mrs. Willis fingered the bit of linen pleasedly. "My, this is lovely, Molly. Just lovely. Thinking of your mother like this. But how come you to have an extra quarter?"

"I didn't," said Molly slowly, wondering how she could explain to her mother that it was not intended as a gift. "Not exactly."

Her mother smiled. "Ah, so somebody's been paying your car fare. Somebody who's fond of my girl." Her voice became very tender.

"Yes," agreed Molly rather desperately. "Yes. That must be it. I met John a couple of times. Once or twice." But to herself she was thinking: "Now why do I tell this when it's not so? That makes twenty-five cents more to be saved from lunches. I might as well starve and be done with it. Why couldn't I find five dollars like Gloria did year before last? Or even four?"

She felt very uncomfortable about the towel. She was glad when it was safely out of sight in a lower drawer.

Sunday afternoon Gloria and Harold and John came over and they all took a long walk. It was a beautiful day in late October, with frost in the air and the pavements an enchanted leafy carpet of gold and crimson and green. For a while the four walked arm in arm. Gloria had a grievance and she wanted to air it for the benefit of the others.

"A helluva mess," she was saying. "There sat the haughty dame with her glasses on the end of a chain and her big fat pocketbook, looking to Mr. Haworth. And him a-saying: 'Indeed, I do thank you, madam. As you say, such carelessness is inexcusable.' And she a-smirking and agreeing with him: 'Yes, I was most annoyed.' I was annoyed too. Them two acting like I'd committed some crime, when it wasn't nothing but wrapping two parcels of socks together by mistake. You'd 'a' thought she'd 'a' kept them extra pairs and welcome. But not her. She had to bring 'em back to get me in Dutch. I give her a good straight look and she said: 'You're a very impertinent girl.' Then I could 'a' busted her one in the eye. If Mr. Haworth had left I mighta. But no, I hadta stand and listen while he put me on probation, me saying never a word. I'm fed up on this poor-working-girl business. I'd as soon somebody did complain. That old job ain't so much."

"Oh, no," cried Molly, shocked. "We must work in the same place."

"Don't worry, sister," said Gloria, laughing. "You got's good chance as me being fired. Nobody's safe, no time. But don't lose sleep about little Gloria. She's got too good use for them fifteen mazumas to do nothing to bring more attention."

She pulled Harold ahead, and called back. "'S enough shop. Walk with your own boy friend. I gotta talk some to mine."

Then they all laughed and Molly was alone with John. He looked down at her and smiled as she accommodated her short steps to his longer ones. "Well," he asked, "was she right?"

"Sure," said Molly Willis. "She wants to talk to Harold."

John held her arm tightly. "Stop it," he commanded. "And answer me. Was she right—am I your boy friend?"

She flushed adorably under the intensity of his gaze. "How can I tell, seeing you three times in my whole life?" she countered.

"Well, I can," he stated positively. "If you're not certain, you can begin by saving Sundays and Wednesdays and Fridays for me. That'll help convince you. And if you wanta be more convinced, try going out with some other fellow once. Hear?"

She did not reply, so he made her stop and look up at him. "I says: Do you hear?"

"Yes," she answered softly.

And he: "Next time I gotta repeat a question, I kiss you right in the middle of the street. I don't care who sees. Hear?"

"Yes," breathlessly. "Oh, yes."

They walked in silence—a long, warm, enchanted silence that felt like a soft fur coat that had been packed away in lavender.

After a while John said, "Know what I first noticed in you? I seen you neat as a pin and sorta fresh-looking, like a lettuce all covered with dew. I ain't much on society dames, but I sure like to see a girl look trig. A pretty dress just takes my eye."

She laughed ruefully. "But new hats and shoes and dresses cost money, John. I'm not a millionaire."

"Oh, you," reassured John. "I wasn't thinking of you. You always look grand. You couldn't help it. Say, wear that tan dress, and we'll go to The Palace next Wednesday night. You're slick in that kit."

"Well," said Molly. "But we better be going back. Mother wants us home by six. Do you suppose that Harold and Gloria are watching the time?"

"Don't know about Gloria. But Harold was never late for a meal in his life." John swung her around to retrace their steps, and now he was full of talk.

He began to make fun of the motorists who passed them. "No, buddy," he said to a big limousine, "me and my girl friend prefers to walk. Doctor's orders."

Molly laughed lightly. John was fun, not always waiting for her to talk. Another car made the turn. "Excuse my dust." He bowed. But, of course, the girl who was driving did not see him.

When the machine had disappeared around a corner, he asked her, "Know who that was?"

She was surprised and looked it. Whom could she ever know in such a gorgeous-looking car? Nor did her mystification lighten when he said, "You are helping pay for that bus. Like it?"

"Me?" Molly was all amazement. "Me?"

He smiled, then explained, "That was Elizabeth Nolan. Didya read last week about her twenty-thousand-dollar boat, some trouble getting it through the customs? Nifty little sum for an automobile—twenty thousand dollars. Eh?"

"Old Nolan's pretty rich, isn't he?" she asked.

"Rich? Is he rich? Say, girl, he don't even know when he spends twenty thousand dollars."

"He could lose three dollars and forty cents without missing it, couldn't he?"

"Quit your kiddin'. Why, say, he wouldn't light a segar with a five-dollar bill; it's too cheap. But I never come out to talk about no Nolans. I been wanting to ask you something."

He paused a long minute and Molly said, "Ask me something?" in a small voice.

"Well, Gloria, she says that your birthday is week after next. Is it?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" smiled Molly. "But I'm not telling. Anyway, I wouldn't want a present."

"It ain't what you want," explained John elaborately, "it's what you're gonna get. See, kid? You'll be seventeen, won't you?"

"But I feel older," she defended herself quickly. "I feel almost old as you, and you're twenty-three."

John seemed willing to debate the point, but just then they reached the house and joined Harold and Gloria. Mrs. Willis opened the door and Harold sniffed. "Say, don't tell me I smell oysters. Oh, boy, leave me die happy."

That night for the first time Molly did not worry about money after she retired. Her finances would have to take care of themselves. In her dreams she saw old Nolan seated at a table heaped with dollars and dollars, twenty thousand of them. And John near her was saying: "You won't do. I like a girl to look trig." She awoke sobbing and found her face wet with tears. "I'm a fool," she gasped. "An utter, utter fool. But I'm not going to be a frowzy one. No. I won't!"

On Monday she finally saw Mr. Haworth, but she did not mention the tan stockings. He was in pleasant humor, for he said, "You tried to see me before, Miss Willis."

"Yes," she answered. "I want to get along better. I like the work all right, only ——"

"Only what?" he prompted. "Don't be afraid to tell me."

"It sounds dumb," she confessed. "But I'd like to be at the busiest places, to get to be a fast wrapper."

"Well, that is splendid," said Mr. Haworth. "You want to work in busy sections, where you're needed most. That it?"

"Sure," said Molly Willis.

"You're not asking for a raise, young lady? Not this soon?" He threw her a quizzical glance.

"Oh, no," said Molly. "I just thought ——"

"I see," he interrupted. "Good thoughts. Keep on with them and you will get somewhere in business. I will speak to my assistant and see that you get all the work that you want. You'll not have to complain again."

"Oh," said Molly, "I did not mean to complain."

But for Mr. Haworth the interview had closed.

The next few weeks Molly wrapped in handkerchiefs, in blouses, in gloves, in scarfs, in millinery trimmings, in lingerie, in house furnishings, in perfumes, in soaps, in beads, in veils. Wherever there was bustle and confusion and many sales, there Molly was to be found. And in her dresser drawer at home, under a pile of underwear, there gradually accumulated a little store; three colored handkerchiefs, a beaded

(Continued on Page 50)

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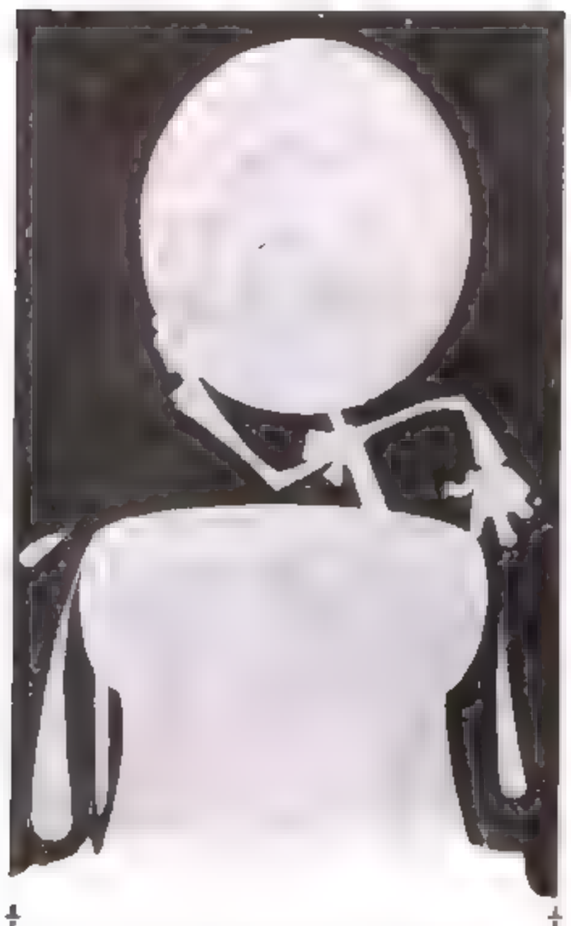

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(Continued from Page 48

blouse, two pairs of gloves, a tan scarf that John had extravagantly admired, a cluster of gold rosebuds to be worn with a winter coat, a silk nightgown, two compacts, three strings of beads, a little blue veil. She had not used all her prizes, but the veil and one string of beads and the blouse had already made a decided hit. John wasn't one of those men who do not know whether a girl is dressed like a queen or wrapped in a gunny sack. He noticed everything, and he spoke of it too. Oh, John was sweet, utterly sweet.

As for the acquisitions, they were easy, absurdly easy. "Number Twenty-eight," she might call. "This sales slip calls for four handkerchiefs, and you only brought three." And Twenty-eight, harassed out of her mind, would toss Molly another handkerchief. Or, "Here, Number Six. Do you want this woman to get gray gloves or only these brown ones?" And Number Six would say: "Lord, I don't care. I'm that tired. But here they are. See that they're the right size. I been so rushed, I don't know am I standing or sitting." That was the point. They were all so rushed, too rushed to be overalert, and none of them were suspicious. Yes, it was very easy.

Of course, it wasn't as if old Nolan would ever miss that little bit of money. Anyone who paid half a million of income tax—she had looked it up herself—half a million! She wondered if other girls didn't have thoughts like hers. Some of them had—she had heard many scraps of conversation. But not she. She would never talk. Not to these other girls—they were too much like sieves. Not to her mother—she was a darling, but strait-laced and old-fashioned and funny. Not to Gloria—for Gloria with all her slanginess had a New England conscience. Not to John—John with plenty of money from his own grocery store and expecting her to look like a million dollars on fourteen dollars a week. Not to anyone ever, but certainly not to John, who was always saying: "Molly, you're too good for me. How can a fairy of a girl like you put up with a flat-footed roughneck like me?"

She was not fairylike, she with her one hundred and ten pounds. But then, John was neither flat-footed nor a roughneck. It was only his manner of speech, only his dear way of talking.

One afternoon when she happened to be wrapping in the hosiery department, Mr. Haworth sent for her. It was Mr. Lewis who sought her out and delivered the message.

"Me," she asked between whitened lips. "He wants me?"

Mr. Lewis laughed at her. "You girls are all afraid of him," he charged. "And he is a good fellow. Run along; he doesn't bite."

But no one using the wildest latitude could have called Molly's approach a run. In fact, a little bit slower would have been a full stop. But if her feet were tardy, her thoughts were not. Why did Mr. Haworth send for her in the middle of a busy afternoon? What could he want? Something important, yes, but—but —— At a snail's pace she finally entered the office.

Mr. Haworth was seated and he motioned her to a chair. "You think I don't notice things," he said. "Well, I do." He paused and looked at her. "Why, what is the matter, Miss Willis? Are you ill?"

Molly shook her head, but she could not speak. "Can't have you getting sick," said Mr. Haworth and smiled. "Need you too badly."

Her heart, which had been standing still, began to beat again. People did not smile if they knew queer things about you. It was doubtless Mr. Haworth's humor to talk like that, but it had given her a turn. Even now she could not have said a word if her life had depended on it. But Mr. Haworth was going on.

"I've been aware of your helpfulness," he said. "Now I want to give you a little trial on your own responsibility. Next Tuesday we are having a big coat sale. Bankrupt manufacturer sold his entire eighteen thousand coats to Nolan's. We will clean them out at fifteen dollars each. I'm going to have a special place for the sale coats to be wrapped, with twenty-five girls detailed for that work. You will be in charge of them for the day."

"Oh, no," cried Molly. "Oh, please, not me!"

"Why not?" he asked quietly. "I don't have half a dozen girls in a year take the same interest in their work that you do. I've liked your attitude from the start. Another point: in your envelope tonight you will find sixteen dollars. The amount is correct."

Molly rose precipitately and came close to the desk. "Oh, Mr. Haworth, I'm not half as good as you think I am. I don't deserve a raise and I know I couldn't handle a wrap. Really, I couldn't." She beat her clasped hands on the desk for emphasis.

But Mr. Haworth only kept on smiling. "I told you that I liked your attitude. You're not oversold on yourself. I have a dozen girls a day asking for raises, and giving nothing. You work well, and are not sure you are worth more money. I like that. I feel like shaking your hand. Now stop by this office Monday afternoon and we will make the final plans about the sale."

Molly felt like a cad. What right had she to listen to nice things from Mr. Haworth? Suppose he knew. Suppose—well, if she got through Tuesday, she could make a fresh start. Only, of course, in a way, Mr. Haworth was right. She had worked like a beaver for him, and he was not out a cent. Her mind became tired sometimes, with so many thoughts.

On Monday evening she went to the fourth floor with Mr. Haworth and saw the layout for the sale. A broad space had been cleared for the wrapping, and long counters arranged for the reception of the coats. Boxes were piled on the floor and cord was placed all along the counters.

"We won't use an expensive wrap," said Mr. Haworth. "One sheet of tissue in the box, and tying with Number Twelve twine. Use these boxes for local delivery; the parcel-post goods can be packed in the regular department. Anything else?"

"Why, yes," said Molly. "I wondered if I could have an older wrapper to adjust mix-ups. I ought to be in the wrap most of the time myself, helping the girls. But with a big sale we will be getting wrong coats and sales slips will be lost and all."

"Surely," said Mr. Haworth. "Why not have Miss Dean look after mix-ups? I notice you girls together pretty often."

"Oh, good," exulted Molly. "I'd like that fine. I'll tell Gloria tonight."

The sale started with a bang. Hundreds of persons were waiting for the Nolan doors to open at nine o'clock. Five thousand coats sold in the first hour and a half and the climax had not been reached. Crack sales persons had been brought from the other departments to help with the coats. Over in the wrapping, Molly and her helpers were working at capacity rate. She carried packed boxes of coats to the delivery chutes to keep the tables from being overcrowded, she sorted coats among the various wrappers, so that no one would have too large a pile to handle, she telephoned from time to time for fresh supplies of tissue paper, boxes and cord, she received stacked heaps of coats brought by the sales people with the sales slips pinned firmly to the collars. Every sales slip carried the size and color of the coat—tan, 40; dark blue, 36; green, 38. There was a variety of colors, and all the coats were pretty. Really wonderful values.

The wrap hummed with industry. Nimble fingers folded coats, slipped them into boxes, tied deft knots. Good-natured badinage passed among the workers, with an occasional shout for Molly. "Hey, lookit, Molly, this ain't no thirty-four." "Molly, are them sales color-blind, or is this black coat green?" "This woman must be twins, with two coats put with her sales slip. Here's the extra, Molly." And Molly, flushed with exertion, would grab the mismatched coat and sales slip and drop both into Gloria's arms. Gloria in turn would pin the sales slip to her apron front and sling the coat over her arm and fly to the coat department to straighten the mix-up. It was confusing and exciting, but it was fun, too, being in charge of a wrap.

At eleven-thirty Miss Carruthers, who had come from hosiery to help out for the day, brought a great armload of coats to her.

"We're near crazy," she said. "Not half enough help, and customers acting like they was the only one that wanted a coat and taking their own time to select. Lord, I'll be glad to get back to my own department tomorrow, with this sale over." She dropped her pile and rushed back to work.

Molly began to distribute them among the wrappers, putting three or four in front of each girl. But suddenly she stopped; she had caught sight of the brown one! Doubtless in such a sale there were hundreds like it. But to her eyes it seemed the prettiest of the lot, soft in texture, with finely rolled collar and lining of heavy silk brocade. It was beautiful.

"Made for me," muttered Molly. "Just made for me." In a flash she unpinned the sales slip, dropped the coat into an empty box. Then quietly carried a pile of wrapped boxes to the delivery chute. But the top box did not follow the other ones. It housed the brown coat, and she thrust it hastily into an old stock drawer. She had found it by accident earlier in the day, unused, full of old litter. She raked out some of the odds and ends, inserted the box and closed the drawer.

Two minutes later she was back in the wrap. Gloria was giving adjusted orders to two of the wrappers, all three were intent on comparing slips and coats. Molly touched her friend lightly on the shoulder, a careless caress. But she managed to leave the brown-coat sales slip pinned to Gloria's crowded apron front.

Molly now moved away. In a few minutes Gloria would go to the department, get another brown coat, the sales person would not remember and the matter would be ended. Easy, easy. A simple little fifteen-dollar transaction! Nothing to Nolan, or to his girl, Elizabeth, with her twenty-thousand-dollar car! Besides, John would like the coat. Brown was his special color—brown and tan. Her mother too. About her mother, though, she would have to think. Her mother knew that coats did not grow on trees. Later she must take time to decide what to say to her mother. Now she was too busy.

Her musing was shattered by a sudden crash of reality. The woman, Miss Carruthers, had raced back and was calling her urgently by name: "Molly, did you see a brown coat? Molly, help me find it. I know I just brought it over."

Molly considered. "You brought over a lot. Was it any special one?"

"Was it?" Miss Carruthers wrung her hands. "Was it? It was a seventy-five-dollar coat, being fitted. The customer laid it down and I brought it on over. Oh, you must have noticed it. Where are all the coats?"

She began a frenzied pace the full length of the wrap. All the wrappers were looking over their assortments with nervous haste.

"I don't see it," moaned Miss Carruthers. "Oh, I don't see it. Where could it be?"

"Hurry, Miss Carruthers," said a gruff voice. "Trouble enough with that customer already. Let's have that brown coat."

It was Mr. Gross, the buyer of coats. "I can't find it," wailed Miss Carruthers. "I know I had it, but it's not here."

"Nonsense. Of course it's here. Young lady, get that coat, and get it quick!" He was addressing Molly now.

"We are looking for it," she said. "We haven't found it yet."

He glared. "Oh, you haven't," he mimicked. "Well, we'll see what your boss has

(Continued on Page 52)

That tribute of greatness we find to be founded on two simple virtues.

Greatness is Always Simple

CHILDREN brag to other children when their Dads first exhibit some youthfully acquired skill that youngsters admire.

It is the same inborn trait of human nature that prompts grown-ups to tell about the great tire they have discovered.

The remarkable growth in public respect accorded the Mansfield Tire is founded on so simple a thing as one car owner telling another that it is a "great" tire.

That tribute of greatness we find to be founded on two simple virtues.

Asked why the Mansfield is a "great" tire, people say, "It never gives any trouble and it delivers thousands of miles of extra service."

From such comment, many have assumed that Mansfields would cost *them* more than other tires.

They naturally would—but for an advantage we have in distribution cost.

Those "thousands of miles of extra service" cost us thousands of extra dollars in the building of Mansfield Tires.

They are saved for *you* by the record low-cost distribution of Mansfield Tires effected collectively by the great Hardware Wholesalers of the country.

There is usually a simple reason for "greatness".

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords Regular Cords Fabric Tires

The Cost of Distribution is Lower — The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

(Continued from Page 50)

to say about you letting a fine coat get misplaced."

He snatched a telephone and called Mr. Haworth. A spirited sentence or two and then he said to Molly, "He'll be right down. Then we'll see."

In the midst of this brisk discussion Gloria added herself to the group. Mr. Gross eyed her with the impersonal belligerence that he was presenting to everyone in the coat wrap, when his glance fell on one of the sales slips pinned to her black apron.

"Ha!" he shouted. "Here is the sales record. Now where is that coat?"

"If you're talking to me," said Gloria furiously, "put on the soft pedal. I might take yells from Mr. Haworth, who's my boss, but not from you. I never stole no coat from you nor nobody else."

Mr. Gross showed apoplectic signs of continuing the conversation along the same lines when Mr. Haworth joined the trio. He spoke first to the waiting buyer. "Never mind, Mr. Gross. If the coat was brought to us, we have it and it will be found." Then to Molly, "This is pretty serious, Miss Willis. If the coat is not here now, it means that it has been wrapped and sent to the delivery. In that case, we will have to open every package that has been sent down in the last hour. Lots of extra work. The coat should not have slipped by you."

He telephoned a stop to the delivery and presently floor trucks began to make trip after trip with their piled boxes from the freight elevators. Five wrappers spent an hour and forty minutes opening and closing boxes. But the brown coat was still mysteriously missing.

The customer, happily unaware of the commotion, had been dismissed with the assurance that the fitting was completed and that the coat would be ready for her at five o'clock. That cleared her out of the picture.

Mr. Gross and Mr. Haworth came back singly and together to hear the latest findings. The wrappers were now working nervously and without conversation. Molly's heart pounded frightfully and her feet and hands were numb. Yet, when Mr. Haworth beckoned to her, she found strength to walk to him.

"Every package opened?" he asked. "And still no sign of the coat?"

"No," said Molly. "No sign at all."

Mr. Gross had joined them, but Mr. Haworth gave him a serious look that might have been a signal.

For he said hastily, "See you later, Haworth," and withdrew.

"Miss Willis, did any girl leave the wrap during the morning? No, let's be more definite. Did anyone leave in the past hour and a half on any pretext at all? Anyone?" He spoke quietly and very gravely.

Molly considered carefully. "No, not a soul. Of course, Gloria—I mean, Miss Dean—went back and forth to the department, adjusting. But nobody left the wrap."

"So-o. Miss Dean is the only one. Well, it's too bad. I had thought her careless at times, but I never would have dreamed——" He shut his mouth tightly over his dreams. "Never mind. We'll straighten this thing out. Will you send Miss Dean to the office quietly in about five minutes?"

He left her for Mr. Gross, who had been standing a few paces away. Molly heard scraps of their talk. "Looks like you have a dirty crook"—that was in Gross' voice. Inaudible answer from Mr. Haworth. Then "Crooked deal—anything I can do—yes, I know ——" She strained her ears to no purpose. Soon Mr. Haworth walked away in the direction of his office.

Miss Carruthers returned for the hundredth time to look. Mr. Lewis was with her.

"Guess it's stolen," from Mr. Lewis.

"Oh, no," said Miss Carruthers. "Why, who would steal?"

"Crooks everywhere," replied the wise Mr. Lewis. "There's some smooth work here, mark my words."

Molly was marking his words if Miss Carruthers was not. Crooks? Crooks? That was the second time someone had used the word in connection with her. Well, not about her exactly, but about someone who had taken that brown coat. Oh, if she only dared to bring it back and let it be found in one of the empty boxes! If she could only call out: "Why, here it is! We missed it the first time!" Ah, but everyone knew that nothing had been missed the first time. The search had been too thorough, too complete. Anyway, the wrap was marked now. Everyone was watching it; she could not carry a box back without notice. Oh, that coat! Why had she ever seen it? She would never wear it; no, she would not even take it out of that old drawer. Crooks everywhere—some dirty crook—but surely, surely not she!

She stopped near Gloria. "Boss wants you," she managed with stiff lips.

"Who, me?" Gloria was astonished. "Wonder for what? Say, Molly, you look somethun fierce. You ain't sick?"

"No," said Molly, not looking at her friend. "No, I'm not sick. Say, Gloria, we must surely lunch together."

"Why not?" asked Gloria in some surprise. "Don't we always? I'll come by and get you after I been to the lions' den. And say, kid, don't fret over that coat. It's somewheres, ain't it? Well!" She hugged Molly lightly and was gone.

But Molly felt no better. Her nerves were on edge. She was afraid of herself, fearful that she might suddenly scream and scream and scream and not be able to stop. She ranged the length of the wrap, but she gave no assistance.

Two girls with wrong merchandise brought it to her for adjustment. "Fix it yourself," she snapped, to their wide-eyed amazement. "I'm busy." The nature of her occupation was not apparent, but the others left her strictly undisturbed.

Then she began to notice that her wrappers were whispering. What were they saying? Were they talking about her? She made a quick sortie in an effort to overhear. But they stopped at her approach, and her apprehension quickened. Perhaps one of those girls had been watching her in the morning when she had put the brown coat into the empty box. Maybe that girl with the heavy glasses had seen her; she had eyed her queerly. Or, perhaps, it was that one in the old blue suit. She had an odd manner, suspicious-like.

She took her head in her hands and pressed her temples. All this was pure foolishness. No one thought of her in connection with the coat, not even Mr. Haworth. Mr. Haworth was now talking to Gloria. But what was he saying? Good heavens, did he think that Gloria would steal a coat? Why, Gloria would not steal a pin! She caught herself in amazement. She had used a terrible word in her mind—a terrible word—steal! Did she, Molly, steal? Was it that she was making herself a thief? No, no, surely not. When Mr. Nolan had so much, could spare so easily—but crooks, steal, thief! She must get control of her thoughts. She must, if she could.

She would feel better after she had had some lunch. When she and Gloria had eaten together. But why was Gloria so long? Mr. Haworth never talked to anyone for fifteen minutes. He was too busy. But it wasn't fifteen minutes—it was forty since Gloria had left her with her friendly "Don't fret, kid." What could Mr. Haworth say to anyone that would take forty minutes? Longer than forty, for Gloria had not yet come.

She could endure the suspense no longer. "I'm going to the office," she told a girl in the wrap. "Take charge for a while."

"Take what?" called the girl after her dully. But Molly did not hear, or if she did she did not care.

She did not want to wait for an elevator, but her heart was paining her so badly that she could not manage steps. She had no plan in mind. But she must see Gloria and Mr. Haworth. Perhaps she would pass the office and return to her work. Perhaps—but what was the use of trying to think? The first thing to do was to reach that office.

She dragged herself to the door, then slowly inside. Gloria—why, how could anyone cry as Gloria was crying? It was terrible, ghastly. And her voice: "Honest, I didn't, Mr. Haworth. Honest to God!" It did not sound like Gloria at all.

Mr. Haworth looked strange, too, with his eyes like cold steel and his face a dull, gray mask. His voice was queer too: "Think, Miss Dean. Think hard, and save yourself seventy-five dollars!"

"Mr. Haworth," said Molly, and her voice was of a piece with the general strangeness. "Oh, Mr. Haworth!"

At her call they both looked up; Gloria dazed and without recognition, Mr. Haworth in sharp displeasure. "Busy, Miss Willis," he cut in. "Don't stop now."

"But, Mr. Haworth," said Molly desperately. "The coat—the coat—it's found!"

"Thank God!" cried Mr. Haworth. But Molly for the first time in her life had fainted.

A few minutes later she opened her eyes, to find herself in the chair that Gloria had been occupying. She looked around. "Where's Gloria?" she asked.

"Miss Dean helped me with you," said Mr. Haworth with relief. "She got the water and spirits of ammonia. I sent her to freshen up. When you feel better she is going to take you home."

"No," said Molly. "Oh, no!"

"What do you mean? Don't you feel better?"

"Oh, I'm all right. But I'm not going home. I must talk to you; I must."

"If you feel able," replied Mr. Haworth, "I wish you would. Just tell me who found the coat. Did Mr. Gross find it hung up somewhere in the department after all?"

"No," answered Molly. "Mr. Gross hasn't got it yet." The room was still jumping before her eyes and the chair was swaying like a dizzy ship. But she clung to its arms and steadied herself. "I'm nothing," she burst out, "but a dirty crook."

"You?" Mr. Haworth's face hardened. "You, Miss Willis? Perhaps you had better explain."

Molly gulped. "I'll not cry. I'm a thief, but I will not be a coward. But oh, how could I do it? How could I?" Mr. Haworth made no response and presently she found words to tell her terrible story. The story of the stockings and the veil and the beads and the handkerchiefs and the blouse and the coat. As she enumerated, Mr. Haworth heard her in stony silence, occasionally making a note of items and prices.

Once he said, "But I don't see what Mr. Nolan or Miss Nolan had to do with you."

"Nothing," she replied fiercely. "Just nothing. I said to myself that he was rich and wouldn't miss the money. But that does not help what I did."

Another time he asked, "You have worn all those articles?"

"Oh, not half. Not near half."

"Then you must return the unworn articles at once," he put in sternly. "Your debt would then total around thirty-five dollars. Go on."

But Molly was having more and more difficulty in making her voice articulate. So Mr. Haworth remarked quietly, "Of course, you realize that you will be sent to jail for this, perhaps also to the penitentiary."

Molly bowed her head, still beyond speech. "Pretty bad places penitentiaries," added Mr. Haworth. "Dirty—with rats—not much like a girl's home."

She sobbed aloud. "I know, I know. But when I get out I'm going to pay back every cent. Here, Mr. Haworth. This must be worth thirty-five dollars. My boy friend gave me that watch on my birthday." She unfastened a slim band on her wrist and laid the watch before him. "Keep it until I can redeem it."

He pushed it into a drawer and said, "This will go pretty hard with your boy friend. And with your mother too. Didn't you say that you lived with your mother?"

At that she started as if shot. "Not my mother. Please, leave my mother out."

"You are beginning your thinking late in the day," commented Mr. Haworth, strumming on the hard surface of the desk. "You should have considered all this before. Of course your mother will know—everyone will know when you are sent off to jail with policemen."

Molly's crying stopped. "You are right," she spoke quietly. "I'm not a baby. I have a mind. But I wish I could die before my mother hears this. It will nearly kill her. If it could only kill me!"

"Well," said Mr. Haworth, "the case passes from my hands now to the general superintendent. He has jurisdiction over criminals. Shall I call him now?"

"Please," said a pitifully white Molly. "Quick!"

Mr. Haworth used the telephone for a moment, then he added: "He is away from his office for half an hour. You will have to wait here." Then he busied himself at his desk, used the phone several times, made brief trips from the office. Doubtless, on one such trip, he gave back the coat.

In the centuries of waiting, Molly wondered how she had been able to lie to herself as she had. What difference could it make how many billion billions Mr. Nolan might have? They did not belong to her. What she took she had stolen. She was a thief, waiting to be arrested like any other thief. She looked at her hands. The hands of a thief, she thought—the hands of a thief. Poor John and poor, poor mother. She could never face them again. But then, they would not want her to. They would not believe at first—John would want to fight, and mother would be angry. But later, after they had heard the whole ——

"Here he is at last," said Mr. Haworth grimly. "Now, Miss Willis, I'll do the talking."

A man walked in, tall and ominous, glanced at them both, sat down. This was the general superintendent, the man who had charge of criminal cases—the man who would soon have her in custody. Mr. Haworth had told her to keep quiet, but how could she? If she did not confess in the next minute, she would die. Nothing was as terrible as this ghastly suspense. She could not stand it.

"Tell him, Mr. Haworth," she cried out. "Tell him quickly!"

But Mr. Haworth stopped her peremptorily. "Enough, Miss Willis!" His voice brooked no disobedience; she did not dare to continue. He turned to the general superintendent. "I have called you," he said, "to handle this case. The woman before you has been shoplifting ever since I employed her. Her confession includes the articles and the time of theft. I have it here." He rattled a paper on which he had been making notes a half hour before.

The superintendent looked down at the small, tense figure.

"Is she a professional?" he asked.

"No," replied Mr. Haworth. "I have reason to believe that this is her first experience." The two men exchanged meaningful glances over the little bent head.

"I will act on your suggestion," said the general superintendent. "Does she go with me or ——" His voice was the voice of the judge.

"Oh, don't take me!" cried Molly. "Please, please." She jumped to her feet in a frenzy of anguish.

Mr. Haworth spoke very quietly. "Suppose," he said, "I give her a second trial. Shall I?"

The superintendent nodded slowly. "Well," he agreed, "you might." And with another telegraphic glance he left the room.

Molly dropped to her knees. "Do you mean," she cried, "that I can keep on working for you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Haworth. "Now get up." He turned to the desk drawer and drew forth the small watch bracelet. "You can work overtime to pay it back"—he handed her the trinket—"and this will be for remembrance."

"The Worst Birthday in a Man's Life"

"What we need at fifty is a little more common sense, a realization of the facts; then no excuse for self deception, but an honest admission and a readjustment...The span of life is lengthening and it is very largely in our own hands to determine how long we shall live and enjoy life!"

EDWARD W. BOK
in the Atlantic Monthly

An inspiring message from an outstanding man who has turned fifty . . . "the worst birthday in a man's life!"

There are a lot of important things in this world—education, and money, and friendship, and home life. But when he discusses the worst birthday in a man's life, Mr. Bok talks chiefly in terms of health. He frankly recognizes what everyone learns sooner or later: that health is the foundation on which everything else is built; and that our success and happiness at fifty, or at any other age, are very largely dependent on our measure of health.

It is true that the span of life is lengthening. But it is also true that this greater *average* length of life has been achieved, chiefly, by conquering the diseases which threatened childhood. The *contagious* diseases are on the run! Babies who in a previous generation would have been the victims of contagion now live to maturity. That is the bright side of the picture.

The dark side is this:

Many of the diseases that threaten people of middle age are definitely on the increase.

They are not the diseases that we "catch" from others, but that we give to ourselves. By wrong eating. By lack of exercise. By lack of fresh air. By lack of sleep. Worst of all, perhaps, we unthinkingly load our bodies with artificial stimulants, meal after meal.

A stimulant such as caffein contributes nothing in food value. Yet it *seems* to give new energy. It does this by deadening the sense of fatigue, and robbing energy from the body's reserve store.

There comes a time, just as surely as a man grows older, when he needs every ounce of reserve vitality. It is his guardian against disease—his real *life* insurance in emergencies.

There is no "cure-all"—no simple formula which will surely preserve health throughout a lifetime. But there is a big step in the right direction that you can easily take: Eliminate caffein from your diet! Change to Postum! It was originated to give you a delightful drink without any drug stimulant.

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor. This is a drink you can enjoy every meal of the day, with no fear of the nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, and indigestion that so often follow the use of caffein. Postum contributes to your health and well-being, instead of tearing down!

"*The span of life is lengthening, and it is very largely in our own hands to determine how long we shall live, and enjoy life!*"

This is the most precious assurance that could be given—at fifty or at any other age. See to it that you make the most of it! See to it that you realize your full possibilities for health, and years of happiness!

We do not offer you a new lease on life, but we do give you an easy way to eliminate one recognized form of abuse—a way which has meant much for the health of many a man! Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous demonstrator.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I suggest thirty days, because that is long enough to realize the benefits of the change.

"I will send you, free, one week's supply of Postum for this test, and my own directions for preparing it—for yourself and, with hot milk, for children.

"Or, if you wish to begin today, you can get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

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FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.-E. L. P. 2-20-26

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐

Postum Cereal (prepared by boiling) ☐

Check which you prefer

Name

Street

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In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ont.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

Mrs. Oliver Harriman
endorses the
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WILLYS-KNIGHT
GREAT
SIX

"I like it . . . It gets one about so satisfactorily . . . it is so wonderfully quiet . . . I think its appointments are in very good taste . . . Altogether, I should say it is as desirable a car as one might wish for."

(Signed) MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN

Super-efficiency in

"I like it—it gets one about so satisfactorily"—wherever and whenever you hear the Willys-Knight Great Six mentioned, this is the essence of what the more than 275,000 Willys-Knight owners have to say.

The big difference in the super-efficiency of this great car and the performance possibilities of the ordinary Six lies in the advantage the patented Knight sleeve-valve engine affords over every type of poppet-valve engine used in other cars.

No Valves to Grind

Every car-owner knows that the major sources of trouble in the ordinary automobile lie in grinding valves and cleaning carbon . . . With the Willys-Knight these items do not figure. There is no carbon to remove, there are no valves to grind . . .

In the ordinary engine it is the multiplicity of parts, tappets, springs, rocker arms that causes the need for frequent adjustment and attention. These are the elements that weaken, and cause noise and wear out with use . . .

In the Knight sleeve-valve engine this multiplicity of parts does not exist. There is nothing to adjust—nothing to wear—nothing to replace or repair. This unique patented sleeve-valve principle is the acme of simplicity—two single sleeves working smoothly, silently, up and down, in a protective film of oil—and *that is all!*

No Carbon to Remove

Every car-owner knows that his car is laid-up more frequently to remove carbon than for any other reason . . . And for this, he pays

WILLYS-

"WITH AN ENGINE

a beautiful setting

in money—in inconvenience, and in loss of the service of his car.

On the other hand, carbon cannot harm the engine of the Willys-Knight. Carbon troubles—and the expense and inconvenience of remedying them—are beyond the Willys-Knight owner's experience. In fact, owing to the unique principle of the patented Knight sleeve-valve engine, the presence of carbon only serves to seal compression, to prevent waste of power. Instead of hampering or harming, *it literally helps this engine to perform.*

It naturally follows that no automobile, regardless of its cost—if equipped with the poppet-valve type of engine—can escape the penalty of gradual *loss* in power, *loss* in efficiency, *loss* in smoothness and in quiet operation . . .

With the Willys-Knight, the exact contrary is true—It *gains* in power. It *gains* in engine-efficiency. It *gains* in smooth and silent running. It *improves* with use. The only motor-mechanism known that, to a limit never yet reached, gets better with every mile!

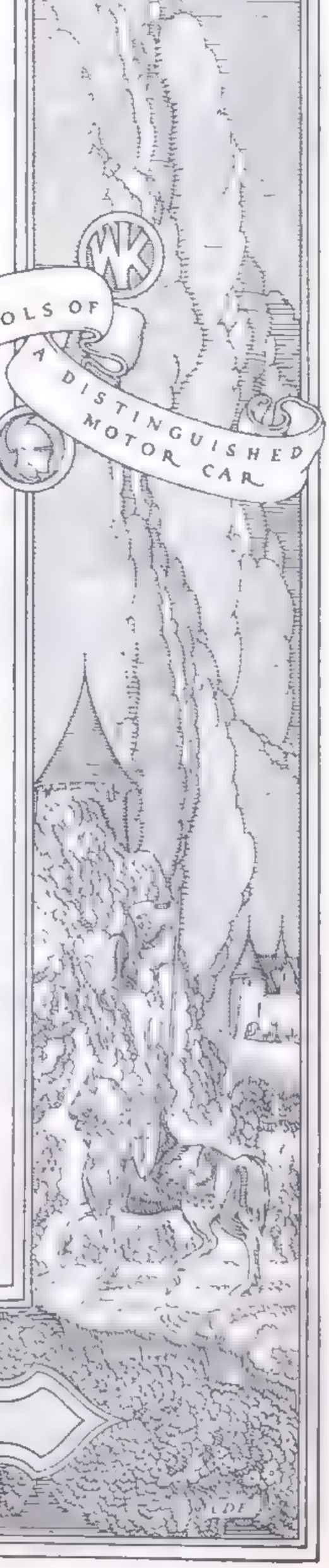
An Ultra-Luxurious Car

The beautiful Willys-Knight Great Six Sedan here shown is a superb automobile. A car to satisfy the beauty demands of the most exacting. Equipment as complete, appointments as fine as you will find in any custom-built motor car . . . *Buy it on the new Willys Finance Plan—which presents easy terms at the lowest credit cost on which it is possible to purchase an automobile.*

WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO. LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

KNIGHT GREAT SIX

YOU'LL NEVER WEAR OUT"

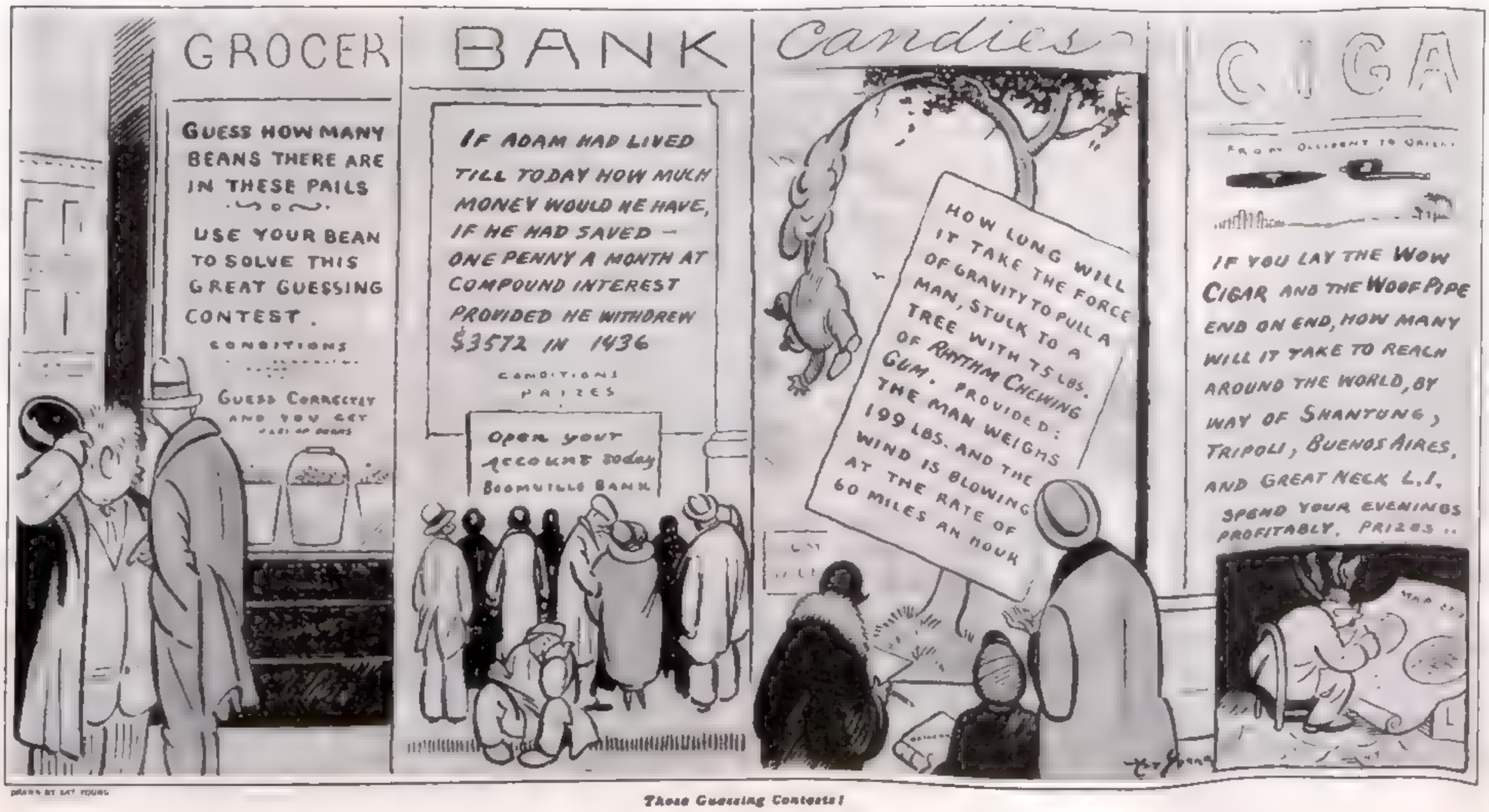


CARTOON AND COMEDY

Chorus: "This is the Smoking Car!"

Taxi Driver: "Taxi, Sir? Direct to the Hospital!"

Mrs. Jones Was So Pleased With Her Hair Bob That She Had the Shrubbery Trimmed to Conform to It


GROCER
GUESS HOW MANY BEANS THERE ARE IN THESE PAILS
USE YOUR BEAN TO SOLVE THIS GREAT GUESSING CONTEST.
CONDITIONS
GUESS CORRECTLY AND YOU GET
BANK
IF ADAM HAD LIVED TILL TODAY HOW MUCH MONEY WOULD HE HAVE, IF HE HAD SAVED — ONE PENNY A MONTH AT COMPOUND INTEREST PROVIDED HE WITHDREW $3572 IN 1436
CONDITIONS
PRIZES
Open your Account Today
BOONVILLE BANK
Candies
HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE THE FORCE OF GRAVITY TO PULL A MAN, STUCK TO A TREE WITH 75 LBS. OF RHYTHM CHEWING GUM. PROVIDED: THE MAN WEIGHS 199 LBS. AND THE WIND IS BLOWING AT THE RATE OF 60 MILES AN HOUR
CIGA
IF YOU LAY THE WOW CIGAR AND THE WOOF PIPE END ON END, HOW MANY WILL IT TAKE TO REACH AROUND THE WORLD, BY WAY OF SHANTUNG, TRIPOLI, BUENOS AIRES, AND GREAT NECK L.I.
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45c *Forty-five cents' worth of Valspar will make a shabby Front Door look new!*

Your painter will tell you that Valspar is unequalled for beauty and durability

A New Car for about $2.30 worth of Valspar-Enamel! **$2.30**

The Economy of Valspar

A Valsparred surface is absolutely waterproof and accident-proof. It can be washed with hot soapy water or ammonia as often as necessary without the slightest injury. Even acids and alkalies can not make ugly spots or dim its luster.

Valspar's lasting beauty and extremely long "wearability" are the result of the highest grade materials and most painstaking care in manufacturing.

The great economy of Valspar lies in the fact that it lasts twice as long as ordinary varnishes, it gives better protection and looks better—on floors, furniture, woodwork and metal.

Valspar—Clear and in Colors

Valspar meets every household need. *Clear Valspar Varnish* gives a lustrous finish, without changing the color of the woodwork; *Valspar Varnish-Stains* produce a transparent, natural wood color with Valspar's brilliant luster and durability—Light or Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry and Moss Green. *Valspar-Enamels* cover the surface with a solid coat of beautiful color—Red—*light and deep*, Blue—*light, medium and deep*, Green—*medium and deep*, Vermilion, Ivory, Bright Yellow, Orange, Gray, Brown. Also Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black.

Valspar in Colors is just as waterproof, durable and beautiful as the Clear Valspar Varnish. One coat is often sufficient, but of course, greater protection and beauty are secured by each additional coat.

Send the coupon for samples, and prove for yourself the economy of Valspar.

55c *is about the amount of Valspar Varnish-Stain needed to renew an old chiffonier.*

The necessary Valspar-Enamel or Stain for refinishing the average bed, in any color, will cost about **65c**

20c *spent for a Sample Can of Valspar will triple the value of an old chair. (Use coupon for sample.)*

Valspar-Enamel will make your refrigerator bright, sanitary and easy-to-clean for **70c**

VALENTINE'S

VALSPAR

The Varnish That Won't Turn White

This can contains the most economical varnish money can buy, for Valspar lasts longer and gives maximum protection and beauty

1½ cents *per square foot to renew your old linoleum with Valspar.*

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)

Valspar Interior Book with Color Charts, 15c extra. Print full mail address plainly.

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Makes men

Leaves you tingling with ENERGY

It's the afterglow that keeps Lifebuoy in the locker.

Rich, creamy lather that soothes the skin and leaves the body tingling with an ever new sense of energy.

Try it for a stimulating bath after sport or business.
—A. C. MALAMBRE, 2900 Clifton Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

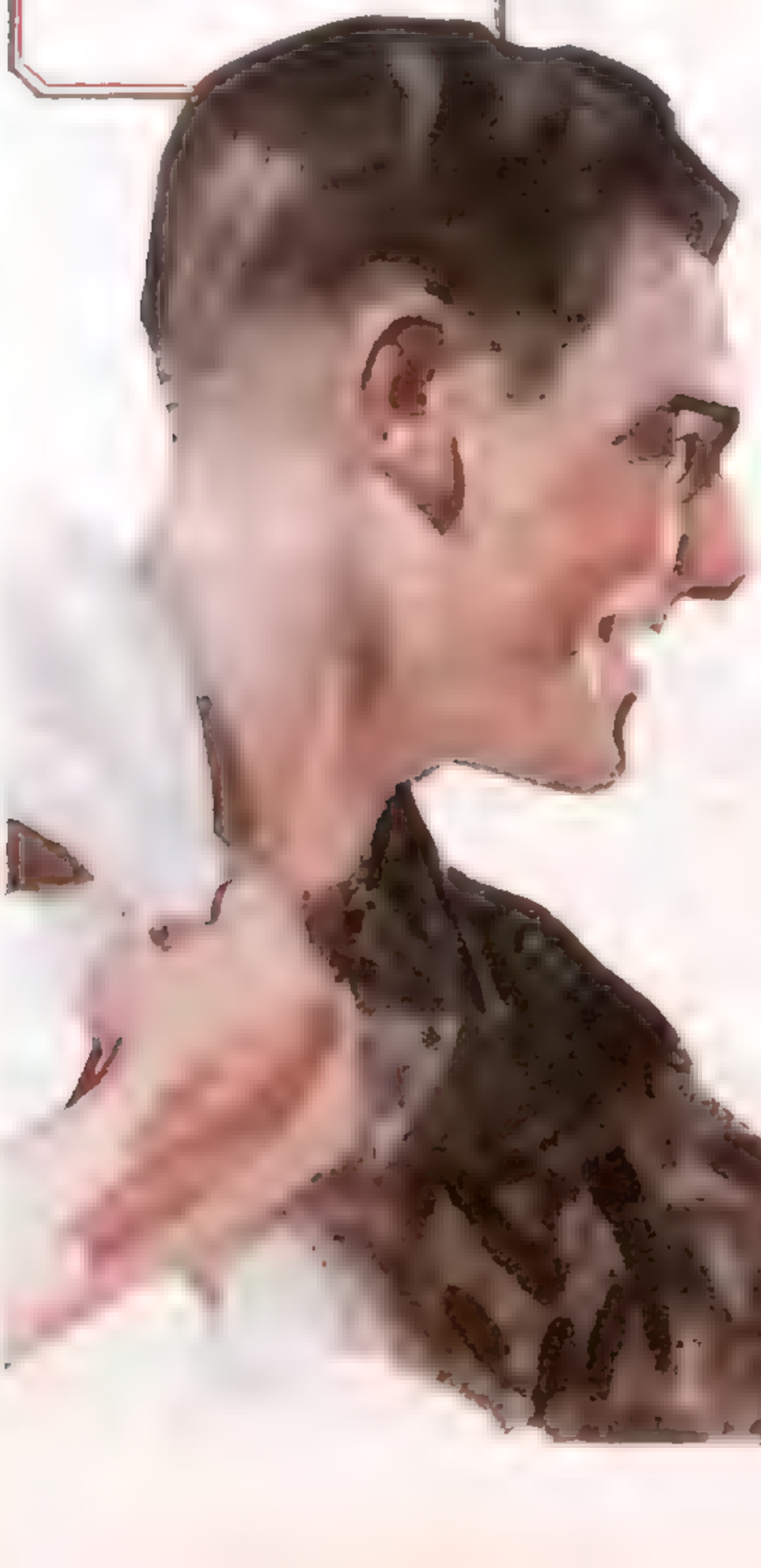
Cleanness I can FEEL

I use LIFEBUOY because it gives me the feeling I'm clean.

What I *feel* about being clean counts as much with me as all the cleansing qualities a soap has.

That's why I wash—and why I use soap—to get clean—and somehow I want the *feeling* of being clean besides knowing certain things in the soap have made me so.

I know I'm clean when I use LIFEBUOY. *And I can feel it.*
—F. A. WEIGLE, 31 Nassau Street, New York City.



The Lifebuoy kind of bath starts the day right

ONCE you know the tang—the *exhilaration*—of the daily Lifebuoy bath, you'll be an enthusiast for life. There's a *kick* to Lifebuoy—a clean, fresh, antiseptic smell to it that wins you instantly—a bubbling, abundant lather that you'll revel in.

Bathe every day with Lifebuoy. You'll feel cleaner than you ever imagined you could feel—clean in a *new* way. Your skin will tingle with life, vigor—glow with lusty health. You'll have a sense of being fit, on your toes—every day—ready for whatever the day holds.

Daily dividends in health and vitality

Lifebuoy has amazing power to flood away not only surface dirt but the impurities from *within.*

It keeps your pores open—breathing, antiseptically free from the perspiration and poisonous body wastes that smother your skin and lower your vitality. It's a natural, common-sense deodorant, leaving you with an astonishing feeling of freshness and immaculacy that lasts all day long.

Read these letters—just a few of the thousands we receive from men who have discovered the Lifebuoy bath and are eager to tell the world.

Then get a cake of this great soap and try a bath a day with it for a week. What a difference! How gloriously alive and well-groomed you feel. Here's a habit that pays daily dividends in health and vitality.

The Health Doctor

feel like boys

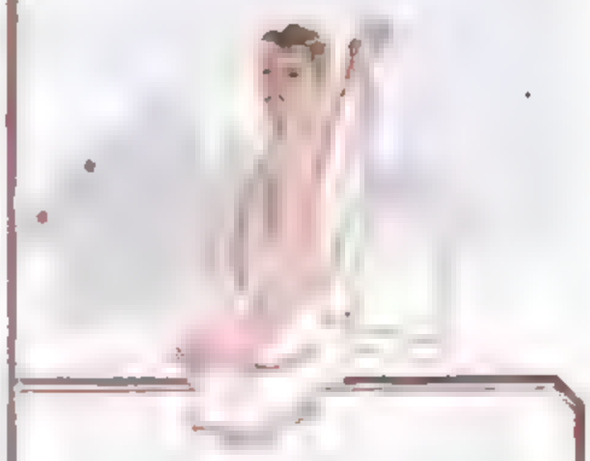
Cleanness that you can
SEE—SMELL—FEEL

To me, bathing without Lifebuoy is like smoking in the dark. I know I am smoking but I can't see the smoke.

With ordinary soap I know I am washing—but I can't smell that clean smell. I am not sure but that I am only taking off the surface dirt. How about the hidden dirt? The health-destroying dirt?

With Lifebuoy I *know* that my body is clean after a bath because my sense of *seeing*—my sense of *smell* and my sense of *feeling*—each tells me in its own refreshingly convincing way that I am absolutely, superlatively clean.

—MALCOLM E. WOOLEY, 20 East Erie St., Chicago, Illinois.

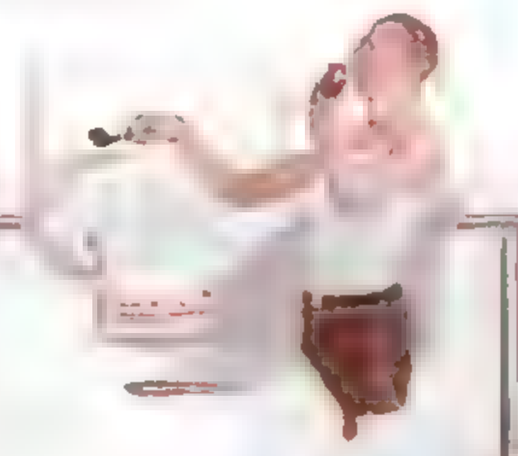


I feel fit for
ANYTHING ANYBODY

Really Clean—From top to toe. Hands, face, body, hair. Just joyously, gloriously *clean.*

No more stuffy, sticky, smothery, clogged-up feeling, but the thrill of *fitness* that comes from *cleanliness.* Fit for anything, anybody. That'll be *you* after a Lifebuoy bath.

—WILLIAM R. WILSON, JR., 3035 Gaul Street, Philadelphia.



Private to
TRAVELING SALESMEN

SAY BROTHER:—You've been there—one of those days when everything's all wrong. Most purchasing agents out and those you found, harder boiled than usual. Pounding pavements all day—sample case heavier each step.

Finally back to the hotel—too tired to eat. Reports to get off—another tough day tomorrow. The job is too tough—salesmen are only dressed-up bums anyway—Bo—look out—The job is all right—It's you—Your pep is gone—Your enthusiasm is slipping—Beat it for a soap store—Get a cake of Lifebuoy and streak it for the shower.

Use that Lifebuoy till it cries for mercy—a rinsing—a good rub-down—Oh boy! Your whole being is stimulated—You glow with life and health—fit for fight or fun—And Lifebuoy has made a thousand new friends! How? Oh, you'll see to that!

—W. J. LARKIN, 1446 Marine Trust Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

"A soap that a real boy will use—and like MUST be good."

W. D. ADAMS, 12 Brighton Avenue
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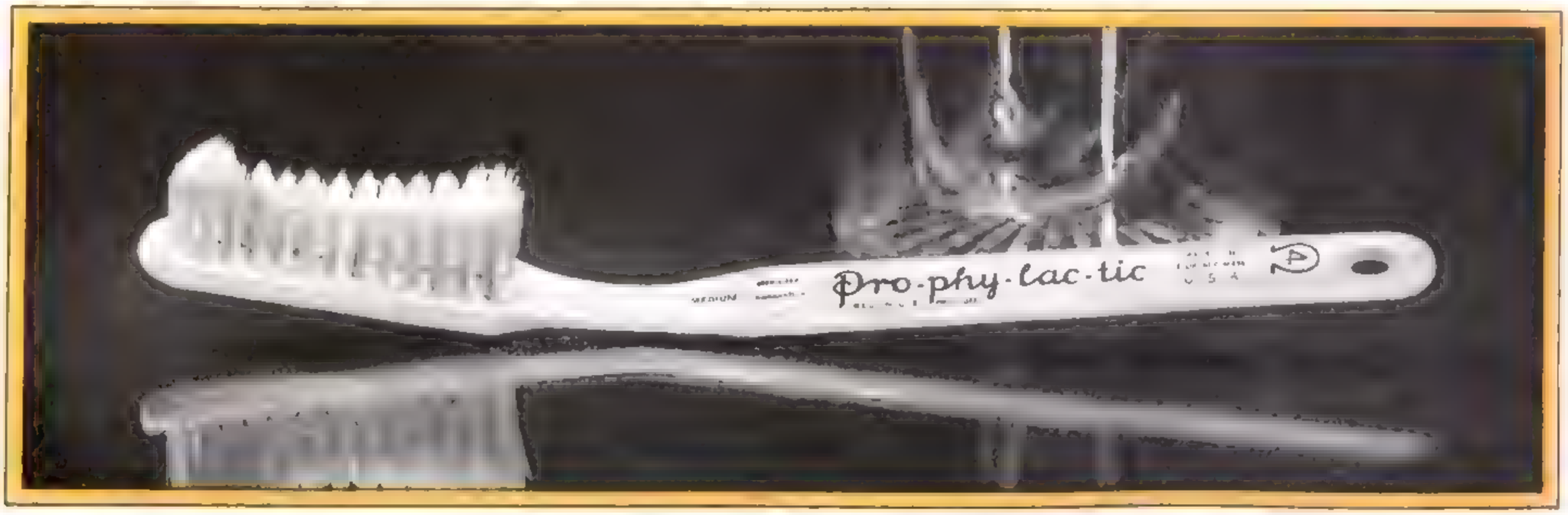

Is your brush hitting on all 32?

NO tooth can sidestep this scientific brush. The way it is built is a guarantee that it will *reach every tooth*. If you have a brush that does that, you cannot neglect any part of any tooth.

A glimpse at the pictures on this page shows you why the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches *every* accessible surface of every tooth. First there is the curved bristle surface. It curves the way your jaw curves. Next there is the big, cone-shaped end tuft. Just ask a Pro-phy-lac-tic user what a valuable feature this is.

It makes those remote rear molars as accessible as your front teeth. And then you have a curved handle, curved so that it goes toward your teeth—the direction in which you are exerting the pressure when brushing. This helps you to clean *all* your teeth every time you brush them and makes the Pro-phy lac-tic one of the most comfortable brushes to use.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets *in between teeth*. The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice and dislodge particles which otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

The big end tuft reaches and cleans the backs of teeth, even the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. In fact, there isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't reach.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the yellow box.

• • •

Below—This picture shows how the Pro-phy lac-tic gets behind the rear molars and fits the inside contour of the teeth. It hugs the curves of each tooth and penetrates deeply into the crevices between.

This one brushes ALL your teeth

Note the picture above. Note the brush. Skilled men studied the contour of the jaw. They made a brush to conform. Your jaw curves. So do the bristles of this brush. So does the handle. Every tooth along the length of the brush is washed and cleaned. The curved handle of the Pro-phy-lac-tic makes it easy and comfortable for you to brush those hard-to-get-at back teeth.

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• •

YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH TWICE A DAY, but—if you use the *same* brush each time, the bristles never get a chance to become thoroughly dry. Our advice is to buy two Pro-phy-lac-tics at a time and use them alternately. Dry bristles not only last longer but give your teeth a more thorough brushing. This means money saved and cleaner teeth.

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FREE—Booklet containing valuable information on care of the teeth

USE THE COUPON BELOW

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY
Dept. 1B1, Florence, Mass.

Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

Name .....

Address. .....

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TRAIL'S END

(Continued from Page 21)

He felt surprise that she should speak at all; a double surprise that she should speak as she did. Her tones in the restaurant had been low-pitched and restrained; suddenly they became high and loud. Instead of the careful language he had expected, he heard the language of the alley.

"Gee, but the old farm has fell into a left turn!" she said. "Apple sauce—what? Me for the old street lamps."

"Boylston?" he asked.

She glanced sharply at him. "Say, friend, did you ever see me before? Did you say Boylston Street? Do I look like Mrs. March? Broadway was my order."

"My mistake; but why the choler?"

"Should you feel so very happy if you had fell down a well like this the first time you tried to crow?"

"Was that what you were trying to do?"

She ignored his touch of impudence. "All right. I bite. See America first. And what does it get you? As I said to my maid, a poke in the ribs. This old bus is one roughneck. Just a frost—that's what you get."

She went on to express her opinion about the country, its institutions and its people. The little Tahoe train had carried no parlor car. The passengers wore frowzy clothes. The nickel-plated engine burned wood. Then came the boat, and it gave her the megrims.

Then came Lake Tahoe, and it was just a pond, like the Croton Reservoir. The Sierra Nevadas did not compare with the Catskills, if he meant beauty.

"These bushers out here talks like they invented scenery. My word!"

As two of the bushers who had been talking so, Mrs. John Henderson and Miss Susie McLane, guests at Muir's Inn, sat immediately behind her, and the rest of the stage passengers could hear her plainly, Donovan feared she might find herself much quoted at Muir's.

"The voice of the queen of the angels," Mrs. Henderson remarked, as Donovan described it later, in a stage whisper.

"Angels? Oh, possibly!"

"Patronizing Tahoe and the high Sierras!"

Meanwhile Donovan had gone watchfully thoughtful. Gloria's speech somehow did not ring with the idiom of Broadway. Even her bad grammar sounded artificial, like that of one trying to imitate an effect from outside the family.

"Overdone," he thought. "She says 'has fell,' but she understood me when I inquired about her choler, and she replied by asking, 'Should you feel so very happy?' No one using that expression could have used the other. Then there was that allusion to Mrs. March. I can see Broadway, New York, alluding to a thirty-six-year-old book by Howells."

He decided to test her.

"Mrs. March didn't remain in Boston, you remember."

The glance that he drew was so swift and so disturbed he almost chuckled audibly.

"Which ain't no slam on me, I hope."

"Why the anacoluthon, Miss Fielding?"

She flushed to the ears. "I don't believe—I understand."

"For my part, I don't believe you meant Broadway."

"No?"

"Would you understand me better if I told you that I too had never slept in stir?"

"Now I'm sure you have the advantage of me," she said, abandoning her bad grammar.

He laughed openly. "So am I sure of it. You understood 'anacoluthon,' but 'stir' has you guessing. Broadway? How far up is No. 1400? And why all the diamonds?"

She replied to that impudence by turning away from him. The silence that followed added its emphasis to what had been said. It was broken in the end by a question addressed to the driver. Jimmy Truxton, the red-faced young blond who drove stage for Muir, had leisurely strolled up to crank the engine as Donovan asked his soft question about Broadway. Gloria seemed to take him for a servant, unaware that Muir employed no servants, in the Boston sense, about his summer camp, but instead hired college students on vacation to act as drivers, porters, waiters, electricians and clerks.

After a little Truxton climbed in behind the wheel, but he did not at once throw in his clutch.

"Are you the driver?" she asked a trifle sharply.

"The leader, ma'am. This stage doesn't like to be driven."

"Do we have to wait here much longer?"

"Nobody has to wait, ma'am."

"I asked you a question," she snapped, as if resenting his reply.

His answer to that, delivered gravely, almost left her wholly without speech.

"An improper question that would not be permitted in a court of law. If you will break up your question into its parts, I shall be glad to answer each separately."

He spoke in a low voice that was not heard behind them, and his words were so lighted by the whimsical humor in his dancing eyes that she felt they had not been meant as a rebuke. Rather they seemed meant to correct a wrong impression. He seemed to speak not only for himself, but for every person at Muir's.

"Oh, Mr. Truxton!" cried somebody in the rear.

"Yes, Miss Kane?"

"Mr. Truxton, tell me, please ——"

"Yes, Mrs. Henderson?"

"Mr. Truxton, are you taking the upper road or the lower?"

"Upper road, Miss McLane."

He returned to the girl beside him. Donovan could not be sure, but thought she was trying to hide her diamonds.

"Just the leader. This is just a stage, ma'am, don't you see? If you were a stage, you'd feel the same."

She did not reply; but her fingers continued to work surreptitiously upon her jewelry. Truxton went on, but so long after his previous speech that its substance had grown dim.

"But you're not a stage," he said.

She drew a deep breath. "No." Then, laughing for the first time since Donovan had seen her, she boldly began stripping off her brooch, her bracelets, her eardrops, her rings. The necklace she couldn't unfasten; it she as boldly tucked out of sight beneath her jacket. When she had disposed of her splendor she drew another deep breath.

"I'm a grand piano, really," she said then.

Whereupon Truxton gave a delighted chuckle and without more ado threw—or led—the stage into motion.

But she had taken in her diamonds too late. By this time she had become like salt in ice cream or sand in butter, and every woman in the stage hated her.

She did not again make a display of her jewelry, nor of her high-pitched bad grammar, nor of her crossness to those who served her. When she reached the inn she found that her cottage stood like a hat on a shelf halfway up the mountain, reached by a flight of stairs as long as Jacob's ladder. The cottage contained no bath, no hot-water tap, no fireplace. Yet not one word of further complaint did she utter.

But she had already pulled out the bricks from her wall and her house was as good as fallen. Her words, if not her diamonds, by night were in the possession of every guest in the place. The result was that she made no friends. Even at her own table she was not able to win the friendship of anyone, except possibly that of little Peggy, daughter of Mrs. Rudolph King, who liked her stories.

One exception must be made. Whether because opposite called to opposite, or why, Gloria Fielding and young Truxton, guest and student employe, became increasingly well acquainted. As the weeks passed, this acquaintance ripened into open friendship. There was nothing neutral about Jimmy Truxton's position with respect to her.

But then, Jimmy Truxton did not know about Evarts, nor about the silver-mounted photograph the fat detective carried with him. As far as that goes, he did not so much as know that the stones he had seen were true diamonds and valuable. Life is that highly specialized.

III

DONOVAN had eaten a daylight breakfast because of a whim to try for a big cutthroat trout reported at the east end of Inner Lake, and in consequence he had not seen Gloria that morning. When he returned to his room he found Evarts awaiting him. The detective may have received a letter; since yesterday he had smoked five cigars.

"She came to breakfast wearing a new ring," the smoker began lazily. "I wish you had seen it."

"Yes? What's it like?"

"This is a close description." He took a typewritten sheet from his bill book. "A Brazilian blue-white diamond of two-point-seven carats, set in a spreading Elston mounting in platinum. Ring bears Bellamy's trade-mark, and the lettering 'C. D. to E. F.' Lettering possibly erased."

"Erased? Have you looked?"

"How could I look?"

"Want me to check up the stone with my gauge? Sorry—but no."

"If you could give me an idea ——"

"You might begin by giving me one. No, don't bother. You're wrong, and I'd rather not make any guesses for you. Still, I don't mind advising you how to find out."

"How?"

"Ask openly to see her ring."

"What I'd like to see is the inside of her jewel box," said Evarts.

"Ask her—ask her."

At luncheon Donovan saw the new diamond. Although not lighted by the sun, it made an impressive appearance, opening its fiery iridescence to the gaze like essence of rainbow looked at through tears. Two-point-seven? He was forced to admit that he would have guessed two carats and three-quarters as its weight. Undoubtedly its mount was of platinum, of the spreading Elston type, and undoubtedly its workmanship was of Bellamy grade. He wondered why she wore it.

He saw it again at dinner, and again he wondered.

Gloria had arrived late. As he was about to rise he saw her stop Jimmy Truxton, who happened to be passing.

"Don't wait for me tomorrow noon, Jimmy," she said. "I think I'll climb to the Angora Lakes."

"You'll need a guide," Truxton replied firmly.

"No, no."

"I have tomorrow off."

"A guide, for the Angora Trail?"

"Certainly."

She seemed embarrassed. "But, Jimmy, I want to save you for Thursday. Can't you switch? I thought we might visit the juniper grove and Mt. Ralston."

"Probably I could make the change by trading off with somebody."

"You do that," she said.

Because of another fisherman's breakfast, Donovan missed seeing her next morning. Again he failed to capture his trout; but instead of returning to his room he tied up in the shade of some willows and lay back reading. After a while he put down the book and began thinking of the diamond. He was thinking of it so, idly wondering about the reason for its display, when he caught, as it were, the flash of it

"They're the kind of heels I'd expect from the makers of All-Treads."

IN the good looks and flat walking surface of Seiberling Heels is reflected the knowledge and experience gained in the design and manufacture of over two hundred million rubber heels.

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For gentlemen too, of course.

from the mountainside above the camp, three miles across the water.

"Odd," he thought, "that I should still be seeing that silly diamond."

Odder still, the flash seemed to come from the head of the stairs, plainly visible in the morning sunlight, that led to Gloria Fielding's cottage.

"A reflection from a windowpane," he decided.

But later he wondered why one pane of glass should catch the light and no others anywhere, and why that light, blindingly bright, should so suddenly have flared out and then with equal suddenness have ceased. Later still, he wondered other thoughts.

A noise as of an animal pressing through the brush to his left caught his ear; then he saw the head and shoulders of a man above the leaves, saw this man step out into the sunlight at the water's edge, scarcely a dozen paces distant, and look about him. Had the low sun shone less blindingly, or had the willows drenched him and his boat in shadows less inky, Donovan himself must have been discovered. The overhanging branches helped to hide his presence.

The whim took him to lie motionless and see how long he could remain unobserved. Not very long had he floated in the shadow of a Jackson Park black willow—shadows are never very deep at the altitude of Chicago. In the high Sierras the case is otherwise, the thin air at high altitudes diffusing the light so slightly, as photographers soon learn, that every shadow becomes a pool of blackness all but impenetrable.

"That's odd too," he thought.

Although the morning did not show a cloud, the newcomer carried a flashlight. He stood full in the sun—Donovan was able to see him clearly, even to the vivid scar running from his right cheek into his upper lip—yet because of the blackness of the shadows under the overhanging tree he did not espy the boat.

"Very odd."

Another odd thing about him was his elusive resemblance to a man he knew. This man stood lithe and slender-waisted, with not a pound of fat on him; the scar marked him definitely; his head showed no gray hairs; yet he resembled the fat detective so closely he might have been his brother.

"Possibly he is," he thought.

Donovan now saw him do an odd thing. Directing his flashlight at the mountain across the water, the man on the bank moved it slowly to and fro, as if he were signaling to someone.

"A light like that could be seen in this clear air; at least it could be with a glass."

A moment later he saw that it had been seen, for he caught the other signal in response. He saw more than this. The other signal, now blinking intermittently in predetermined dots and dashes, blindingly bright, as if flashed from a mirror, came from the head of Gloria Fielding's stairs. Someone in her cottage was talking to this stranger who looked like Evarts.

When he saw that, he decided to return to camp by land instead of by water, and at once. He reached camp two hours later. Gloria, he learned, had set out immediately after breakfast, as she had planned to do; as far as was known, she was wearing her latest ring. Evarts also was away.

"She took her jewel box from the safe this morning," Muir confided.

Donovan whistled. "Took it with her?"

"How do I know?"

"When Miss Fielding returns I wish to see her. She's flirting with robbery and murder. I've decided she needs a guardian."

"Nothing can harm her out here, but when she leaves——"

"She needs a guardian," repeated Donovan.

That evening the girl was late to dinner and Donovan rose without seeing her. The clock struck seven, and then eight. He had been listening to one of Billy Muir's campfire stories, in the stone circle before the coals. The detective, he saw, was present.

Five minutes later the story came abruptly to an end. Young Jimmy Truxton had just reported that Gloria Fielding had not yet come down Angora Trail.

"Perhaps she did not go up Angora Trail," Evarts suggested.

"I'm interested," said Donovan.

"I hear Orrie Dean is in the neighborhood. She may be engaged in a job fest with him."

"Orrie Dean, of Sing Sing?"

"He's out," said Evarts; "been out for months."

"How did you hear?"

"Through a letter from my people. You'll know him by a red scar through his right cheek. He's a lean man, just under six feet in height, and shoots a gat something awful. Croaked a guy his last job, or so they say. He's partly my reason for coming West myself."

"The thing to do is to find the girl," said Muir. "She went up Angora and hasn't come down. Orrie Dean—if that's his name—you're crazy! I'll admit she might have been robbed if a holdup had happened along. What would a holdup be doing out here in the high Sierras? Jimmy, you dig up a lantern and hike on ahead. I'll send a party after you."

"She may be at the cottage," someone suggested.

"Ask there," commanded Evarts, as if he considered himself in charge. "And, say, ask her maid whether she took her jewel box with her."

"Ask, yourself!" Muir snapped. Then to Truxton: "You hike along pronto. Or—hold on! Here's her maid. Just a minute!"

Evarts lighted a fresh cigar and resumed his seat before the fire. Gloria's maid ran up. Muir turned to the woman, who seemed agitated.

"Oh, Mr. Muir, Miss Fielding—is not back from the mountain! What shall I do?"

"Did she leave her jewel box?" Evarts asked lazily.

"How does he know she has it out?" Donovan wondered; but he refrained from glancing at Muir.

"She took it with her," said the maid.

"Hike along, Jimmy. We'll follow."

Truxton started on a dogtrot for his lantern. Muir began giving orders about men, ropes, lights, blankets and hot coffee. The maid dragged herself off toward the stairway, wringing her hands.

Donovan attached himself to Muir's party, as did Evarts also, now smiling grimly. Later they saw Truxton's signals from the lower trail; he had not yet found trace of Gloria. Later still these signals were repeated from the pines higher up. Muir interpreted them.

"He finds her footprints going up, but not coming down. He finds the footprints of a man likewise; they too show only the one direction, and are the later."

"They came down by another path," said Evarts.

This time it was Donovan who smiled grimly.

Muir set a brisk pace for his men; by the time he was ready to stop for a further signal from Truxton the party had reached the barrier of the mountain proper.

Donovan looked about him. The tiny lake before which he stood lay black against a cliff of bare granite, faintly visible under the stars. Overhead rose the principal mass of the peak, ascending, precipice by precipice, in an unscalable crescent-shaped wall. This wall clasped the lake below much as an upturned coat collar might do, falling away at the tips into two broken slopes that farther down became elongated into buttresslike ridges.

He did not at first see Truxton's light on the mountain above, but he heard his voice now and then, very faint but distinct, and now and then, high-pitched, far off, like the distant call of an owl, the answering cry of a woman. There was no other sound.

"She's out on that rock somewhere," said Muir, indicating the cliff overhead.

"Trapped?"

"Yes. Probably she tried to follow a ledge past a hard place and couldn't get back. We'll locate her from above. Ticklish business at night."

"Listen!"

Again came Truxton's call, but plainer, followed by the answering cry.

Nothing further was heard. Donovan climbed with the party to the edge of the forest, where all except three chosen guides stopped to make a fire and start coffee. After that he could only follow the lights among the rocks above. He saw the three climb upward. After a while they became four. Later he saw one light move out from the others, hang poised for a minute or two, then slowly descend the sheer face of the mountain as on a rope. It descended, came to rest, began rising, joined the three, again descended, again rose. After that it remained with the others.

It was past midnight before they had Gloria down from the mountain and warm enough to travel. Donovan noticed that she was wearing no diamonds, and that she carried no jewel box or package of any kind.

"She had nothing with her on the ledge," Truxton said, but would not admit hearing a noise in the brush.

Later, when Donovan asked her about her diamonds, she refused to talk; nor would she say one way or the other whether she had seen a man with a scar through his cheek.

"Please let me manage my own affairs," she requested acidly.

"If she lost her diamonds, why doesn't she yell?" asked Muir. "If not, where are they? She took them with her. Was that ledge play just a blind?"

Later still—that is to say, at breakfast—Donovan learned from Muir that Evarts had departed during the night, leaving directions for the care of his baggage. He learned also a new fact about Gloria Fielding. That young woman took her seat at table as calmly as if she had not spent half the night shivering on a twelve-inch ledge above the bottomless pit; and she did not so much as slight the cereal.

"Very well," he thought. "Get your pretty throat cut if you like, Miss Fielding. I wash my hands of you utterly."

IV

ADVENTURE does not always endear the adventurer, any more than life always endears him who lives it. Manners and morals are involved. Gloria Fielding's adventure did not endear her at Muir's Inn, nor so much as soften an antagonism. Even Mrs. King, mother of Peggy, made no advances. She permitted the child to listen to Gloria's stories, let her visit with the girl for half a day at a time; but she herself remained timidly aloof. She could not forget the talk about the diamonds.

The weeks passed so. Neither ring nor wrist watch reappeared in Gloria's attire, nor was her jewel box again deposited in the office safe.

She herself moved about serenely, sometimes making excursions with Jimmy Truxton, sometimes staying at home with little Peggy King. Beyond these she sought no new adventures.

Then one bright crisp morning, the last but one of her stay, adventures began buzzing about her ears like bees. The first of these really was intended to involve Jimmy Truxton instead of her; it should have been a vicarious adventure. After the incident of the signals, Donovan had asked Muir for a room overlooking the water. Here each morning he scanned the eastern shore with a glass. Today he caught his man. Not only did he see the flare of light but with his twelve-power recognized the stranger of the willows.

Later he described this man to Jimmy Truxton—described him with considerable completeness.

"You can't mistake him. The scar from his cheek into his upper lip marks him definitely. But don't forget that Scar-Lip is a gunman by profession. He'll shoot to kill. My .38-40 rifle is what you need."

"I think so too. I won't bother with the automatic. Thank you just the same."

"Have you told Miss Fielding?"

"Not a word."

"It's none of her affair," said Donovan. "Don't."

The next of these adventures involved Evarts, but not at the moment; it was a delayed adventure. When the girl appeared in the dining room for dinner that evening, she saw that the fat detective had returned. Evarts seemed to have lost weight. As far as she knew, the sight of him ended that adventure.

Another adventure involved Donovan; it was merely unforeseen.

Still another adventure acted as a prelude to all these. It involved almost every person in camp.

Muir had announced a picnic up the Meadows Trail for such as cared to make the climb, the long line of picnickers including little Peggy King's burro, the child herself and the child's mother. It included Donovan. It included Gloria Fielding. Evarts, of course, had not yet arrived, delaying his reappearance, as has been said, for dinner.

The Meadows Trail is safe enough, but like most trails in the higher mountains it has its moments. It climbs diagonally across a stabilized slide of frost-loosened rhyolite, comprising the south face of Cathedral Head; but in order to pass round a clifflike vertical drop below the slide, which otherwise would have blocked it hopelessly, it zigzags upward for a thousand feet or so and then strikes diagonally across above the precipice. Thus for a way it lies along the edge of this precipice; but because it gives itself a hundred feet of margin, the traveler climbing it does not always notice the fact.

Had Gloria been accepted by Peggy King's mother, doubtless she would have made the climb in her company, toward the middle of the line. Had Truxton been present, doubtless she would have made it in his, toward the head. Instead she made it in her own, toward the end.

Mrs. King, talking vivaciously to Mrs. Henderson, turned with the trail when it stopped climbing and bent westward above the precipice. Donovan spoke to Muir at that time about the child. Probably she was merely tired of riding upon an animal whose front legs measured so much longer than its hind. The ascent had been steep.

"That silly woman is lifting Peggy to the ground," he said.

"She's holding her hand. She sees."

Peggy's mother did keep possession of her hand for a while; then the trail narrowed and she let her walk by herself, not suspecting the danger.

The precipice may have seemed more remote because the slope of weathered rock between it and the trail did not lie quite unbroken.

Ten or a dozen feet from the edge stood the gnarled stump of a juniper. The stump had been loosened by the snows of winter and by the bombardment of falling rock, but it still managed to cling by a toe hold to the mountain. A dislodged rock might have carried it away at any moment.

Immediately above the stump, but much nearer the trail, the slide of rock was divided by a solid little island, the remains of a shoulder of ledge. Its presence broke the force of the slide; otherwise the juniper would not have lasted so far into the twilight. The snows of winter, the chemistry of summer, falling talus, wind, rain, frost, sunshine—all had gnawed at its bones until it scarce broke the surface.

Yet it did break the surface; and the weathered substance of it, mellowed down into shallow soil, sheltered a cluster of Mariposa lilies, just now in glorious bloom. It was this cluster of blossoms that caught the eye of little Peggy King. She did not know that the flowers had remained unplucked precisely because of the precipice. She saw them and wished to have them; and because she was young and spoiled and accustomed to snatch at that which

(Continued on Page 67)

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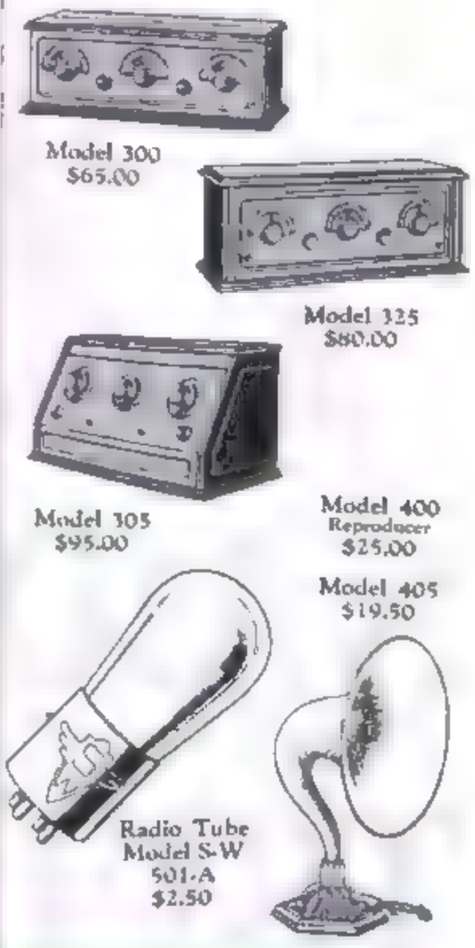

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(Continued from Page 62)

took her fancy, she instantly began clambering down the slope to pick them.

That which followed happened between two breaths. Peggy's little feet landed on a slab of rhyolite, which instantly gave way under the slight pressure. Sometimes a feather of snow, dislodged from a twig by wind or rain, will break off a larger feather, and it a larger still, until by the time the snow reaches the ground the entire tree will be shaken.

Something like that happened here. The child stepped from the path, her weight dislodged the splinter of rhyolite, it dislodged other splinters in a widening circle, until her entire footing gave way and she began descending the slope on the crest of a growing landslide.

"Muvver!" she cried.

The mother screamed. But the little body had already been carried out of reach. The next moment it brought up against the flowering island that had lured her. Those nearest saw it held there. Muir snatched at a staff, but instantly saw the danger to the child of any disturbance from above. Donovan looked at the burro for a rope, but there was no rope.

The next moment the child tried to regain her feet, only to lose what little support she had.

I think that no one saw Peggy very clearly during the seconds that followed. It is not within human power to watch such a scene closely. She continued sliding downward. Probably the island behind her held back the movement. Those in the trail saw her carried downward; then they saw her body once more at rest. During the intermediate distance they did not see her.

This time it was the loosened juniper stump that stopped her. The stump was not firmly anchored; but although her body rested against it insecurely, for the moment she had ceased to struggle, and it sufficed. Below her the rocks that had borne her down the slope were flowing over the edge of the precipice much as loosened snow on a steep roof might flow over the eaves.

It was as the party in the trail stood thus, helplessly looking down upon the bending juniper, or away from it, that a flash of gray shot into view from the left. No one had seen it, then suddenly everyone saw it. The child's cry, the mother's scream, her attempt to dash to the rescue, the restraint of tender hands, the wild search for a rope, the lodging of the child against the juniper, the flash of gray—the time of the whole had hardly outlasted a handful of heartbeats.

"The girl's crazy!" cried Muir, but no one heard him.

"Gloria Fielding!" Donovan exclaimed.

"Go back!" someone shouted ahead.

"No, no; not that!" whispered a girl—Susie McLane—at his elbow. "No, no, no!"

"She never can make it!" cried Mrs. Henderson, just beyond.

Meanwhile the figure in gray had shot forward with a sure-footed speed that seemed to increase. Already she had passed out upon the surface of the slide. She seemed to rest without weight upon what she touched, like a wraith or a shadow; and her movement seemed to be independent of obstructions, like that of a beam of light directed from a mirror. Wild things sometimes move so—a deer in full flight, a hawk skimming the ground after a vertical drop from a great height, a lizard flashing across a rock. Athletes now and then show such bursts of light-footed speed—the tennis player retrieving a placed shot, the football man under the stimulus of an open field.

"No, no, no!" repeated the girl at Donovan's elbow, almost as if saying a prayer.

"Nerve!" cried Donovan.

But the cry became a groan, drawn from him and from everyone looking down, when Gloria's gray figure seemed to lose its poised sureness, faltered in mid-flight, broke step, stumbled, tried to recover its balance, then went forward on its face. Some of them turned away again. Donovan did. To watch a human being perish is very hard.

"Coming!" someone called from up the trail.

The student leader, walking beside a burro laden with supplies, had freed a coil of rope. His distance was so great and the need of the girl so immediate, the effect was almost humorous.

When Donovan next looked at Gloria a fraction of a second later she had regained her feet. During the moment of stumbling she had been carried toward the precipice. She did not try to increase her distance from it now, but with her eyes on her footing made straight for the juniper stump and the child.

Even as he saw this, he saw the flutter of the thin sleeve as Peggy began a further struggle. Gloria somehow also caught the movement.

"Don't move, honey-bun!" she called.

At the words she seemed to leap forward rather than run; for instead of remaining passive, little Peggy began trying to turn toward the voice. But by now she had gained her end. In another heartbeat she had reached the child and snatched it into her arms.

Even as she did so, her added weight, or the rocks she had dislodged, or the thrust from her foot, broke out the remaining fibers of crushed root, and the juniper stump, together with the slope in front of it and flanking it and behind it, began moving downward. Four seconds later the stump had gone over the edge. The crash that followed came from a great distance down the mountain, like an echo, or like the sound of a whistle from a train on the horizon.

Donovan was able to follow the gray figure the rest of the way. The distance was not great, but the footing was of the worst, and below her still lay the precipice. Somehow she made it—after seeing the other feat he knew that she would. She won her way to solid ground, the child in her arms.

The next moment she was calmly climbing the mountain back to the trail.

Gloria climbed unhurriedly, little Peggy in her arms; but before she reached the trail the men in the party had scrambled down to help her. There was not much they could do. She refused to remove Peggy's arms from about her neck. They made their gesture, then let her find the trail by herself.

She gave the child into the arms of her mother. That silly woman snatched the child away almost harshly, then began smothering her with kisses, as neglectful mothers sometimes will do. Gloria she did not so much as thank. The girl understood, however. She knew without the telling, instinctively, that Peggy's mother would never again think of her without going dumb for gratitude. Perhaps she even felt grateful that more was not said just then.

The other women in the party likewise found that their emotions had left them without words. Mrs. John Henderson pressed her hand. Susie McLane reverently touched her gown. The rest need not be recorded; it was her last day at the inn and what was said and done did not much matter.

Later, at the Meadows, Donovan managed to draw her aside for a word.

"When we get back, Miss Fielding," he began almost diffidently, "I'd like to have a talk with you."

"With me—alone?"

"Not quite alone."

"My maid is not now in my confidence," she said; "and besides, it will do you no good. The diamonds are out of your reach."

"Jimmy Truxton will be present."

"Is he aware of that fact?"

"I think so. I lent him my .38-40."

She stepped back; her hand sought her heart; then during a long moment she looked him in the eye.

"Who are you?" she asked at last.

"After supper, in Mr. Muir's study," he told her softly, ignoring the question. "Please come without your maid."

V

DONOVAN looked from the girl, polite but watchful, to the fat detective, who had slumped into a morris chair, chewing upon a cigar. Evarts had not endeared himself since his return. Muir came in from outside a moment later. Jimmy Truxton had not yet appeared.

"Why did you ask for this conference, Mr. Donovan?" repeated Gloria.

"Perhaps to save you trouble," he replied softly. "Why not assume so?"

"Do you really think you can cause me trouble?"

"Circumstances might"—he glanced toward Evarts—"unless you quit playing with fire. I myself am not concerned."

The detective sat up, bit off the mouthed end of his cigar, made a wry face, thrust the cigar back between his teeth.

"What do you mean—quit playing with fire?" he asked.

"In due time. I'm speaking now to Miss Fielding." He turned to Muir. "Billy, shall I tell this girl, or shall I let her go her own gait?"

"Oh, tell her!" said Muir.

"In that case see how much I have to say! And I had washed my hands of her!"

He smiled tolerantly, ignoring her air of resigned hostility. After a moment he went on:

"A girl and her maid played with diamonds, and were seen. One man thought she was dishonest, another that she was crazy, a third that she did not quite realize her folly. So they watched to see what she would do. The maid feared detectives, the mistress feared thieves. Both believed they were followed. The mistress decided to find out by whom. She therefore set a trap, baiting it first with many diamonds, then with a single blue Wesselton, then with East Manhattan slum talk as near as she could imitate it. The one I know best helped her decide."

"What did she decide that he was?" the girl asked scornfully.

"At first a detective in search of stolen diamonds; afterward a gentleman thief in search of honest ones."

"And why should she decide that—afterward?"

"Because she had surprised a thief in her house in Brookline." Her eyes went wide and her lips opened to speak, but she decided to listen further. "This thief had known in advance where she kept her diamonds, which in itself was odd. After he had gone she missed a silver-mounted portrait."

"That was later!" she cried. "Later!" She added: "You could not possibly know! I told the police about the attempt at robbery, but not about the picture. I didn't even tell my maid."

"Why not? Never mind about that. You missed it later, but you missed it. Very odd. Later still your roommate at college visited you, and because of your story about the burglar, when she drove home she hid her valuable pearl necklace by wearing it under her gown. You two were the only persons who knew she had it with her, to say nothing of where it was hid. Yet she had it snatched off within a block of her home by robbers who knew she was wearing it."

"My maid knew," said Gloria sharply.

"Just so. Your maid knew. Very odd. Is that why you brought your diamonds West with you, Miss Fielding?"

She pretended to misunderstand. "Because my friend had been robbed?"

"Rather, to see if you would be followed again, and if so, by whom."

"The pearls were an heirloom—I wished to get track of them." She looked at him thoughtfully. "How did you know all this?"

"I surmised most of it—with the help of a letter from Boston. The pearls, by the by, have been recovered."

"Who are you?" she asked.

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"Ever hear of Orrie Dean? He's a diamond thief." He glanced ever so blankly at Evarts, then continued: "I'm not Orrie Dean."

The detective had sat passively biting his cigar, or sneering past it, like one despising but reluctantly recognizing the pressure of circumstances. He now nervously yawned, stretched his legs, clutched and unclutched his hands.

"What's this about Orrie Dean?" he asked then.

"Orrie Dean's in the neighborhood," said Donovan.

"What's he wanted for now?"

Donovan looked at him with narrowing eyes. Muir, who knew him well, listened for the softened speech that marked him when he became roused.

"Orrie is wanted for the Herreshof robbery. There's five thousand reward. I believe there's a murder charge."

"Why do you speak to me of Orrie Dean?" asked the girl.

"Because he's the man who tried to steal your diamonds. He's the man who stole your friend's pearls. He's the man for whom your maid stole your photograph so he could recognize you."

"How can you possibly know that?" she asked.

He ignored the question. "Evarts even maintains that you're his accomplice."

"I have no patience!"

"If you were a detective, and were to find the photograph of a girl in a crook's pocket, wouldn't you conclude that she was his sweetheart and therefore his accomplice?"

She colored to the eyes. "Absurd!"

"Especially if the crook then followed her across the continent?"

"Say," cried Evarts, "if you're hinting ——"

"Orrie Dean's the man who trailed you up the mountain that day you were lost."

"I wasn't lost," she said.

"No. You were chased. Your suspicions kept you watchful, so that you escaped him."

"I had to climb. He raced me. I had to climb out on that ledge where he couldn't follow. I couldn't see his face."

"Then you had to remain out there until darkness caught you, because you were afraid he was waiting for you to come down."

"I was!" she cried.

"And all this time you didn't know he was Orrie Dean! You supposed he came from Muir's Inn—that he was in fact myself. That's the penalty you paid for herding off alone."

"But, Mr. Donovan!" the girl persisted. "You said that Orrie Dean's in the neighborhood. You didn't say 'was'; you said 'is.' Did you mean at this minute?"

"At this minute – in this neighborhood – in this room."

The fat detective sat motionless in his chair, but all suggestion of languid indolence had left him. His hands no longer clutched and unclutched; his left hand lay on the arm of the chair, his right, hidden in his coat pocket. Donovan indicated him with a nod.

"That man is Orrie Dean."

Whereupon adventures began to happen too rapidly for the thrills. The man in the chair sprang to his feet, even as he did so whipping out a pistol.

"I call your bluff!" he cried. "Stick 'em up, all of youse!" Every hand went up, even the girl's, even Donovan's. "Now listen, you guys! You, Muir, pry loose your pocketbook with your left hand and deal it on the desk. That's good enough. Now, you, Donovan—your pocketbook. Good enough." He turned to Gloria. "Your turn, lady. You got a pocketful of loose diamonds you hid out that day. Turn 'em in at the desk."

"My maid told you!" said the girl.

"Quick!" he commanded sharply.

"Give them to him," Donovan said.

She surrendered her jewels at that—brooch, bracelets, rings, eardrops, the priceless necklace, all went into a heap beside the pocketbooks. Donovan noticed that the ring shown him by the purser remained with the rest.

"Now that ring on your finger!"

When he had his treasure in sight he ordered each to turn round and rest his hands on the wall of the room. Then he began stuffing the loot into his pockets.

"The next boat leaves tomorrow at two," said Donovan.

"I borrowed a car." He grinned cheerfully. "Don't ask about a bandit. Just say 'Orrie Dean.' Now stand that way for ten minutes, youse. The first guy that moves gets his."

Donovan heard him backing carefully to the door, heard his final warning, heard the knob turn and the door softly brush the rug as it opened. For a moment all was still; then the bandit informed them that he was watching them.

He must have tarried so without moving, in order, as Donovan judged, to leave them in doubt as to the exact noiseless moment of his departure. He must then have backed softly through the door, his eyes, after a swift glance, still on his prisoners. The next sound that came from his direction was a sharp command from somebody to drop that gun. The voice was not the one that had just been speaking.

"Drop it, I say! Drop it!"

"Good work, Jimmy!" thought Donovan, but listened without speaking until he heard the weapon clatter upon the flags.

"All right, folks!" cried Truxton. "I have him!"

"What I don't understand," said Gloria, after the smoke had blown away—"what I don't understand is, how this man could be the man who chased me on the mountain. He's too fat."

"Padded clothes," Donovan replied.

She looked mischievously at him. "Nor how he knew I had the diamonds with me tonight."

"You meant him to know. You showed your maid you had them in order that she might tell him."

"Why should I do that?" she asked.

"I think Jimmy Truxton must have told you of his plans to follow the man who signaled."

"The man you saw signaling had a scar through his cheek," said Muir.

"Grease paint."

"As long as you know all that, you might tell Miss Fielding what she did with her diamonds that night on the mountain."

"I suspect she hid them under a flat stone at the foot of the trail."

"What I don't see is, how you knew who this man Evarts was," said Jimmy.

"I sent for Orrie Dean's picture and record. Any other questions?"

"I believe I'd like to have Mr. Muir put my diamonds in his safe," said Gloria.

Donovan received the announcement of their marriage soon after the close of the winter quarter. Simultaneously a copy of Jimmy Truxton's college paper reached him. One of its two marked items stated that James Cameron Truxton, M.A., of Tuolumne County, California, had received the mid-year degree of doctor of philosophy. The other item stated that the regents had appointed Dr. James Cameron Truxton to be instructor in economics.

"I think Mrs. Truxton will like the West," Donovan wrote. "Please tell her that her maid, whom she took with her to Lake Tahoe, will not be able to return to California next summer because of a position in Sing Sing."

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THE POETS' CORNER

Valentine

GREEN of grass upon the ground;
Green of forest all around;
Blue of sky, and from a tree
Blue jays telling tales of me.

Great blue mountains rising high . . .
Ah, but how alone was I!

Voices in that leafy June—
Two by two I heard them croon;
Two by two I heard them go
Up and down and to and fro—

Lovers! All the world had one;
I, of all the world, had none!

Softly through the dappled shade
Came a little breeze that played
Hide-and-seek, and impish cast
Leaves upon me as it passed.

"Listen!" low it whispered; then—
"Listen!" And was gone again.

Dancing down the hidden way,
Like another breeze at play,
Someone came and hid between
All the maple's shining green.

"Who is there?" I cried. "Between
All the maple's shining green?"

Woodland hair and woodland eyes,
Woodland mischief in her eyes,
From the refuge of her tree
She peeped forth and laughed at me.

Still June voices, two by two . . .
"Love," I whispered, "who are you?"

Slow across the dappled shade,
Hesitating, half afraid,
From her haunt of leaf and vine
Timid came my Valentine;

Placed her sun-brown hand in mine;
Named herself my Valentine.

Voices in the leafy June,
Two by two I heard them croon;
Once more came the breeze, and cast
Leaves upon us as it passed.

"Sing!" it whispered. "Join and sing
The sweet madness of the Spring!"

Hand in hand and to and fro,
Up and down the world we go,
Love and I, and two by two
Sing the livelong summer through.

Lone days are no longer mine;
I have found my Valentine.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

Evensong

"FAREWELL, oh, day, oh, lovely day!"
The grasses, drooping gently, say.
Shouts of boys in the cherry trees,
Stained, laughing lips, and bare, scratched knees;
Wind in the branches, high and sweet,
And coolness welling underfeet.

"Farewell, oh, day, oh, lovely day!
Farewell! Farewell!" the grasses say.
Songs of birds in the valley, low
Under the hill where lovers go
Hand in hand in the afternoon,
Hand in hand when the summer moon

Loosens her mantle, fold on fold,
And youth seeks youth, and hearts are bold.
"Farewell, oh, day, oh, lovely day!
Ah, wait! Go not!" the lovers say;
But earth is tremulous with things
That angels sprinkle from their wings.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

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NO THOROUGHFARE

(Continued from Page 34)

Nell asked quickly, "Where have you been, Sam? We thought something had happened to you."

He looked appealingly at Peg.

"I went down to take care of Lady," he said gently. "I buried her down in the pines."

Peg stood a moment motionless, her eyes meeting his; and he saw her eyes mist and then clear again, and she smiled a little.

"Thank you, Sam," she said.

"In a right pretty place," he assured her awkwardly.

"She—made up for the trouble she got us into last night," Nell said softly. "I expect she was glad to do it, too, when she understood."

Peg asked Sam a question.

"Did you go to the mill?"

He shook his head.

"I looked it over from this side the brook. They'd taken up the planks across the dam, and I didn't see anyone around." He added doubtfully, "I think I'll go see Sheriff Budd, tell him about it. It kind of worries me."

Peg said indirectly, "We need some groceries. I thought of asking you to go to town this afternoon."

"Let's all go," Nell suggested, but Peg shook her head.

"I don't want to leave the house empty," she said. She added reluctantly, "As long as we're here, they won't bother us. But they might set fire to the house."

"I'll leave you my gun," Sam offered.

Peg shook her head.

"We couldn't use it," she reminded him. "But they won't bother us. They won't go that far. Mr. Sloughter has too much sense for that."

"Chances are he's got a bad bunch working for him," Sam argued. But in the end he agreed to go, feeling no particular fears on their account. "I'll be back by suppertime, prob'ly," he promised. "Before dark anyway."

He left them with this understanding; and in mid-afternoon piloted his car over the shoulder of Old Bald and so came to the better road which began at the other farm. The tire marks of the truck which had come and gone the night before were plain there, and the marks of Sloughter's wheels sometimes obliterating the others; but Sam paid no particular heed. He drove rapidly, intent on concluding his errand and returning to the farm again. He descended the long grade and crossed the first bridge over the dead water, and climbed again and dropped to the second bridge, and so came to the highway. The No Thoroughfare sign barred his way and he had to alight and set it aside; and the sign somehow made him think of Nell, and of their kiss the night before. It was Peg who had written No Thoroughfare across that road, turned him back from the way he had been traveling. He thought with a warm delight how fine and wise she was; how steady and sure and strong. Felt toward her a reverent affection, deep and tremulous. Any girl could lead a man forward as Nell had done, but not many could restrain him so understandingly as Peg. Millie, for instance, would have been harsh and irritated, provoking him to rebellious anger. He remembered Millie just in time to keep his eyes averted as he drove past the garage, but though his eyes were turned aside he saw that the garage seemed deserted, that Buck was nowhere in sight and that Millie did not appear. So he came to Sunday Cove, and to the store, and went in to make the purchases Peg had directed, and to telephone Sheriff Budd.

The county seat was a dozen miles away, and Sam might have driven directly there to find the sheriff. But he knew the other's habit of moving to and fro through the county, and he did not wish to take the drive and find Budd gone. So when he had given his order he put through a call; and learned that the sheriff had gone to South Harbor for the afternoon, would not be back till suppertime.

The Harbor was only three miles beyond Sunday Cove, and Sam decided to drive over. It would be an easy matter to find the sheriff in the small village there. But when he reached the Harbor it was to learn that the sheriff had taken the street car down to Lonesome, beyond Sunday Cove, so Sam had to retrace his way. Back in the Cove again he stopped to question Ote Feemer. The afternoon was drawing on, and Sam was impatient to do his errand and get back to the farm again. Ote might have seen the sheriff go through.

Ote shook his head at Sam's inquiry, spitting wisely into the dust beside the macadam of the road.

"No, didn't see him," he replied. "But I talked to him on the telephone awhile ago. Millie wanted to see him."

Sam felt himself color a little. "What for?" he asked.

"She didn't tell me," Ote explained grudgingly. "But she come up here awhile ago, walking, to ask if I knew where Dave was; and she said she wanted to see him right away. So I telephoned around, and I got hold of him down at Lonesome. He's coming back to Millie's, soon's he can."

Sam hesitated. "Think he's there by now?" he asked.

"Might be," Ote returned. "He's had time enough. Three street cars have come up since I talked to him."

Sam wondered what to do, whether to wait there on the chance of catching the sheriff after he left Millie's, or to go on and find him there. He was anxious to get back to the farm, but he dreaded facing Millie. The very fact that he did dread the encounter at last persuaded him to dare it. There was no reason, he reminded himself, why he should be afraid of her; so at length he got into his car and drove down the road, and stopped before the house. And as he alighted Millie came to the door and looked at him with expressionless eyes. Sam flushed awkwardly, but he held his ground, approached her. "Hello, Millie!" he said, some bravado in his bearing.

She nodded. "Hello, Sam."

"Dave Budd here?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I wish he was," she said thoughtfully.

"What for?" he asked.

She stood wearily.

"Oh, pa's got hold of some rum," she said, "and I can't handle him. Dave can handle him; and he said to let him know any time."

Sam nodded understandingly. The sheriff liked Millie, he knew; liked to come to the house casually, when his business brought him to the neighborhood. His position here was that of a benevolent and protective friend; Millie gave him as much affection and a good deal more esteem than she gave her father.

"Want I should take care of Buck?" Sam offered sympathetically.

"He's asleep now," she said; and she added angrily, "I want Dave to make him tell where he got it. Dave said he wouldn't stand for anybody selling pa rum; and I don't see where he got the money anyway."

Sam could not resist the thrust.

"Sloughter give him the rum to get him to fire me," he told her brutally. "That's where he got it."

Millie paled faintly. "You could stay if you'd tend to the work, Sam," she urged.

"That's what made him fire me," he insisted stubbornly; added in a condescending tone, "But I don't hold a grudge. I got a better job. I'll take care of him if you want me to."

She said with some spirit, "You don't need to do me any favors, Sam." And added, with abrupt relief, as a trolley stopped across the road, "Anyway, there's Dave now. He's come."

Sam saw the sheriff approaching them, his hand lifted, his kindly face smiling.

"You can go along if you've a mind to," Millie told him.

But Sam shook his head.

"I've got some business with Dave, too," he replied.

XII

SAM'S business with the sheriff had to wait on Millie. When Dave Budd came to where they stood, she said uncertainly, "I'm right sorry to bother you, Dave."

He smiled at her in a reassuring way.

"You can't ever bother me enough to hurt, Millie. I'm always tickled at an excuse to come around here. Specially along toward suppertime."

"It's pa," she explained. "He's drunk as he can be, and I can't do a thing with him. He's asleep now, but he's got some more rum hid out and I can't find it, and I thought you could get it out of him. You're the only one I had, and you always said to send for you anytime."

The sheriff looked inquiringly at Sam.

"Couldn't this young fellow tend to Buck for you?" he suggested.

Millie hesitated. "He don't work here any more," she confessed. "Pa fired him."

Sam moved uncomfortably; and Dave said in a mild tone, "Thought Sam was a pretty good mechanic."

"I've got some business with you, too, Dave," Sam explained. "Time you get through with Buck. As soon as you can. I want to get home for supper."

"You could stay here, Sam," Millie proposed uncertainly.

"I have to get home," Sam repeated.

The sheriff looked from one to the other, and at length he smiled with understanding.

"Well, I aim to eat here, Sam," he said. "Guess if you want any talk with me, you'll have to wait. Might as well eat, too, hadn't you?"

"I've got a pie," Millie added.

"You can set on the porch while we eat if you'd ruther," Dave conceded. "But I never knew a man as—stubborn as that, Sam." He grinned again; and Sam said awkwardly, "Well, I been trying to get hold of you all afternoon."

"You've got a hold, Sam, if you just hang on," Dave reminded him. But when Sam did not reply, he turned to Millie. "Where's Buck?" he asked.

"He's abed," she told him. "Asleep. Been asleep going on two hours. He was rearing around before that, telling about what he'd do."

"Buck ain't been on one of his real rampages for a long time," Dave remarked. "Not since the law went on. Wonder where he got it now, Millie?"

"That's what I want to talk to you about," Sam broke in; and the sheriff looked at the young man with eyes full of a vague trouble.

"Oh, that so," he commented, bowed his head thoughtfully. "Well, I'll take a look at Buck first," he remarked; and he and Millie went into the house together, Sam sitting uneasily on the porch. The sun was low in the sky behind the house; the shadows in front of Sam extended themselves almost invisibly down across the slope toward the ocean. He was in haste to be away, but something stubborn in him made him bound to wait, to have his word with the sheriff. He told himself that he would refuse to eat with them.

Millie presently came out and said quietly, "Supper's on the table, Sam."

"Guess I ain't hungry," Sam retorted.

"It's the first time you was ever that way," she said mildly, and in spite of himself Sam grinned.

"Well, I might as well eat," he agreed; and he followed her into the kitchen. There was such familiar asperity in her tones when she bade him go wash his hands that he felt at home again; had to keep a guard upon himself to maintain his rigid and unyielding countenance.

Buck, it appeared, had refused to wake from his sodden slumber.

"I'm kind of sorry I bothered you," Millie confessed. "But he hadn't gone to sleep then."

"Keep an eye on him when he comes to," Dave advised. "If he's got any more hid around, he'll hunt it up, and if I was you, I'd bust the jug on his head."

"I'll watch him," Millie promised. "But I can't do anything with him when he's drunk."

"He'll wake kind of sober," the sheriff predicted. He added comfortingly, "If he don't, you send for me again." For a moment more he sat thoughtful. "I didn't figure a man could buy liquor around here," he said. "Kind of made it my job to see to't he couldn't. Specially Buck. That's what bothers me."

"Sam thinks Mr. Sloughter give it to him," Millie confessed; and the sheriff, with a curious attention, looked at Sam.

"What makes you think that, Sam?" he asked.

"I want to talk to you about it," Sam replied.

"Go ahead and talk," Budd advised jocularly. "If yore mouth ain't too full."

"I'll wait till we get outside," Sam replied; and the sheriff said no more, but Sam thought there was increased concern in the other's eyes.

After supper he suggested setting the sheriff on his way; and the older man said thoughtfully, "Well, I was aiming to meet Bat in the Cove this evening; get him to ride me home."

"I'll take you up there," Sam proposed; and upon this understanding he and the older man said good-by to Millie. Sam, at this farewell, averted his eyes; he found in Millie's a pain which vaguely hurt him too. But once away, alone with the sheriff, he plunged into what he had to say, forgot her in this matter which engaged his thoughts. He talked rapidly, like an advocate, so that the sheriff watched him at first with a curious interest, then with an awakening trouble and concern.

With a certain instinct for the dramatic, Sam arranged what he had to say. He reminded the other of that original incident of the hundred-dollar bill. "I've got a notion about that now," he explained. "I think Ruble figured I was Bat. Bat's car and mine are a sight alike, mine that I used to have."

"What would they be giving a hundred dollars to Bat for?" the sheriff asked defensively.

"Guess he can tell you," Sam confessed. "I don't know." But he added, "He was in at the Delemay farm today, and Sloughter came in there, and Bat got out right away; like as if he'd been sent away. Like as if he knew Sloughter wanted him to go and he went."

"I've give him orders to keep away from Sloughter," Budd said, something grim in his tone.

"It looked to me he was thinking more of what Sloughter wanted than anything else," Sam insisted. He let this rest for the moment, returned to the matter of Buck and the source of his supply of liquor.

"Buck had been out with Sloughter and he'd had a drink when he fired me," he explained. "I think Sloughter give it to him."

"Sloughter's got a big place," Budd agreed. "Prob'ly got some stuff in his cellar."

Sam laughed. "I bet he has," he assented. And went on then to relate uninterrupted, the tale of Sloughter's visits to the farm, his desire to buy the place and the final and conclusive episode of the night before. When he finished, he was a little surprised to find the sheriff silent, sunk in a brooding attention. They had long since come to the Cove, pulled into the space beside the store and stopped there. Dark was descending; people came for their mail and went away again; and some of them spoke to Sam or

(Continued on Page 75)

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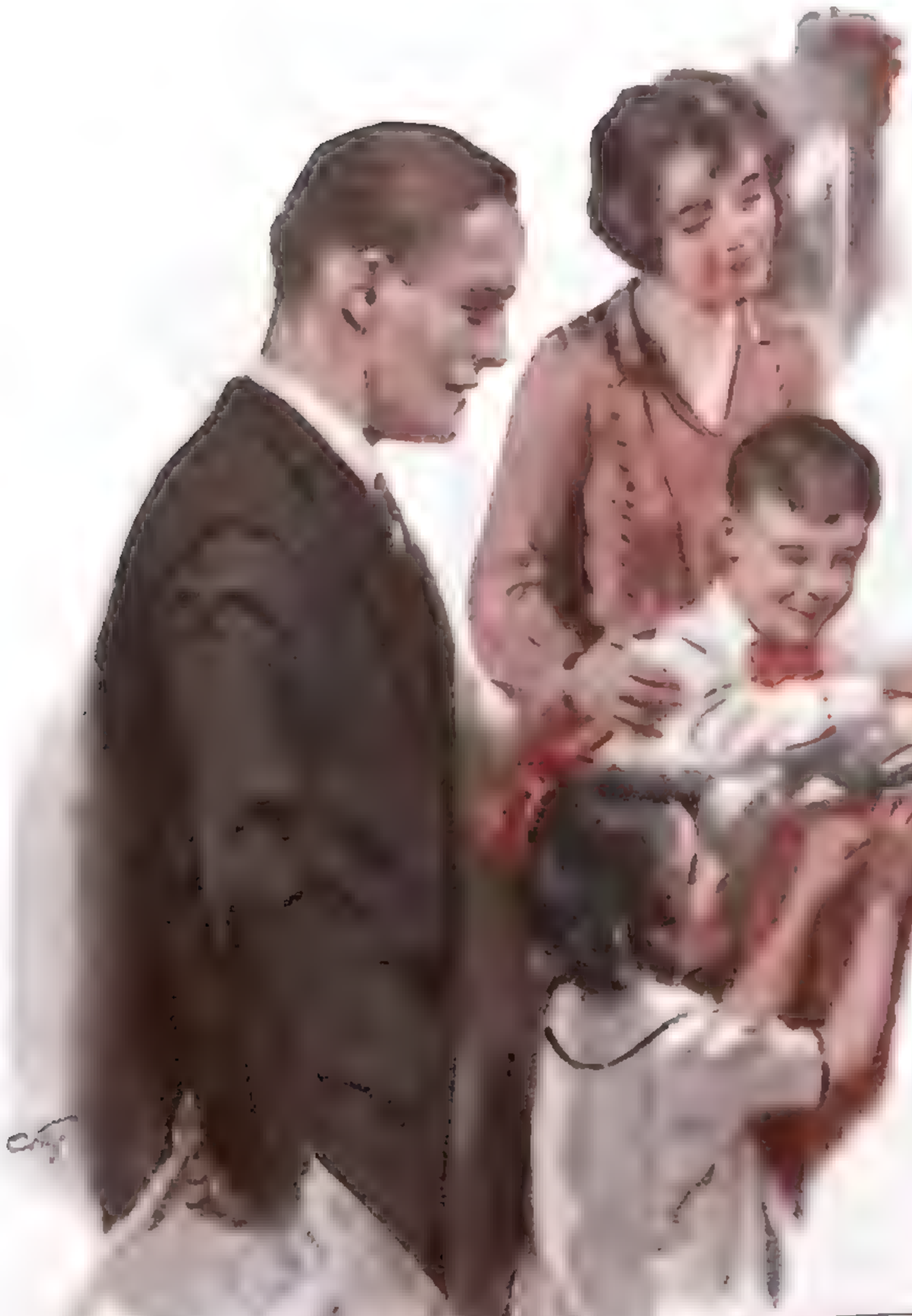

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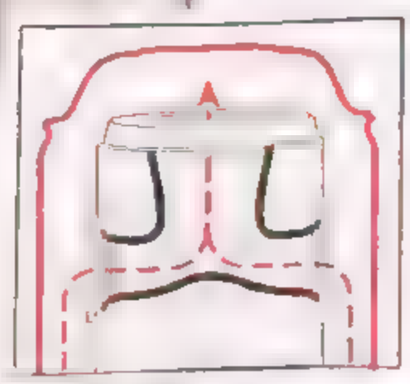

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These women are "staying young"

"The time I formerly spent with the washing I now spend in shopping and sewing. Then, too, I have more time for reading and study—leisure to keep abreast of the real things of life. But I wouldn't be able to do all this if it weren't for the laundry."

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Mrs. C. E. McGeorge, Buffalo, N. Y.

"With the hours the laundry saves me, I am able to go out and do nursing. Besides the joy I get out of this work, I feel I am bringing relief and happiness to others. I am going to visit England next year with the money I have made from nursing."

Mrs. David Thomas, Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 70)

to the sheriff, their greetings scarce heeded at all.

Sam ended what he had to say; and Dave Budd, brooding sorrowfully, made no immediate remark, so that Sam said at last, "I figured you'd want to know."

Budd seemed to rouse himself.

"Killed the dog, did they?" he asked.

"I buried her today," Sam agreed.

"Kind of like dogs myself," the sheriff remarked inconsequentially. "She was a nice-looking dog too."

"I guess they'd have taken a shot at us if they could," Sam exclaimed.

The older man said gravely, "Didn't have any real business down there, did you, Sam? Hard for young folks to tend to their own affairs though. You learn how, time you get to be my age."

"Looks to me this is your affair," Sam reminded him hotly.

"Maybe it is," Budd agreed. "Maybe I've been on a blind road, going nowhere. You can't always tell. I done the best I seen at the time."

"What'll you do now?" Sam asked.

The sheriff hesitated. "Bat ought to be here by this," he remarked, looking around them in the darkness. "I'm kind of worried about Bat. What you say about him. I'd hate to think he was mixed up in this though. Bat was a good boy."

"I always kind of liked him," Sam agreed. "But there's something about him lately."

"Maybe him and me have both been on the wrong roads," the sheriff commented. "Different roads, but both wrong. Not getting anywhere, or getting into a hole."

Sam grinned. "I lost my car that way," he reminded the other. "Getting on the wrong road. It's in a hole it won't get out of right away."

"That road was marked No Thoroughfare," the sheriff reminded him. "Some roads ain't marked so plain, Sam." He was silent for a moment, seemed to feel the need of giving confidence. "You can keep your mouth shut, Sam. I don't mind saying I've knowed what Sloughter and his bunch was doing."

"Known all along?" Sam echoed incredulously.

"I could have done right well out of it, if I'd wanted," the sheriff continued, seeming to forget he had a listener, seeming to think aloud. "Didn't figure I wanted to though," he added. "It was put up to me," he confessed. "I could take it or leave it. I said I'd leave it, didn't want anything to do with it. And then this man Sloughter, he said they figured to go right through and if I got in the way, I'd get trompled."

He hesitated. "Didn't scare me," he said mildly. "I'm past being scared of things. But I couldn't see the good of getting trompled. It's going on all along the line. And it wasn't my job to stop them taking liquor through here. Long as they didn't sell it here in the county. Maybe I ought to have got in the way, fought back at them, got a bullet in me if I had to. But looked to me as long as they didn't sell here I didn't have any call to hinder. As long as I wasn't making anything out of it."

He was heavily silent for a moment.

"I never thought of Bat," he confessed. "It never come to me that he might try to pick up what he could. I guess they was too much for him. I blame myself for anything Bat's done, Sam. Yes, sir, I do."

Sam tried to speak and could not; he found himself full of pitying sympathy and understanding for the sheriff; found himself regretting that he had tonight added to the load the other bore. Dave spoke slowly, still with that air of a man thinking aloud.

"I'll talk to Bat," he decided. "Guess I can straighten him out all right. He ought to be here by now." His eyes wandered through the shadows, fixed again straight before him. "Good many men in my place have had to decide what to do with this game," he confessed. "And some of 'em have made something out of it. I don't blame them. Any man needs money, and this money comes easy. And some of them have fought back for a spell and got licked in the end. Take a man to court and he pays a fine and laughs at you. And some of them have got trompled. Hard to know which way to take, seems like. I done the best I knew, looking out for the people here in the county, tending my own affairs. Guess I was on the wrong road though, Sam. Looks like I was going to have to turn around."

Sam perceived that what he had taken for uncertainty and doubt in the other man was really a sorrowful decision.

He said urgently, "I don't know, Dave. I didn't go to bother you. It's up to you, that's all."

"It ain't what you said, so much," Budd assured him.

"What then? What do you mean?"

"Well, it's Bat, for one thing," the sheriff confessed, and his eyes searched once more the dark about them. "I got to take care of him, got to get him straightened out. And then it's Buck. I'm right fond of Millie, Sam. Always been. Never married myself, but if I had, I'd have wanted a girl like her. To marry, and for a daughter too."

He eyed Sam thoughtfully. "Looks to me if I was your age I'd get her to marry me, Sam."

"Millie don't think much of me," Sam said bitterly.

"Well, anyway," Budd continued, "I'm thinking of her and Buck. Buck's a weak bucket, Sam. Needs coopering bad; needs someone to hold him together." He added, his voice curiously stern, "I told Sloughter, particular, not to let any liquor get to Buck anyhow."

There was so much menace in his tones that Sam felt faint consternation.

"Buck's got it all right," he commented, grinning nervously.

"I'll have to try different," the sheriff repeated.

"What do you figure to do?" Sam asked.

Budd's tone was firm. "Put a stop to it," he said.

Sam's blood began to race at accelerating speed.

"I'd like to take a hand in it, Dave," he said eagerly. "I would, for a fact."

Budd looked at him curiously.

"What for, Sam?"

"I'd like to get a crack at that chauffeur of Sloughter's," Sam confessed. "I owe him something, and I never seem to run into him. And Sloughter too. And they killed Miss Delemay's dog."

The sheriff weighed this.

"Nice girl, ain't she?" he suggested at last.

Sam's tongue ran away with him.

"Say, she's wonderful," he agreed. "At first," he confessed, "I didn't understand her. She was kind of quiet and stifflike, and I liked the other one better. I was kind of afraid of Miss Delemay, but Nell—no one could be much afraid of Nell. She's the soft kind. I thought she was a cute sort of trick, but I can see now she's just kind of silly." He was scornful of his own misapprehension. "Ought to have seen through her all the time," he conceded. "But Miss Delemay is different. She's great. She's got a lot of sense and she ain't anyone's fool, and she never took on at all about the dog. You could see how she felt, but she never took on. But I'd like to find out who killed the dog, just the same. She'd like it if I did."

"Like to get even with 'em for what they did to Buck, too, wouldn't you?" Budd suggested. "That'd please Millie, I guess. Put you right with her."

"Sure I would," Sam agreed indifferently. "But—I don't know why—this dog business makes me madder even than them wrecking my car."

"Can't make out why Bat ain't here," the sheriff said inconsequently.

"You going to do anything tonight?" Sam asked. "I ought to be getting back there."

"I guess the girls won't be bothered, long as they stay in the house," Budd assured him. He saw Ote Feemer come out of the store, and called to him, "Hey, Ote, come here a minute."

The traffic officer heard and looked, and came their way; and the sheriff said casually, "Evening!"

"Hello, Dave," Ote replied. "Found him, did you, Sam?"

"Seen anything of Bat?" Dave asked.

Ote grinned. "He was around early in the evening," he assented. "Left his car back of the store. Went off with Lin Ruble."

"Sloughter's chauffeur?" Budd asked slowly.

The other nodded; and Sam, abruptly rigid with attention, waited for his word.

"Yep," said Ote. "They was feeling good too. Lin had a bottle with him, I guess."

"Where'd they go?" Budd asked. "Any notion?"

Ote chuckled. "Said they was going to see a couple of girls," he replied.

Sam, under the wheel, thrust the sheriff from him. "Let me crank her," he cried. "They've gone out there. They'll make trouble, Dave!"

"Out where?" Ote asked. Dave was getting to the ground, and Sam desperately got the engine running.

"Don't get excited, Sam," the sheriff warned him. "Much obliged, Ote."

Sam sprang back into the seat and Dave climbed in with him and Sam swung the car.

"We got to hurry," he cried.

Dave Budd touched his arm reassuringly.

"Don't heat yourself, Sam," he warned. "There ain't a thing to worry about. Bat's all right. He'll look out for Lin. They'll just go fooling around."

"It scares me," Sam insisted.

The sheriff shook his head.

"You been seeing too many moving pictures," he said good-naturedly. But he added, "Just the same, I want to talk things over with Bat."

He made no protest as Sam drove fiercely down the highway; said no word when Sam swung into the back road upon two wheels. And Sam, driven by his formless fears, forced the car to its uttermost. Thus they raced in silence through the arduous and narrow way toward the Delemay farm.

XIII

PEG and Nell were not timorous young women; in the light of day they were little inclined to shy at shadows. So the fact that with Sam gone to the village they were left alone at the farm did not seriously disturb either of them. Sam would be back by suppertime; there was certainly nothing to be feared so long as the sun shone. When he was gone they had no misgivings; fell in fact into something like a normal routine, as though the events of the night just gone had been dreams, to be forgotten. Nell remembered that fine pool she had discovered in the brook down in the woods, and she took a small canvas and her box of paints and a sofa cushion to sit upon and went off to try to catch with her brush its lights and shadows. Whisk, the Airedale, went with her, hobbling on three legs, emitting an occasional abstracted yelp when some too vigorous leap caused him a twinge of pain.

Hoot preferred to stay with Peg; lay in a grizzled black ball on the floor near her chair while she wrote for a time in her notebooks; and when presently she went out-of-doors and started idly along the road toward the old quarry hole Hoot followed her at a decorous and shambling trot, rolling from side to side with the motion of his short legs. Peg enjoyed walking; she turned up the slopes of Old Bald and left the road behind and climbed through the wood to the bare summit, staying there for a space to enjoy the widespread panorama of ocean on the one hand, of rolling countryside upon the other. It was late afternoon before she came back to the farm, and she was faintly disturbed by the fact that Nell was not there before her. But Nell presently came in, with a half-completed canvas to display; a picture of the shadowed pool, the tall trunks of the pines as a background; and poised upon a nearer bowlder as though about to dive, the figure of a tall boy, his naked body dappled with flecks of sunlight that sifted through the branches overhead. Nell had an instinct for color, but she could not draw adequately; and the two girls laughed at the awkwardnesses apparent here and there in the work, even while Peg approved the handling of light and shade.

"I can draw better from a model," Nell confessed. She laughed a little. "I tried to persuade Sam to pose for me, but I frightened him almost to death."

Peg smiled. "He's a nice boy," she commented. "It's too bad to tease him. I expect he gets a wonderful thrill out of this, don't you?"

"I've tried to give him one," Nell admitted reproachfully. "But you do cramp my style, Peg."

"He ought to be here soon," Peg suggested, without defending herself. "Shall we wait supper for him?" She added casually, "I'm not hungry, are you?"

They agreed to wait, and went about their other affairs while the afternoon drew on. But toward sunset they decided that Sam had been delayed; that he would have supper in the village.

"Probably Millie will make him stay to supper," Nell suggested, "if he stops there."

So they made tea and toast and scrambled eggs, and they fed the dogs, and Nell tended Whisk's wound and saw that it was already healing. And the sun set and the blue shadows thickened in the west, with the ardent sky as background, and rolled toward them like a slow flood across the lower country spread far beneath their windows. Peg lighted the lamp, and since the evening was faintly chill they sat by the kitchen table, near the comfortable heat from the stove. Peg was writing letters, and Nell had something to read. Whisk lolled on the couch while the Scottie curled on the braided rug before the stove, rising now and then to walk slowly to some other spot in the hope of finding softer comfort there.

It was Whisk who announced to them the coming of Lin and Bat Brace. The Airedale must have heard the car sliding quietly down the road toward the house, or caught some reflection from its headlights through the uncurtained windows, for he lifted his head to give attention.

His movement caught Nell's eye, and she said, "Sam's coming now."

"Hear him?" Peg asked.

"I hear the car," Nell explained.

They had no misgivings; it did not occur to either of them that this might not be Sam. But when the car, instead of turning around the house toward the barn, stopped just beside the kitchen porch with a grind of brakes, Peg looked faintly surprised and rose and without thought opened the door to meet Sam.

She met, instead, Lin; and that young man took his hat in his hand and he grinned in friendly fashion, the lamp casting its light in his face.

"Evening, lady," he said cheerfully. "You've got company."

Peg, startled, fell back a step instinctively; and as though he took this as an invitation, Lin stepped into the kitchen, and Bat followed, crowding on his heels. Of the two, Bat wore in that moment the more disturbing mien; he had in his bearing something truculent and quarrelsome, as though he expected opposition and were prepared to bear it down. But Lin was smiling broadly, wore every aspect of a man sure of himself and of his welcome here.

His countenance changed a moment later, blackly, when Whisk bounded from the couch and at him, with a quiet ferocity somehow appalling. The dog's attack almost caught Lin unawares; he had only time to throw up his arm. But chance was on his side, for his elbow caught Whisk under the chin and flung him off; and the dog's bad leg betrayed him when he fell. Nell, quicker thinking in this moment than

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Peg, had him by the collar instantly, scolding him with an affectionate indignation.

"Whisk, behave!" she cried. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself! Trying to bite the gentleman!" She smiled flashingly at Lin. "He's terrible with strangers," she explained. "I have to watch him all the time. Don't be afraid. I've got him safely now."

Lin stood a moment silent, his face working; then abruptly he chuckled and then laughed aloud.

"I'm not scared," he assured her. "Let him go if you want. I can take care of myself."

She shook her head. "Oh, but he'd kill you," she assured him. "You have to know just how to hold him." Whisk was leaping against his collar, bounding, teeth bared; but she dragged him across toward the shed door and opened the door, and thrust him through. "Now stay there," she said. "Stay there, you bad dog, and learn some manners." She shot a glance at Peg, saw her friend still and motionless and pale; and she talked swiftly on, drawing the attention of the two men to herself so that Peg might have time to recover. "I always lock him in a closet when he's naughty," she explained. "He hates it. It's the worst punishment I can give him."

"I'd beat it out of him," Lin told her.

She seemed to take no offense at that.

"I know," she agreed. She had barred the door against Whisk, who subsided into silence in the shed. "Some men think that's the best way to train a dog; to whip him hard. And I think if you're going to whip a dog you ought to whip him till it hurts. But I've always had one or two dogs, sometimes more, and I never whip them, and they do finely."

Lin chuckled. "I wouldn't say you had him trained so good," he protested.

"It's only because he doesn't know you," she explained. "You see, he's a watchdog. He's ever so brave, but he's a little foolish sometimes." She smiled, as though expecting him to understand that she thought Whisk's attack a part of this folly. "Now Hoot is wiser." She pointed to where the little black dog crouched under the stove. "If he were out of doors, where he could dodge you, he'd bite your ankles fearfully. But in here he knows you could corner him, so he keeps still." She drew a chair to the table and another for Bat. "Sit down," she invited. "Aren't you nice to come and see us. It's so quiet here, and we never see anybody."

Lin looked at Bat and grinned and accepted the chair; and Bat hesitated. But Peg was by this time herself again; she spoke to him.

"Do sit down," she urged. "You can bring a more comfortable chair than that from the other room if you like. Let's do that. Nell, bring a lamp, will you, while I show them."

"These are all right," Lin said; and Bat nodded and echoed, "Sure, these here are fine."

"You can sit on the couch if you'd rather," Peg suggested. She saw that Nell was breathing quickly; and she took her turn upon the stage.

"We'll make you some fudge," she offered. "You like fudge, don't you?"

Lin guffawed, as though this touched his sense of humor.

"Sure," he agreed. "Crazy about it."

"Build up the fire a little, will you?" Peg directed. "I hope you can make it burn. This is a miserable old stove. I'll cut up some chocolate, and, Nell, you can get the pans and butter them. We'll have to use condensed milk. It's already sweetened, so we won't need so much sugar, and the fudge is smoother that way anyway."

Lin spoke to his ally.

"Chunk up the stove, Bat," he ordered. "I never could manage a fire." And Bat got up sulkily and rattled the lids, and scraped down the ashes and put in fresh wood.

"This wood's dozy," he said grumblingly. "Can't get a good fire with it."

"It's been in the shed for years," Peg argued. "It ought to be nice and dry."

"Birch has to be split out," Bat told her, "or it gets dozy, laying under cover and all. Ought to be split when it's cut, once anyway, with stuff this size. This has been split fresh."

"Yes, our man splits it for us," Peg explained; and Lin asked attentively, "Where is he? Don't he stay here?"

Peg hesitated a moment, uncertain what reply to make; but Nell countered the question with another.

"Do you know him? He used to work at the garage this side of the village. I'm afraid we hired him away from them. His name's Sam."

Lin caught Bat's eye. "I've seen him around," he assented.

"Can you cut up chocolate?" Peg asked. "It's so hard and this knife is dull, so I don't get it fine enough." He rose, and she thrust the knife and the cake of chocolate into his hand. "Pare it fine," she directed. "It ought to be just like powder, so it will melt quickly."

"I ain't much of a cook," Lin confessed with a grin, and he added a moment later, "It melts on your hands, don't it?"

"Here," Nell exclaimed regretfully. "You don't want to get it on your clothes. I'll give you an apron." She brought one and bound it around his waist from behind, and Bat abruptly shouted with mirth, and then was abashed at the sound of his own voice, and silenced by the glare Lin shot at him.

When he had thus disposed of Bat, Lin said equably, "Sure, that's the stuff. An apron's the trick. I never could work unless I was dressed for it." He scraped at the chocolate industriously and the small flakes fell into the plate, or scattered about the table, or crumbled on the floor beneath his feet.

"My, but you're messy," Nell reproached him. "That floor will have to be scrubbed."

"Bat, you do that," Lin ordered. "You got to work for this fudge if you want any."

Bat said morosely, "I don't give a hoot for fudge."

Lin wagged the knife at him with a mocking gesture curiously ominous.

"Don't you be impolite to the ladies, Bat. Get busy now."

Nell said gayly, "Now you mustn't quarrel. I can scrub the floor in the morning. He couldn't do it right anyway. It's a shame to make them work, Peg, after they were so nice to come to see us."

"Pleasure," Lin said gallantly. "I meant to get around before."

"I hope you'll come again," Nell assured him; and she smiled upon the young man so cordially that he could not see behind the smile. She was faint with terror, sickened by the reek of alcohol which hung about the two men. But she played her part, filled with her swift words the time during which the fudge was cooking; and when it became necessary to beat the stuff she gave it into Bat's hands and kept him at the task till he was weary, his arm aching. Lin, at Peg's direction, scraped the frying pan and ate the fragments which this scraping yielded; and he boasted to Bat how good these were. Bat showed signs of weakening, and Nell at last took the fudge from him and herself beat it so strongly and so long that the two men felt a reluctant admiration for her strength.

"You're pretty good at that," Lin told her.

"It's practice," Nell explained. "But you have to beat it smooth; and the longer the better. Don't you want to take a turn at it?"

Lin shook his head. "No, ma'am. I'll take mine rough if I have to do the beating."

Bat, abruptly and with disconcerting effect, uttered a jest.

"He's a rough customer," he said, and laughed at his own humor, and then sobered again under Lin's eye.

"I guess you're pretty smooth," Lin suggested challengingly.

"The fudge is smooth enough anyway," Peg interrupted. She was filling a pan with water. "Set it in here, Nell. It will cool quickly then, and we'll make some coffee. Or would you rather have tea?" she asked the men.

"I'm sorry we haven't anything better for you," Nell said mischievously; and a moment later regretted her word, for Lin cried, "Don't worry about that. We've got something here." He produced a bottle from his pocket—a small bottle, almost full—and extended it to Nell. "That won't hurt you a bit," he assured her.

"Oh, but there's so little of it," Nell exclaimed. "We mustn't rob you."

"We've had ours," Lin assured her. "Finished one bottle before we got here." He thrust it into her hands. "Try it," he insisted. "Best there is. I know where it came from." He took it back again. "Wait a minute till I get the cork out. There."

Nell, perforce, accepted the bottle; but Peg said quickly, "I know. I'll mix a punch. We've lemons and oranges and some canned pineapples. We haven't any ice or I'd mix a cocktail."

Bat uttered a scornful ejaculation.

"What's the sense of spoiling it?" he protested.

And Nell, a curious light in her eyes for Peg alone, echoed, "Yes, Peg. That's spoiling it." She looked at Lin. "Mind if I drink out of the bottle?" she asked.

He laughed. "That's the girl," he applauded.

She moved toward the sink, an iron sink built against the wall, with a pump beside it. "I'll have to have some water afterward," she explained. "Pump a glass for me, will you?"

Lin obeyed her, working the pump handle so vigorously that the water spurted streamingly into the glass, and splashed upon him and upon the floor. He still wore the apron, and he bent, laughing at this mishap, to mop the floor with it. As he did so, Nell lifted the bottle to her lips. But instantly, while Bat was watching Lin and while Lin's eyes were on the floor, she swung it away again, with so wide a gesture that it struck the iron pump and shattered and glass flew in little shards and the odorous liquor spattered all about, upon Lin's bent head, upon the floor, adown the side of Nell's dress.

Lin came erect furiously, but Nell was choking and strangling and there were tears brimming in her eyes; and she gasped apologetically, unable to form words; and after a moment she snatched the glass of water and gulped at it and coughed and gulped some more.

Lin's anger passed before this spectacle; and he laughed aloud.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "What's the matter with you? Can't you take your liquor any better than that?"

"Down—wrong way," Nell gasped. "Oh, I'm sorry. I broke the bottle, didn't I? Spilled it all? I expect you're furious with me."

"It come down all over me," Lin confessed. "I thought at first you'd done it on purpose."

"Mercy, no," Nell cried. "I tried to take a big swallow and it went down the wrong way. I thought I was dying. It burned terribly."

Peg had come between them. She was cleaning Nell's dress with a fresh towel; gave the towel to Lin.

"Wipe it off," she advised him. "It's all in your hair."

"Pieces of glass, too," he agreed. "Say, I thought you'd walloped me with the bottle for a minute." He laughed robustly. "That's the real stuff, what? Kicks like a mule."

"Like a—tiger," Nell agreed, wiping her brimming eyes. "But I'm sorry I spilled it."

"It's so hard to get nowadays," Peg commented.

Lin waved a generous hand.

"Not for me. I can get all I want. Get anything you want for you, if you say the word."

"I like gin," Nell told him. "A gin rickey or a cocktail. But there isn't any of it to be had now."

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"Say," he boasted, "I know where there's some of the real stuff. As much as you want."

"But it must be fearfully expensive," Nell argued.

"Won't cost you a cent," Lin told her. "Make you a present of it."

She smiled, wagging her head at him.

"I've heard that sort of talk before, and then it's just alcohol and juniper and glycerin."

Bat interrupted sullenly, "That don't get us a drink tonight, Lin. I'm about ready for one too."

"Let's get in the car and go get some," Lin offered. "Run down to Lonesome. Take a ride. We'll bring you back all right. Show you a good time. I know a place down on the Point where we can dance."

Nell said regretfully, "Oh, I'd love to, but I fell and hurt my knee this afternoon and I couldn't dance on it. I could by tomorrow night though. It will be better then."

"You don't have to dance," Lin urged laughingly. "You and me'll sit it out."

Bat had taken no large share in the conversation, but he spoke now.

"Her and me!" he corrected.

Lin swung at him. "Oh, is that so?" he challenged; and Nell laughed softly.

"I'll sit out with both of you tomorrow night," she promised. "Peg's a wonderful dancer, though."

"I ain't much of a dancer," Lin assured her, good-humored again. "But I sure can sit out. Come on, let's go. I want a drink myself, and I'll mix you one that won't choke you."

Hoot, beneath the stove, abruptly began to bark; not steadily, but at intervals, single bursts of sharp, staccato sound. They had forgotten the little dog was there, and when he thus took a hand in the proceedings they were all startled. Lin, who had been standing with his back to the stove, swung with ludicrous haste. Bat came out of his chair, and Peg and Nell looked at one another questioningly. Hoot's bark might be merely resentment at the tone of the proceedings; or it might have a more definite significance. Even though the dog disliked the two men, so long as Peg and Nell preserved toward them a friendly manner, he would not thus openly protest at their presence. It was, the two girls knew, much more likely that he had detected someone outside the house. Sam, perhaps, come home thus belatedly. Each understood what the other was thinking, but Hoot's shrill barks rasped Bat's nerves, and he moved toward the stove and said harshly, "Shut up, pup." Hoot barked again, and Bat took a piece of stove wood and threw it under the stove. Hoot evaded it, but he lapsed into silence. Only a moment later he uttered one final stubborn bark. Lin laughed, recovering from his surprise.

"Thought he was going to grab me," he said.

"He does that sometimes," Nell explained. "For no reason at all."

But Lin knew something of dogs; it had occurred to him, as it had to the two girls, that Hoot might have heard someone outside the house. He was vaguely uneasy.

"What do you say?" he suggested. "Is it a go for tomorrow night?"

Bat protested at this.

"What's the matter with tonight?" he countered. "What's the matter with right now? This don't strike me as much of a party yet, Lin. And they spilled our booze."

Lin drew nearer him, said in a lower tone, "I'm going to get out of here."

Bat ignored him. "What say?" he challenged the two, now together at the other side of the kitchen, near the door that led into the house. "How about it? Come and take a ride?"

Nell was near the end of her strength, but Peg had still a reserve, and she said protestingly, "It's late, isn't it?"

Lin opened the kitchen door, and he called to Bat, "If you're coming with me, come along."

"I'm going to kiss 'em good night anyway," Bat said stubbornly. He added in a jocose tone, "Don't you know your manners, Lin? Come on in here."

Lin stepped inside again, watched with a curious attention. And Bat started across the kitchen. Nell found the knob of the door behind her and opened it and darted back into the hall, but Peg for the moment stood her ground, shook her head.

"Good night," she said quietly. "But you must come again."

Lin was not so much absorbed that he was inattentive to what went on outside the house; he heard now the motor of a car topping the hill above them, saw the glint of its lights as it came down the grade. And he abandoned Bat without scruple, leaped into his own machine, started the engine. His instincts were alert; he realized the uselessness of trying to pass the other car upon that narrow road. But when the other machine should turn into the farmyard the way would be clear. So without turning on his lights he waited, engine running.

"He has started the car," Peg warned Bat, now close to where she stood. But he scarce heard her, still came on. It was at last Nell who halted him; Nell appearing at Peg's side, with Sam's shotgun in her hands.

"Go away," she protested. "Don't come any nearer."

Bat stood still, and he frowned, and then he grinned placatingly.

"Shucks, I'm just being friendly," he protested; backed a step away, watching the muzzle of the gun.

And from outside, Lin called, "Come if you're coming."

"See you tomorrow night," Bat told the two. "All set for that party, are we?"

But he did not wait for his answer. He heard the murmur of gears as Lin started his car, and turned toward the door—too late. The other machine had swung into the farmyard, and Lin was held by no scruples of loyalty to Bat. He was gone, already speeding up the rocky road, his red tail light dimming among the trees. And Bat had time to curse Lin roundly under his breath before Sam and Sheriff Budd came running toward where he stood.

Behind him, across the kitchen, Peg and Nell clung in each other's arms.

XIV

WHEN they turned into the farmyard and the other car swerved past them and into the road and away up the hill, Sam had caught it for a moment in the beam from his headlights; had had an instant's glimpse of Lin and recognized the man.

So when Sheriff Budd dropped to the ground and started toward the house, Sam called after him, "I'm going after Ruble. I can get him before he gets to town."

"I'll need your car," the sheriff replied briefly, over his shoulder. "Come along in." So Sam, half reluctant, turned off the ignition and leaped down and overtook the older man at the porch. The sheriff had slowed to a walk; there was no longer any haste in his bearing. He stepped up on the porch, into the light from the lamp which shone through the open doorway; and Bat Brace stood sullenly waiting for him there, moving this way and that as though he were tethered to the spot and fretted at his bonds.

The sheriff spoke to him in the mildest of tones.

"You're off your beat, ain't you, Bat?" he suggested.

Bat mumbled, seemed to seek unavailingly for words; and Sam saw, beyond him, Peg and Nell together, their arms linked, attentive and now drawing nearer. He stood where he was, satisfied that his fears had been ungrounded. He was curious to watch how Dave would deal with Bat in this hour.

"I waited for you quite a spell in the Cove," the sheriff reminded Bat. "Looked for you there a good while ago. What kep' you, Bat?"

The deputy made a vague gesture and his head wagged

"Lin and me thought we'd come along out here," he explained lamely.

Budd hesitated and his head drooped a little.

"Business?" he asked gently.

"We just come out," Bat confessed.

The two girls had come to the door; they stood now just within the kitchen, while Bat was in the doorway, and the sheriff and Sam just outside. Thus Bat was between two fires; and Nell now took a hand in the small scene.

"We've had callers, Sam," she said gayly. "Almost a party. Fudge, and whisky, only I spilled the whisky." She met Budd's kindly eye and smiled at him. "You're the sheriff, aren't you?" she asked. "Have you come out to see us too?"

"Why, miss, I don't know as I blame anyone for coming," Dave told her in a slow and friendly fashion.

"You must come in," Peg invited. "Come in and have some of the fudge."

And Nell abruptly laughed aloud.

"We forgot all about the fudge, Peg," she cried. "After they worked so hard to beat it, we've left it cooling all this time and never ate any at all. So you're just in time, sheriff. And Mister Bat, you can have some. What became of your friend?"

It was Sam who replied.

"He went up the hill a-scooting when he saw us come along," he explained; and Nell cried teasingly, "He must have been afraid of meeting you, Sam!"

Sam grinned uncomfortably.

"I'm figuring to come up with him one of these days," he said.

The Scottie under the stove barked in a tone of disapproval; and Peg bade the little beast be still. Sheriff Budd touched Bat on the arm.

"Go inside, Bat," he suggested. "We'll set and visit for a spell. I kind of like fudge myself." Peg was bringing the pan from the sink where it had been cooling, and Sam followed her, spoke to her softly.

"I couldn't get here any sooner," he said apologetically. "I couldn't get hold of him till just a while ago."

"It's all right, Sam," she assured him.

"They bother you?" he asked, an edge on his tones.

Nell had heard, and it was Nell who answered.

"The idea!" she cried. "Why, we've had a wonderful time. Haven't we, Mister Bat?" She hesitated a moment, then laughed aloud. "Why, Lin ran away with my apron on," she cried. "He certainly did."

Peg looked startled; then she cried, "Why, he did!" And the two laughed hysterically together, Nell clinging to Peg for support; laughed so long, in such an overwhelming reaction and relief after the tension of the past hour, that Bat became more and more sullen and morose, and Sam laughed with them, and Budd smiled his kindly smile.

"Tell us about it, miss," he suggested. "It must have been right comical."

Nell caught sight of Bat's gloomy countenance; and that set her laughing again.

"And you looked so funny, Mister Bat," she cried, "when you saw me with a gun! I was twice as scared as you. I'm terribly afraid of a gun; and I wanted to laugh when your eyes bulged so and you backed away."

The sheriff grinned at his deputy.

"Laid a gun on you, did they, Bat?" he asked in mild jocosity. "Lucky they wan't serious. Dunno what you'd do if you went up against a man that meant business."

Beyond certain mumbling sounds, Bat had shown a strong inclination to hold his tongue, but this prodded him into speech.

"Only fooling with them," he protested.

"Of course you were," Nell agreed. "So were we, weren't we, Peg? Just fooling with you. You needn't have been so scared. I don't know whether we want to go to a dance with you tomorrow night. Lin ran away, and you'd have run away if you'd dared. I don't think you'd be much protection." Her eyes were dancing.

Bat colored darkly; and Peg said, "Let him be, Nell!" She had cut up the fudge,

(Continued on Page 80)

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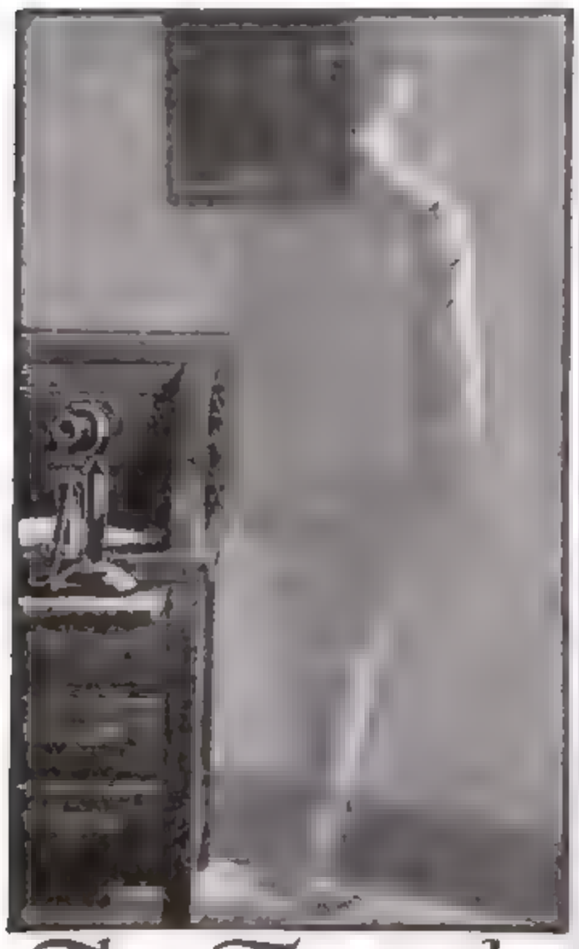

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(Continued from Page 78)

passed the pan to the sheriff, and to Bat, and to Sam. Sheriff Budd took two pieces, one in either large hand; and he ate them slowly and with a relish. Bat shook his head without remark; and Sam, beginning more and more to enjoy himself, took a bit of the stuff and backed away, stood near the door, his shoulders against the wall, watching Bat's discomfiture. And the Scottie barked, in muffled tones, beneath the stove. At the sound Bat jerked nervously.

"Kind of on edge, ain't you, Bat?" Sheriff Budd suggested.

"Blasted little pup!" Bat exclaimed.

Sam chuckled. "He's a good little watchdog," he remarked. "Laid into me the other night; cut up my legs some. But we're good friends now."

"He'll be friendly with you, too, Mister Bat," Nell said reassuringly. "If you come often and are very kind to him."

Bat got resentfully to his feet.

"I'll be getting on to town," he said. "I got business there." He moved toward the door. But the sheriff checked him with a quiet word.

"I'll go along with you," he agreed. "But I dunno how we'll go. You left your car in the Cove; and I don't feel like asking Sam to drive us back."

Sam looked at Peg, in quick concern.

"I got to stay here," he agreed. But Peg said quickly, "No, you can go, Sam. We're not in the least afraid."

The sheriff spoke thoughtfully to Bat.

"You act kind of upset, son," he said regretfully. "Anything on your mind?" Bat shook his head. He stood near the door, but Sam himself blocked the doorway. The sheriff had not moved. "You've had a drunk or two, Bat. Haven't you?"

Bat seemed to choke, but he nodded.

"Yes, yes, I had one with Lin," he confessed.

The sheriff seemed to be thinking to himself.

"Guess I haven't looked out for you, Bat," he said sorrowfully. "I kind of took it for granted you'd be all right. Guess I'm to blame for any mess you've got yourself into."

"I can take care of myself," Bat said morosely. "You don't have to wet-nurse me."

"If I did, it wouldn't be out of a whisky bottle," the older man said gently. "You don't handle your liquor right, Bat." He considered. "I guess this drink you had with Lin, it wasn't a matter of business, now was it?"

Peg and Nell had drawn together, listening; and Sam's face was grave and noncommittal.

Bat twisted a little, like an insect on a pin. But before he could reply the Scottie barked again, and the sheriff looked toward the little dog with a certain curiosity in his eyes.

"Now what makes him keep barking like that?" he inquired. "It don't seem like he'd keep it up that way."

"He's a nervous little thing," Nell explained. "He has times when he barks just steadily."

"When something excites him," Peg added. "Or he hears someone around the house in the night."

This seemed to interest the sheriff.

"You don't figure he hears anyone now, do you?" he asked slowly. "Don't see who'd be here this time of night. Or if they was, looks like they'd come in."

The Scottie barked insistently; and Nell drew nearer Peg, holding to her arm, borrowing strength from the stronger girl.

"There may be somebody," Peg said reluctantly.

Sheriff Budd got to his feet and walked heavily toward the door.

"I'll look around," he suggested.

"I'll come along," Bat remarked, but the older man shook his head.

"You better stay here, Bat," he said mildly. "You come out to pay a social call on these young ladies. You don't want to go away like that. Stay here with Sam." He glanced at Sam. "Sam, you stay with Bat," he added.

Sam nodded. "Whatever you say," he agreed.

And the sheriff went out and shut the door behind him; and they heard him cross the porch and step down to the ground. His footsteps then were lost to hearing as he crossed the soft turf where the tall grass grew.

Sam, not quite sure how he should bear himself, looked warily at Bat; and the deputy stood still with a black and scowling countenance.

Nell said from across the room, "I borrowed your gun, Sam. To frighten him with." Her tone had a certain tension in it. "It's there on the couch," she pointed out.

Sam hesitated. "Guess it wasn't loaded," he said, with a grin. "Lucky, too, or you'd prob'ly have shot yourself." He strolled idly to the couch and picked the weapon up and opened the breech. "Say," he exclaimed, "it is loaded, at that. I forgot. I put in a couple of buckshot shells." This statement seemed to him unconvincing, so he amplified it. "When that bunch of crows went over," he explained. "Thought I might get a shot at them, and they was too high for Number Fours." He removed one of the shells and looked at the wad. "Yes, Double O buck," he commented, and replaced the shell in the gun again and balanced the weapon thoughtfully in his hands.

Bat said dourly, "You make me sick!"

Sam felt a sudden irritation boiling in him, rising toward the point of flooding anger.

"I'll make you sicker," he said truculently. "And Dave'll make you sicker still. He knows what you've been doing."

Bat stared at him. "What are you talking about?"

"How much you made out of Sloughter?" Sam challenged; and Bat came to his feet with deceptive speed, but checked where he stood before the movement of the weapon in Sam's hands. After a moment he laughed abruptly.

"You'll stick your nose into a steel trap before you're done," he said. "You'll monkey with the buzz saw."

Sam took a step toward him.

"I'd as soon take a wipe at you any time," he threatened. He took thought, looked toward Peg. "Did he bother you, Peg?" he asked. "What do you say? You want I should nail him?" His anger was feeding on itself, mounting steadily.

Peg shook her head. "It's all right, Sam," she said quietly. "They were all right. They didn't frighten us."

Nell laughed delightedly.

"Frighten us!" she exclaimed. "Why, they amused us terribly. They were too funny for words, Sam. You can't imagine how funny Lin looked beating that fudge, with my apron on; and wiping the whisky out of his hair, and picking pieces of the bottle out of his ears." Sam chuckled, and his anger passed, and even Peg smiled. "And Mister Bat just sat there and scowled all evening." She made a terrific grimace. "Like that," she declared, and the three of them laughed at Bat again. Then their faces sobered at the sound of a step on the porch, and the door opened and Sheriff Budd came in. He looked at them all; marked the gun in Sam's hand; and he smiled a little.

"You look right warlike, Sam," he suggested.

Sam grinned. "I feel kind of warlike, someways," he agreed.

The sheriff nodded; and after a moment he turned to Peg, seemed to recognize her dominance.

"Miss Delemay," he said, "you won't be bothered again. I'm going to ask Sam to drive me and Bat to town, but you won't be bothered any. There's a couple of friends of mine outside." He nodded toward the stove, where Hoot crouched silent now. "The pup was right; he heard 'em. They've been keeping an eye on things this evening."

He paused, but no one spoke, and his eye wandered to Bat with a mild and ominous gleam. "You come out of it kind of lucky, Bat," he said. "They didn't know you was only being pleasant and polite. You come right near stopping something pretty conclusive."

Sam could not restrain his curiosity.

"Who is it?" he asked. "Who's out there? Why don't they come in?"

"Well," said the sheriff, "they just happen to have some business around here. I knew they was here a while back, but I thought they'd gone." He became more sober of countenance; sorrow sat in his eyes. "Guess you all know what's been going on down here," he remarked. "I figured it didn't concern me, but I can see now it does. It's made kind of a mess of Bat here, for one thing; and I've got to straighten him out." He added, almost apologetically, "I don't blame you, Bat. I blame myself, letting the thing be put in your way the way it has. You were a pretty straight young fellow when you first hooked up with me. I guess you been traveling the wrong road quite a spell without my seeing it. But I ought to have seen. Yes, sir, I ought to have looked out for you. Or put up a sign on the road." His eyes were thoughtful. "Kep' you off of it. You can't get anywhere permanent, that way, Bat."

"You don't have to take care of me," Bat said furiously, twisting around. "I can look out for myself."

"Well, you ain't wise enough to keep off a blind road," the sheriff reminded him. "It was up to me to see where you was headed; let you know it was a No Thoroughfare." He looked around, looked at Peg and Nell. "I'm saying this to you young ladies," he explained. "If Bat has bothered you tonight, it's mostly my fault. I'm right sorry, and I'll look out it don't happen again."

There was a sober and determined certainty in his voice which impressed them deeply; and Nell felt the quick tears in her eyes.

She cried assuringly: "You mustn't feel badly, really. It's quite all right. You mustn't worry about us, Sheriff Budd." She smiled at Bat. "I'm sure Mister Bat didn't mean any harm."

The sheriff nodded. "Sam," he said, "drive us to town, will you?"

"Sure," Sam agreed.

"You won't have to worry," he assured Peg again; and she nodded. "Come along, Bat," he directed. And with a definiteness of movement which testified to the singleness of mind which now dominated his actions, he turned toward the door and opened it and stepped outside. Bat followed on his heels; Sam was only a step behind.

The two girls had come to the door behind him; and the sheriff, stepping down to the ground, paused a moment, held out his hand.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "it's coming on to rain. Sprinkling a little now. Wind's come easterly, Sam."

"Raining?" Nell echoed, and came out to see for herself. The fine drops cooled her fingers.

"But, Sheriff Budd," Peg suggested, "these friends of yours; they don't need to stay in the rain. Have them come into the kitchen, won't you? They won't bother us at all." She smiled. "I think Nell and I are ready for bed."

The sheriff hesitated. "Why, that's friendly of you," he agreed. "I'll see." He lifted his voice. "Oh, Mat!" he called, and waited a moment and then called again, "Mat!"

The answer came from the cover of the pines across the road.

"Hullo!" A friendly voice.

"Come in out of the rain," the sheriff suggested. "They want you to."

There was a momentary pause, and then a word of agreement; and Sam, watching the shadows in that direction, saw the figure of a man appear in approach. The lamplight presently struck him: a tall young man in outing garments, with a friendly

(Continued on Page 82)

Enthusiastic endorsement by the trade press for

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"STUTZ Vertical Eight fulfills enthusiastic trade rumors. New style, new standards of performance, a wealth of novel features, speed, comfort, safety, the most complete equipment, the air of a very refined and luxurious car—all of these are combined in The NEW STUTZ Vertical Eight .... very fast, very smooth riding, and with remarkable power of acceleration 'both up and down'."

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January, 1926

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"The combination of smooth, liberal engine power, low center of gravity, balance and sweet brakes is responsible."

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"In no car brought out in recent years have so many new and interesting engineering features been presented as in The NEW STUTZ Vertical Eight."

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—AUTOMOTIVE DAILY NEWS
January 12, 1926

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(Continued from Page 80)

countenance and a disarming smile, yet wearing at the same time a distinctly adequate air. Sheriff Budd introduced him.

"This is Mat Snowden," he explained. "Miss Delemay, and Miss Lutrow, and Sam Savery; and my deputy, Bat Brace. Mat's been camping around here," he explained. He added somewhat lamely, "Gets a lot of fun out of just being outdoors, he says. But I guess he'd rather be under cover when an easterly's beginning to blow."

Mat acknowledged the introductions quietly; and Sam saw that his eyes rested for a moment upon Peg's countenance. She spoke to him.

"Do come inside," she said. "Since you must stay, you might as well be comfortable."

Sam saw him smile.

"I'd like to," he agreed. "I enjoy the outdoors, as the sheriff says; but I'm no bigot in the matter. There's no particular pleasure to be got out of being out in the rain."

"We'll give you some wonderful fudge," Nell told him; but though Snowden looked at her and smiled again, Sam saw that his eyes returned at once to Peg. A moment later as, with the sheriff and Bat Brace in the seat behind him, he turned his car into the road to start for town, he looked back and saw Peg and young Snowden standing in the lighted doorway, talking.

Nell had disappeared; and Sam's throat swelled with a curious and lonely pang.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

LITTLE FREDDIE

(Continued from Page 11)

We marched up to the guns and halted. We had been coming so fast that the column of forty men was pretty well strung out. When we stopped, the rear of the column caught up, and there at the very end was little Freddie.

"What are you doing here?" asked Henry.

"I'm sorry," said Freddie, "but I just couldn't help coming along. I wanted to see the excitement."

"You poor boob," said Henry. But he didn't have time really to bawl him out.

Lieutenant Baird started giving orders thick and fast. He made up four gun crews and started them turning the guns around, ready to fire north at the retreating Germans. He put the other looey in charge of the guns. Then he grabbed me and Henry, and with the infantry major we went up to the crest of a little hill about a quarter of a mile to the north of the guns. We found a big shell hole right at the top and crawled in. Beside us was a big lone tree that had had most of its branches shot away. In front of us to the north we had a view of the whole country for miles. There was little patches of woods, and fields all plowed up with shell holes, and a couple of white roads, and the remains of a town. Puffs of white and black smoke here and there showed where shrapnel and shell was bursting. Both the Germans and our own infantry seemed to be keeping pretty well out of sight.

"Better keep your heads down," said the major as he got out a map and a pair of field glasses. "The Germans are still in that woods ahead there, and they have direct observation on this hill. First of all," he went on, "we want to get a machine-gun nest in that little patch of trees to the right there."

"I'd like to drag those guns up here and use direct fire," said Baird. "We have no time to calculate data for indirect laying, and I don't know how well our gunners will be able to handle those German panoramic sights."

There was a sudden crackling and whining, and we all cuddled down in the bottom of the hole.

"Machine-gun bullets," said the major. "They have this crest nicely covered."

"I guess we had better leave the guns where they are," said Baird. He looked at his compass, and then turned to me. "Go back to the battery," he said, "and tell them to point all four guns as near northeast as they can. I want a battery salvo from the right at five-second intervals, range three thousand meters. Fire when ready. You will return at once. We have no telephones, so you and Henry will have to stand just below the crest here and transmit my orders by semaphore. Tell Jim Davis to stay down there to take the signals. All right, beat it."

By this time the German machine gun had quit firing. I crawled out of the hole and ran down to the guns. The cannoneers had them all turned around, and the section chiefs was holding a meeting with the lieutenant in charge to figure out methods of firing. Nobody there had ever seen a German 77 before, but they were a good deal like the French 75's and looked fairly simple. I delivered my orders to the lieutenant, and within half a minute the guns was all pointed northeast. I found Jim Davis, arranged with him about the signaling, and was just starting back to the hill when the lieutenant hollered, "Number One, fire!"

There was a tremendous explosion and the air was filled with buzzing fragments. "Cease firing!" yelled the lieutenant.

It seems they had used the wrong fuse or set it wrong or something, and the shell had burst almost as soon as it left the muzzle of the gun.

Fortunately they was shooting well to the right of the observation post, so none of the fragments hit Henry or Baird or the infantry major. And none of the gun crews was hurt, although little Freddie, who was working on the Number One gun, had his tin helmet knocked off by a fragment.

The chiefs of section held another meeting and changed the fuses. Number One gun was reloaded, and this time everything went fine. The four guns fired one after the other, and right away I saw Henry step down below the crest and start signaling: "Number One, right twenty, up ten. Number Two, right twenty-five—" and so on. I ran back to the hill, and for some time I had all the work I could handle keeping track of the fire corrections and taking turns with Henry at semaphoring. We had no flags, but arm movements were good enough at such short distance.

It took us about ten minutes to get adjusted on that first machine-gun nest, and then we gave them several hundred rounds as fast as the guns could fire. As soon as we had finished, the major got out a thing he called a Very pistol and shot something into the air that burst with a big ball of smoke. "That let's 'em know we're through," he said.

I took a peek over the crest, and far away I could see a lot of little dots moving across a field toward the bunch of trees we had just been shelling. It was the infantry rushing the machine-gun nest. And I guess we must have put the Fritzes out of business, because all the little dots seemed to reach the woods all right.

Infantry messengers began to arrive to report the positions of other machine guns. We had just got adjusted on a second nest when we heard the well-known hum of an airplane. Straight out of the north came a German machine with black crosses on its wings. It swooped down over the battery and let go with its machine-gun, raking the guns from one end of the battery to the other, and dropping a couple of hand grenades besides. It then started north again and disappeared, with a couple of Allied planes right behind. It was all over inside of two minutes, and the guns were firing the same as ever. But we knew that some of the cannoneers had been hit, because we saw a detail starting to the rear with wounded.

"I wonder how Freddie is getting along," I said.

"He's seeing the war, all right," said Henry. "And I bet he wishes he had stayed home."

More messengers from the infantry came and went. I forget how many targets we adjusted on. Several times during the afternoon German machine guns to the north opened up and raked the slope, but we kept below the crest and escaped getting hit.

All at once I noticed it was beginning to get dark. The day was almost over. Then for the first time we began to get German shell fire. A big shell came screeching over and hit between us and the battery. A minute later another one burst just in front of us.

"Aha!" said Baird. "They must have seen us, and they're getting a bracket on us. But we'll soon stop that. I can see the flash of their gun in that ravine beside that big hill almost due north." He turned to Henry. "Signal: Due north, battery salvo from the right, five-second intervals, range five thousand: fire when ready."

Henry signaled and we waited.

"Look out!" said Baird. "I saw a flash: that boche gun has fired."

We flattened down. There was a howl and a bang, and the shell burst about fifty yards to the left of us, right on top of the ridge.

But still there were no signs of life from our battery.

"What's the matter with them?" said Baird.

It was getting darker all the time, but we could still make out the guns with the cannoneers sitting around. Henry repeated his signal. At once a man started running from the battery up the hill in our direction. When he arrived we saw that it was Freddie.

"It's so dark we can't make out your signals," he said, half out of breath. "But we can fix that easy enough." And the next we knew he had climbed up into the tree that stood on the crest of the hill and had walked out on one of the few remaining limbs. "Now they can see me fine," he said. "I'm outlined against the sky. What's the data?"

"Due north," said Baird, "battery salvo from the right, five-second intervals, range five thousand; fire when ready."

Freddie ripped off the signals like a veteran, and a moment later the whole sky seemed to blow up right over our heads. Fragments hit all around us.

"What was that?" asked the infantry major in a sort of dazed voice.

"A shell from our own guns, that's what it was," yelled Henry. "They're mixed up on their fuses again."

"Anybody hurt?" called Baird.

"All right here," came a weak little voice from overhead. It was Freddie, still perched in his tree. "What shall I signal now?" he asked.

"Tell 'em cease firing," said Baird, and then he turned to me. "Run down as fast as you can," he said, "and have them check all those fuses and then give me that salvo. And if there are any more muzzle bursts I'll go down and shoot a few of 'em."

I ran down at top speed and gave the message to the lieutenant at the guns. They had already checked the fuses, so the looey hollered "Fire!" and the salvo went on its way.

"Come here," said a voice. It was Jim Davis. "Take this paper and pencil," he went on, "and take down this signaling with me. It's getting so dark I can hardly see that guy, even up in the tree. I need somebody to check with me."

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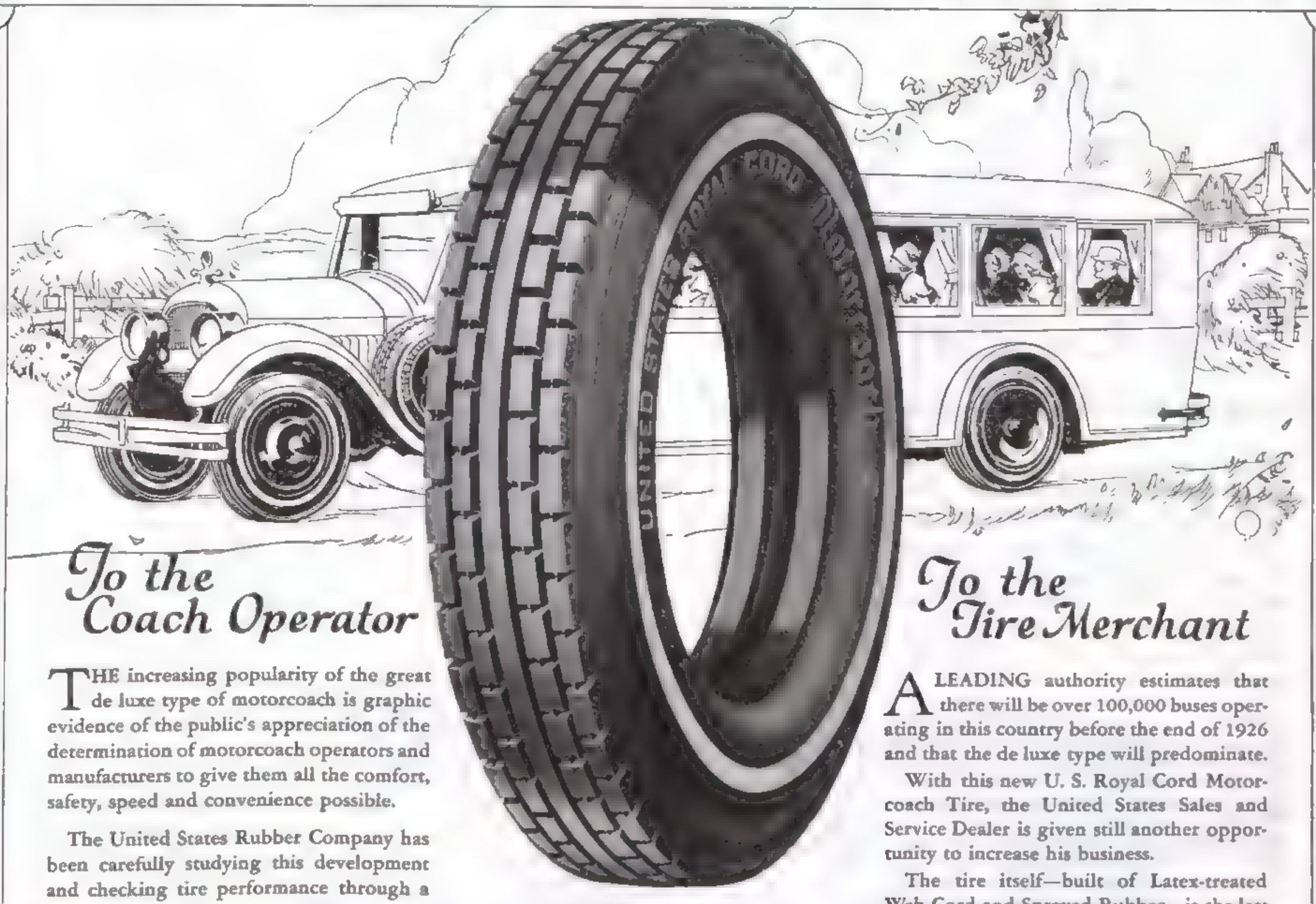
UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES



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The Meaning of this NEW TIRE

Trade Mark

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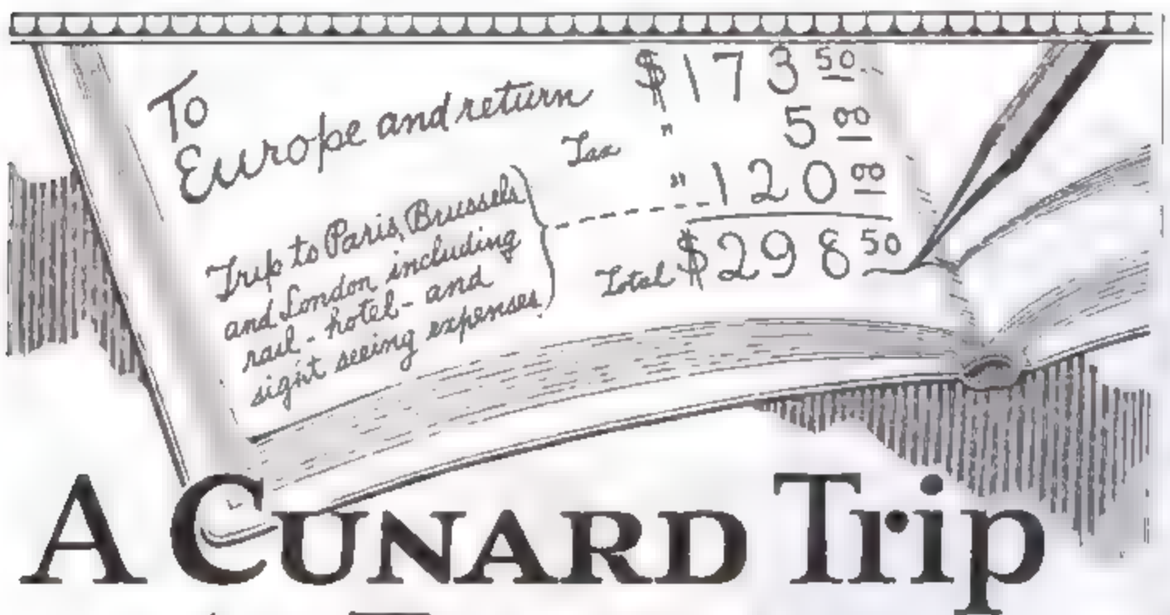
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Travel by the CUNARD HIGHWAY It Costs No More

(Continued from Page 82)

I sat down with Jim and started to take down Freddie's signals. Another German shell came over and burst almost at the foot of the tree, but Freddie went right on signaling.

We got off two more salvos in short order. The gun crews was working at top speed. This was a real artillery duel. The German battery was adjusting on us, and we was adjusting on them, and we didn't want them to beat us to it.

We fired a fourth salvo, and Freddie signaled, "Battery one hundred rounds. Fire!"

The cannoneers began to throw the cartridges into the guns as fast as they could. At the same instant the Germans opened up on us. German shells seemed to be bursting all over the hill ahead of us, and one or two burst almost in the battery position. But we kept on firing, and in a couple of minutes the German fire slackened and then stopped. We had cleaned them up. Two or three minutes later our own guns ceased firing, and the section chiefs reported:

"Number One out of ammunition."

"Number Two out of ammunition."

"Number Three out of ammunition."

"Number Four out of ammunition."

The last cartridge had been used up, and the captured German battery had fired its last shot.

I looked up at the hill ahead. The lone tree stood out against the evening sky, but there was no sign of Freddie.

"I'm going up there to see how they are," I said.

"I'm coming, too," said Jim Davis. "I want to see what's happened to that guy they call Freddie."

"By the way," I said as we walked along, "I wonder where he learned to semaphore?"

"He told me," said Jim, "that he learned it in the Boy Scouts."

"The Boy Scouts!" I said. "Can you imagine that?"

"Freddie is a good guy," Jim went on. "The first half of the afternoon he worked like hell on one of the gun crews. Then that airplane came along, and the feller that was checking the signaling with me got hit in the arm and had to go back. So Freddie came over and helped me the rest of the time. He's a good guy."

"Well," I said, "if Freddie wanted to see the war I guess he's got his wish. He's had a little of everything this afternoon."

Near the top of the hill we met Lieutenant Baird and the infantry major coming down.

"The ammunition is all used up, sir," I reported.

"I know," said Baird. "That kid with the glasses told us it was almost gone when he came up. We'll be starting back to the outfit in a few minutes." And with that, Baird and the major passed on and continued down the hill. Right behind them was Henry.

"Henry," I said, "did any of you get hurt?"

"No," he said, "not a scratch."

"But how about Freddie?"

"Oh, he come down out of his tree when the big noise started, and he got in the shell hole with the rest of us. Nothing touched him."

"Where is he?" I asked.

"He's gone," said Henry.

"Gone?" I said. "What do you mean?"

"Well," said Henry, "I guess the war has sort of went to his head—just like I said it would. He's out of his mind, absolutely."

"I don't believe it," I said. "Freddie was one peach of a kid, and he had lots of nerve."

"I was hoping we could keep him in the battery," said Jim Davis.

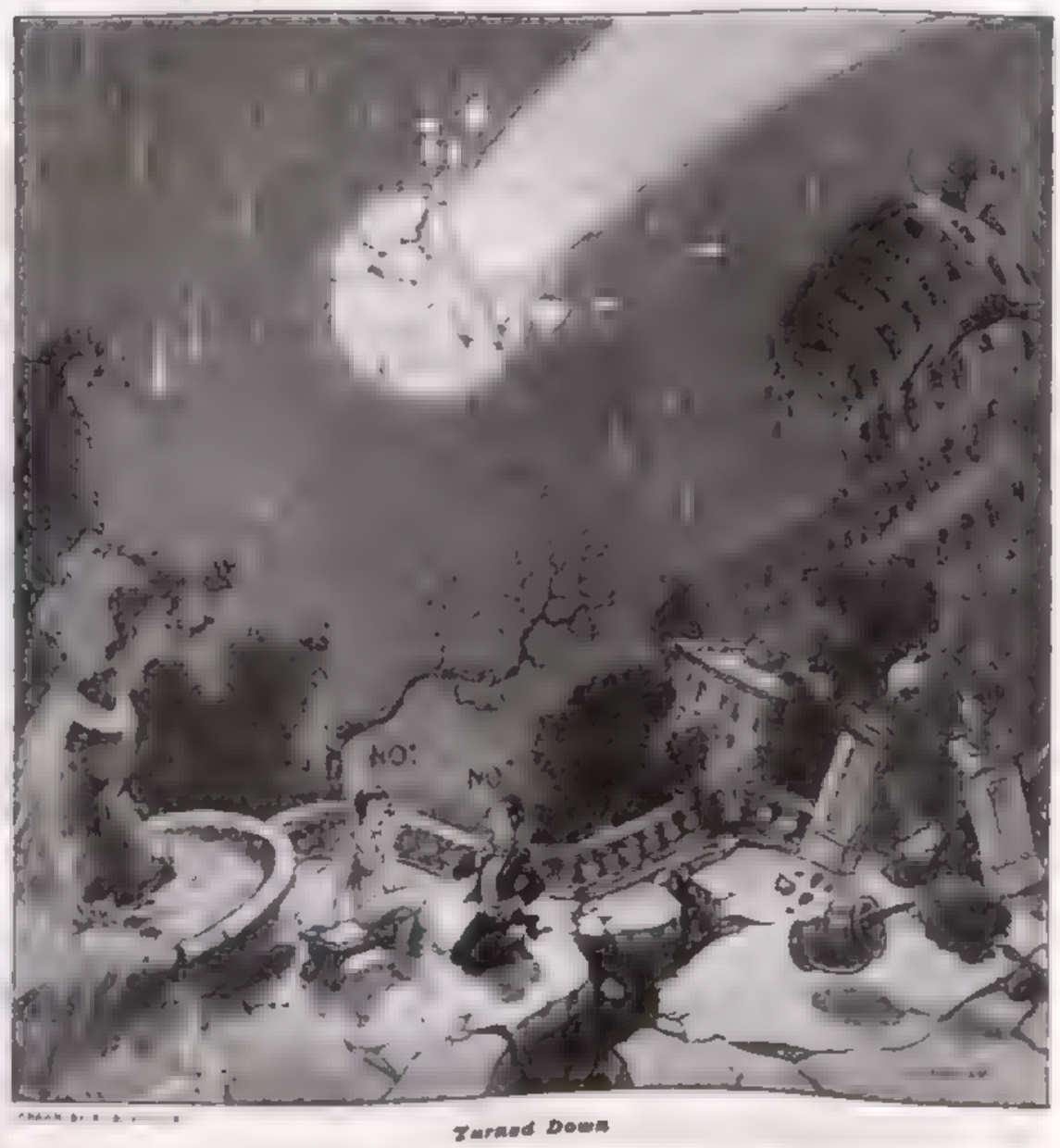
"So was I," said Henry. "He was a good boy, sure enough. But he's gone. He went over the hill. And he's plain crazy."

"How do you know he's crazy?" I asked.

"Wait till I tell you what he said, and if that don't prove he's completely off his nut you can use my face for a sidewalk. He said he wanted to thank us all for being so nice to him, and he didn't want to hurt our feelings, but he had decided the artillery was not the best place for him."

"Why not?" I asked.

"He said this business of getting up to within about a mile of the Germans and swapping shells with them was all right for a while, but it wasn't really close enough for a guy that's as near-sighted as he is. So he had decided to go up and join the infantry, where he could see some real action. The last I seen him he was headed that way." And Henry pointed over the hill toward the front lines.



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FROM THE DIARY OF A DRAMATIST

(Continued from Page 13)

pleasure in playing at Indians and soldiers, getting surreptitiously into the clothes of their mothers and fathers and in being someone else. The microbe of fancy dress had entered into their blood at a very early age and made them able to slip over the thin line that divides the actual from the imaginative by the simple adoption of clothing that was different from their own. Attracted, therefore, to the theater, in which they recognized the fourth-dimensional life into which they had been in the habit of projecting themselves, what more natural than that eventually they should have gone around to the back to tap at the mysterious door? Like Miss Santley, they had acted long before they were actors, and been born with the gift of mimicry and the art of transplantation. They had always been able to dematerialize, leave their own bodies, so to speak, and even without the aids of wig and make-up enter into the skin and personality of a fancied person, so that, from the moment when, having gained a footing in the theater, they had been handed a part to study, they had brought to it an intuitive sense of character and portraiture which quickly gave it life.

It is wonderful to see how, even at a first rehearsal, such an actor as George Arliss, just as he is with eyeglass cocked, will become at once the character—Old English for example—that he has cast himself to portray. His face, devoid of make-up, takes on the expression of a very old man. His eyes become old and his hand shaky, his voice thin and querulous, his shoulders round Day by day, as he grows familiar with his lines, he adds true and delicate touches to his riper and riper portrait, drawing from a keen imagination as much as from actual observation, so that many days before he finally puts on wig, make-up and clothes he has ceased to be George Arliss and is, blood and bones, the dogged old rip who was born in the brain of Galsworthy.

Snowing White or Snowing Brown

Among the few names that can be linked today with that of Arliss are those of Edward Sothern, Cyril Maude, Leslie Faber, Otis Skinner, Ferdinand Gottschalk, John Barrymore, David Warfield, Alfred Lunt, Lawrence Groesmith and Dudley Digges. These men are born actors, and although practice has helped to perfect their art, their genius was just as apparent when they first walked on the stage as it is at this moment after varying years of work. The same description applies to Marie Tempest, Lottie Veune, Laurette Taylor, Lynn Fontanne, Margaret Bannerman, Ina Claire, Lenore Ulric, Mary Boland and Laura Hope Crews. In less legitimate drama the names immediately occur of Leon Errol, W. C. Fields, G. P. Huntley, George Graves, Wilkie Bard, all four brothers Marx, Al Jolson, Chick Sale, Fanny Brice, the Duncan Sisters, Elsie Janis, Beatrice Lillie and Maisie Gay.

The Santley tour among the second towns of England, Scotland and Wales enabled me to see how amazingly good-natured and happy-go-lucky, mutually helpful and generous actors are under very trying conditions. In that company there was not a single member who earned more than a few pounds a week. The highest salary was probably eight pounds and the lowest twenty-five shillings. To stay at a hotel was, therefore, out of the question, although they, in many cases, were hardly more than pubs. Each week was spent in well-worn theatrical diggings, sometimes in a dingy bed-sitting room in which there was a small and smoking grate, with texts on a wall with a bewildering paper, a bed with a dip in the middle, a hand washstand and an antiquated armchair, and sometimes, when several people shared them, two or three bedrooms and a general sitting room. Far from inspiring, this, as a rule, and extremely comfortless. Some of them boasted a rackety piano, upright rather from force of habit than for any other reason, early Victorian pictures and antimacassars, a horsehair sofa, a rheumatic table, and bunches of artificial flowers thickly coated with dust, and always a dog-eared book in which comic things were written by every temporary tenant.

Here the frugal and usually ill-cooked meals, paid for out of the general purse—tripe and onions the favorite supper dish—were served either by the suspicious landlady or a slatternly maid of all work. The houses in which theatricals lodged were in the shoddiest part of the town. But did this fact dampen the spirits of these genial itinerants? Not in the very least. Some of them "traveled" photographs of themselves and their relations, books, tablecloths, sofa covers and queer little mascots with which they brightened things up. Others were never separated from portable hip baths, hot-water bottles, jam pots, musical instruments and pets. Of these, dogs were the most usual, though white mice, love birds, ring doves and performing fleas have gone the rounds, and parrots have wrestled with the many accents to be heard in various towns. Miss Santley's ancient poll had a rasping way of saying "Wipe your feet, colonel, wipe your feet," which proved its owner's pride in her carpets and the gallant old soldier's thoughtlessness. All of them made the best of what came to their hands and lived up to the ancient motto, "If you can't snow white, snow brown."

Good Sports Under Bad Conditions

This they applied, also, to the dirty and insalubrious local theaters in which the dressing rooms were not fit to house a pig. Drafts blew their gas jets hither and thither, mice rooted amid their make-up during the night, and beetles, sluggish except when harried, issued from crevices with curious eyes. The orchestra, composed of windy tradesmen, with the barber in the leader's chair and often bald, would have driven a less merry group to suicide; and when beer or other causes had rendered scene shifters useless, they set the scenes themselves and did it well.

The most amusing day of the week was Sunday—traveling day. Carrying as much as they could to save the cartage, the company then assembled at the station, to be watched as though they were freaks by townees and their girl friends, and to be seen off by the week's acquaintances. The star, with her dresser—and in Miss Santley's case, her faithful colonel—drove up in a fly. For the journey of twenty or thirty miles, sometimes more or less, a train that stopped at every station, discharging milk, and hung about on numerous sidings for interminable stretches, was the only one that ran. Addressing each other by Christian names, with infinite badinage, the members of the company would visit the various third-class carriages allotted to their use, stopping to pay homage to Miss Santley if she were in a friendly mood. If the week had shown a profit she always was. If not, the blinds of her first-class carriage would be drawn. Lunch in paper bags and bottles, and the week's theatrical papers were taken on the train, and in the smoky carriages of the men there were excitable games of poker on the tops of bags. Good or bad the weather, laughter accompanied the journey, and the leading comedy merchant, usually the most serious member of the troupe, given to reading messy things about gravestones in poetry books, put on his laughing mask.

At six o'clock or so, the next town on the list would be arrived at, when the company,

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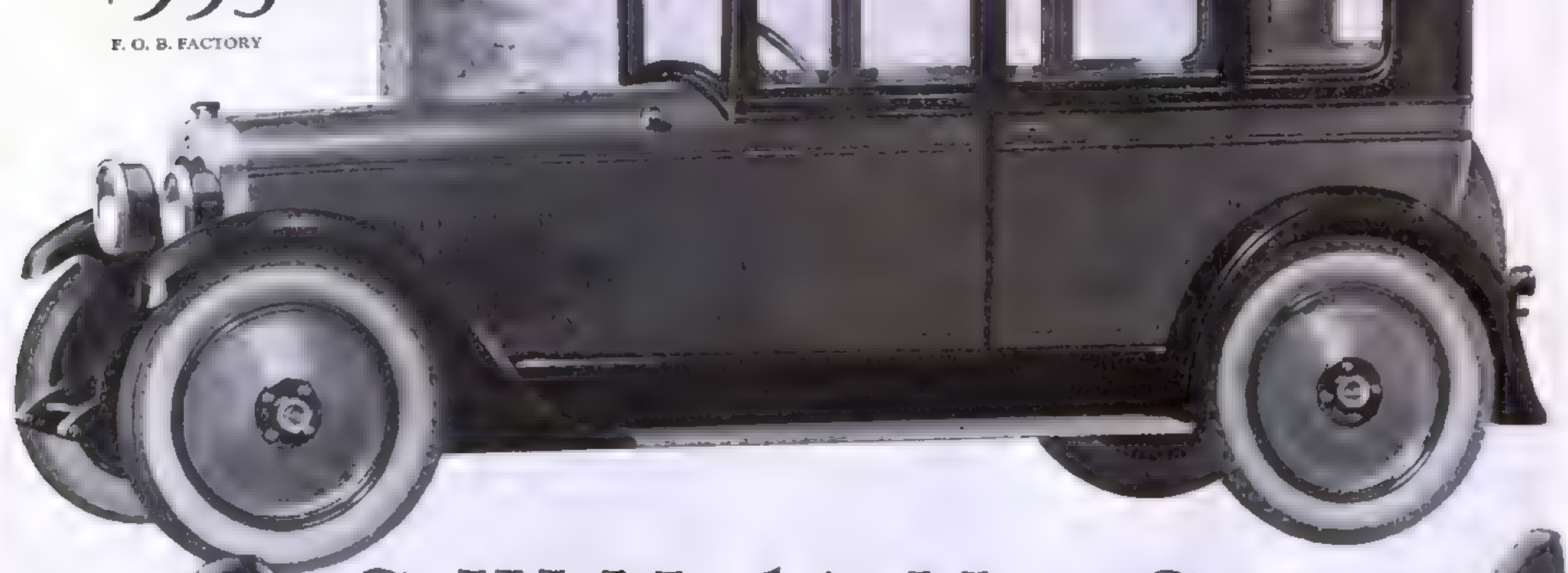

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(Continued from Page 86)

heavily laden, would go in quest of lodgings usually bespoken, and, after a not too hearty meal, explore the town. Some, unable to spend a bus man's holiday in the theater or the movies, which had not been invented in those days, would go to church to act as critics for a change. Others would play cards or chess or do a gin crawl, or look up friends made during other tours and enjoy a few hours of domesticity in a house.

How different the life for actors in American one-night and weekly stands. For them the well-fitted trains and the night hops passed in sleepers, the cheap and comfortable hotels, the theaters, however old-fashioned, that are reasonably clean and hygienic, the spotless cafeterias and the better salaries. There are stock companies, too, in which, although the work is hard and it is necessary to act a part at night after learning another in the daytime, it is possible to dig in for several months and stow kit bags under the bed.

What in America is known as a one-night stand, in England is called a fit-up. It is an accurate description. It is what is sometimes nothing more than a village, with The Rising Sun at one end of the High Street and The Setting Sun at the other. The company, arriving in the afternoon, takes possession of the town hall, if there is one, and if there isn't, a schoolroom. To this place everyone immediately proceeds on foot, pushing the scenery from the station on anything with wheels. While the leading man or lady touts for business in the village, the remainder of the company fit up the proscenium and the scenery on the generally creaking platform, and arrange a dressing room for the ladies on one side and for the gentlemen on the other.

On Easy Street, Mecca

At the conclusion of the performance of some old popular favorite like Jenny Deans or The Royal Divorce, the leading juvenile, the heavy father, the low comedian and the general utilities, who double several parts, pack up and cart away their scenery and belongings before distributing themselves among the several cottages in which the leading man or lady, the bad woman, the gentle mother and the toothy ingénue have already gone to sleep. A hard life and a meager, which requires that its male votaries shall be just as useful in the art of carpentry as in that of holding the faithful mirror up to man.

To these often perennial barnstormers, heaven is represented by a theater, however ill-equipped and beetle-run, in which they perform for a week; and the Mecca of their desire, often never fulfilled, is an engagement in a metropolitan theater among the aristocrats of the stage. How they envy the big-town actor, his salary and notoriety, his long fur coat and club, his golf bag and daily racing, his car and comfortable home. And well they may, because the big-town actor, especially in these days of high salaries, leads an enviable life. If his name is in electrics and starred in advertisements he is better paid than a prime minister, a bishop, a Supreme Court judge or the president of a bank, and added to his salary is a percentage of the receipts. To the barnstormer and the stock actor and those to whom the road is a persistent roundabout, the seats of the mighty are soft and velvet lined. They gaze with awe at the greatness of the metropolitan gods, though they are consumed with the belief that they could act them off the stage. They read of them presiding at banquets, speaking in pulpits, having their jewelry stolen, appearing in divorce courts, hobnobbing, if in England, with duchesses, if in America, with mayors, and spending their holidays at the various fashionable resorts.

They see their photographs in society papers, sitting in the sunken gardens of their country houses, bathing in their pools, going for walks with police dogs, standing in week-end groups of high society, read from left to right, advertising pearls and tooth paste, soaps and beauty pastes, Paris frocks and encyclopedias, corsets, cars and butterfly hose. They see them standing on the decks of giant liners, posing at the Spanish portals of their Florida villas, riding to hounds. In England they have titles and in America real estate. They read of them commissioning authors, bickering with critics, disagreeing with managers, employing interior decorators, giving their views on the League of Nations, breakfasting in Downing Street and leaving pasteboards on the President.

But they never take into consideration the relentlessness of Anno Domini which puts them yearly nearer and nearer to a graceful exit from the stage, the fickleness of the public, the changes in public taste, the difficulty of finding suitable plays, the shock of scanty receipts, the tragedy of discovering a lack of drawing power in Manchester and Boston, Edinburgh and Chicago, when they go out with the play. Nor do they feel the seismic tremors that sometimes follow the opening of the season in London and New York when the notices applaud the efforts of a minor person and place the star among the also rans.

They fail to understand, too, the constant problem of earning a living wage that confronts the far too large army of trained and untrained actors who, once having tasted the comforts of the metropolitan stage, endeavor to remain there by the skin of their teeth. Cast with any luck into one or other of the flood of plays that swamps the theaters before the summer wanes, the most popular of these small-part actors may rehearse for the whole of the year in a series of failures. Even if they have no one dependent upon them and live like lonely pigeons in a hole in a wall, their constant companion is anxiety and bills are their daily mail.

The city is far more expensive to live in than the small provincial town and they must dress more smartly than the barnstormer and the stock actor if they are to stand a chance under the merciless eyes of director and dramatist. No slack days for them between long rehearsals and the agent's crowded offices. No peace of mind, even after selection, with the fear first of being fired and then of the public's refusal to support the play they are in. Disappointment, humiliation, jealousy, heartbreak, semistarvation, crushed ambition, often follow them through the year. Once an actor always an actor, and so they hang on and on. Some are unsuited physically as well as mentally for the profession and would be much safer and happier if they returned to offices and shops, the farm, the factory and the garage or, in the case of many of the girls, to the peaceful parental roof and from there to marriage and the perambulator, the honest humdrum of life. Some are just good enough for intermittent casting, but are without the talent and the gifts that pull them out of the ruck. They are doomed to be small-part people and only just survive. Many of the rest make a certain success on personality but are quite without "the stuff." Acting is not their vocation, but a method of avoiding the Subway and punching a factory clock.

It is the habit today, and a bad one, to cast a play with types and if a so-called actor or actress is obviously college, society, salesman, policeman, business man, flapper, lounge lizard, hayseed, *grande dame*, detective, gunman, clubman, father, or aunt, he or she, though without the slapdash training of the stock company, the little theater or the road, may walk into a part that falls under one of these headings by being the required type.

By and Large They are Charming and Childlike People, Loyal to Each Other and Devoted to Their Craft, Gay and Delightful Companions

Exit the Call Boy

The stages of England and America are greatly handicapped by being wide open to all comers, by possessing no academy of acting through which aspirants must pass; no weeding-out process like that of the army and navy, where only the fittest survive. They are clogged with a mass of raw and untrained material out of which something approaching the adequate—a damning word—must be fashioned during rehearsals by the director, the dramatist, the stage manager or any other patient person attached to each play as it comes. In the old days the call boy often coached, and having been born in the footlights knew every trick in the pack. He became a star as was preordained; he couldn't help himself. But that useful precocious young person no longer obtains in the theater. He has gone with the orchestra and the curtain raiser, the oranges and nuts. No longer does one hear his hobnailed boots on the stairs, his warning knock on the dressing-room doors, his high-pitched voice shouting "Half an hour, please," and his imitations in the wings. And with his passing has gone actor-managership.

Nowadays, though hardly for the sake of economy, the stage manager combines his job with that of arranging the furniture, allotting the props, ringing the curtain up and down and holding the book in the prompt corner, though he rarely gives the line. The consequence is that the profession is not a profession but an accident. People are not engaged for what they have done but merely for what they look. If they can take tones, obey directions, move without clumsiness and memorize their lines they get through without being fired, for want of better people who have the acting flair. It is easy to count the last named, both in England and America, on the fingers of a dozen hands. And even these make no effort to study during or between engagements, perfect enunciation and accent, breathing, walking and manner. There are good schools and there is the Theater Guild and so directors' hopes run high.

(Continued on Page 92)

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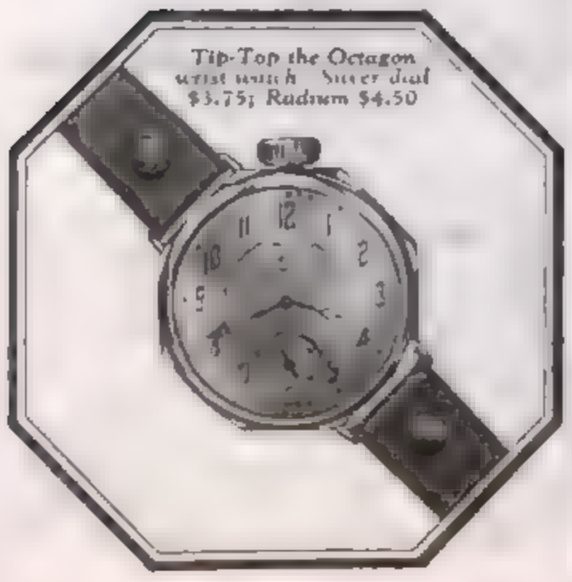

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But even among actors who are actors and who are, therefore, at the top of the tree, there is often as much disappointment and heartbreak as among the rank and file. Take the case of Jimmy Welch, for instance, that great comedian whose death left a gap on the English stage that no one has ever filled. Here was a man possessed of genius, a very child of Thespis.

"To me it seems," said Charlotte Cushman, in one of her eloquent moments, "as if, when God conceived the world, that was poetry; He formed it and that was sculpture; He colored it and that was painting; He peopled it with living beings and that was the grand, divine, eternal drama"—and if ever a man was destined to interpret the latter to the people of his time his name was Jimmy Welch.

Like Wells' Mr. Kipps, he was born in a provincial town, of humble and obscure parents. His education was scanty, he went early to work in a shop or office and knew nothing more of the stage than any Saturday nighter who bought a seat in the pit. Acting was in his blood, however, and being unable to answer the call by joining a professional company, he enrolled himself as a member of an amateur society and in that way strutted the stage. Although he had the spirit of Hamlet his body was that of the gravedigger, and he found himself cast for comic parts instead of tragic rôles. So he turned his back on his native town to try his luck in London. And there, after receiving the slings and arrows in his funny little body, found the password to the theater and became an actor at last.

They All Want to Play Hamlet

Once more, however, and for the rest of his life, he was doomed not to enact the parts to which he felt that he was fitted—Lear, Macbeth, Richard III, Othello and others of the tragic muse—but the empty, pompous, fussy little major in Arms and the Man for instance, and the laughter-compelling romantically comic creature in When Knights Were Bold. He had only to appear on the stage for the audience to scream with laughter, and every yell, instead of giving him joy, seared his soul with pain. His little, ugly, pathetic face and his whimsical undersized figure sold the house out every night and eventually broke his heart. He never could see that it was his tragic genius applied to farce that brought out those yelps of laughter, and so, in order to gratify a stultified ambition, he played Hamlet in his home.

The history of Beerbohm Tree might have been written, to my mind, on the reverse of Welch's medal. Here was an actor, and that he was without a doubt, who had been cut out by nature as a comedian. His long, peculiar figure, his soft amusing lisp, his round, pale, startled eyes and his dancing-master amble belonged essentially to an actor born for comedy parts. He regarded life through a laughing mask and reveled in satirical humor. Every serious thing about him he turned into a jest. Wit bubbled from his lips like water from the mouth of a fountain and in the moments of his profoundest gravity there was a smile in his eyes.

But having made his reputation in a comedy part, he turned a Thespian somersault and, with few exceptions, such as Falstaff and Micawber, Malvolio and Sir Peter Teazle, cast himself for heroic rôles in high poetic drama. He loved to sweep upon the stage in the red robes of Wolsey and to appear between tall columns in the scanty kilt of Cæsar. He adored to grovel in the earth in a passion of blank verse and take an unconscionable time a-dying to the lamentation of a cello. He saw himself on the stage as a great tragic figure, and when, from time to time, on the urgent advice of his numerous intimate friends, he condescended to play lighter modern parts in the comedies of his time, he rejoiced when they had run their course so that he might gloom once more. A master in the art of make-up, he could always look tragic enough, but he was never wholly able, in my opinion, to overcome the disabilities of his lisp and inborn comicality.

He was a great director and artist, a master of pageantry. He conceived things on a noble scale both on his stage and in the impressiveness of his theater. He surrounded himself with the finest talent and actresses of beauty. There was poetry in his soul and sweeping melody. He saw bigly and did bigly and spared no pains. His productions were always splendid and he loved his craft. But there were moments after his highest achievements in poetic drama when he was swept by a yellow melancholy and plunged into shadows of doubt. And in these times the imp of humor that was never far from his shoulder must have whispered in his inmost ear, "Oh, Herbert, dear old Herbert, you would have been epoch-making as the gravedigger, whereas your Hamlet is only fair." I am not sure that he did play Hamlet, but the illustration goes.

After long and painstaking efforts in order to give the impression of being perfectly natural in one of his comedy parts, Charles Hawtrey was always as annoyed as he was able to be when people said, "He speaks exactly as though he were in a drawing-room; it isn't acting at all." In the words of Somerset Maugham, "The fact is, of course, that he had that natural gift of acting, the lack of which is so lamentably obvious in so many of the persons who seek to earn a living by its exercise. Those who practice the arts must resign themselves to the immortal fact that industry and good will contend unsuccessfully with talent. He was an extremely good actor. The public worshipped him, but somewhat ignorantly, for his naturalness deceived them into thinking that there was little more in his acting than charm and ease. They said he was wonderfully lifelike and thought it was due to a happy chance. But the naturalness of a realistic actor is as artificial as the plausibility of the realistic play. The foundation of the stage is illusion and its superstructure is make-believe. The natural actor is as far from the naked truth of fact as the ranting barnstormer. Hawtrey was acting all the time—art and not nature was the result of his instructive sense for the stage."

Art That Conceals Art

I watched Hawtrey many times at rehearsal. He adopted the same method as the one used in his inimitable drawings by Phil May. He did away with every superfluous line in his building up of the character that he was practicing to assume. There was not a movement or a gesture that was not studied, not even the raise of an eyebrow that was not carefully thought out. He acted harder in order not to appear to act than any man who acted. Beneath his unshakable equability and irresistible good nature and kindness there was often, I think, a touch of chagrin at the attitude of the critics who were always inclined to treat him as a charming amateur. They were in the habit of dismissing the characters that he played as ready-made "Hawtrey parts" when, if they had had the faintest understanding of his delicate etcher's art, they must have known that it was he who made those characters.

Neither the provincial actor nor the public ever knew how constant and wearing was the struggle of these metropolitan gods to remain in the seats of the mighty. In the good days of actor-managership the men I have mentioned who reigned in London before the war may not have borne the world upon their shoulders, as poor old Atlas did, but they all carried expensive theaters with permanent staffs and the thousand and one responsibilities attaching to what was at best a risky enterprise. And the knowledge was driven into them all with reiteration that, in spite of their popularity and claims upon the public, they had no more drawing power in an unacceptable play than the under stage manager who made one stiff entrance from the O. P. side to say "My Lord, the carriage waits." Like baccarat and horse racing, the production of plays was then, as it is now, a gambling game against innumerable odds. There was, in those days, no motion-picture market to offer some sort of insurance against complete and utter loss. The consequence was that these greatly envied actors often had no conception from whence their next shilling was coming. They skated on thin ice, had no consistent backing, and a series of failures easily mopped up all the profits of their greatest success. Quite unknown to the public, the plots that were concocted behind the scenes of their theaters in order to raise money from angels were considerably more dramatic and amusing than those presented on the stage.

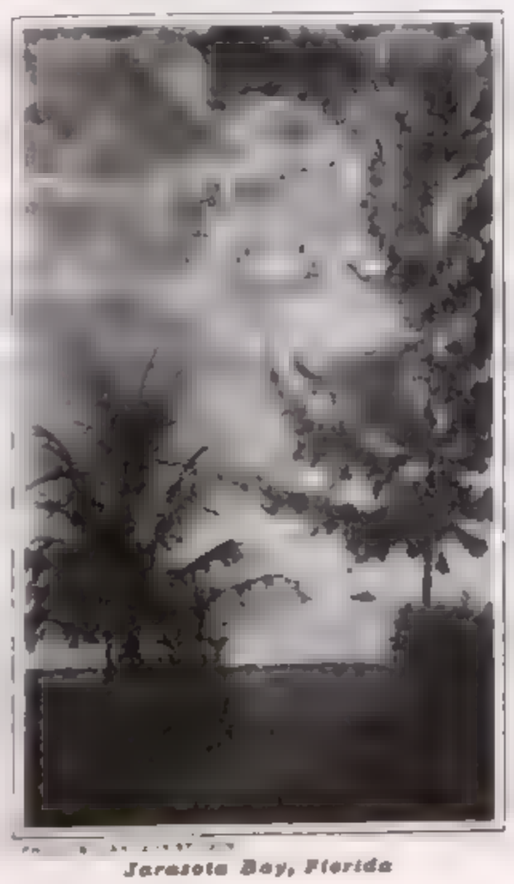
The Courage to Act

The triumphs of these men who did so much to raise the tone of the theater in which they lived and breathed were obvious enough, but their hardships, humiliations, accidents, personal griefs and desperate struggles to hold their places were never known to the public. A courageous body, those men.

There is, indeed, something in the atmosphere of a theater that brings out the courage, grit, optimism and kindness of those who are ordained to live in it. The fact that, ill or well, successful or unsuccessful, they have nightly to face an audience at the top of their form, leave their minds and spirits in the dressing room and throw themselves into the minds and spirits of their parts, gives them the morale of a well-trained soldier or sailor and screws them up to a steadiness that is quite remarkable. Like athletes, they are required, if they are to hold their own, to exercise self-restraint. It is necessary that they shall preserve their looks and figures, keep fit, retain the power of memorizing lines—by no means easy—and tackle their nightly ordeal with every faculty keen. By and large they are charming and childlike people, high strung, sensitive, one-eyed, charitable, spendthrift, easily depressed but as easily ecstatic, loyal to each other and devoted to their craft, gay and delightful companions, with a reserve of cheerfulness and endurance that is never wholly drained. In their relationship to one another and the profession to which they belong, a profession to which the public owes almost as much as it does to medicine, they live up to the lines of Lindsay Gordon to the nth degree.

Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand as stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Hamilton. The next will appear in an early issue.



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BY BEQUEST

(Continued from Page 15)

have of him will be a series of reports, like Casanova's Memoirs expurgated."

"Oh, not entirely expurgated," Rod defended his reputation; then he began studying the wine list with a judicious eye.

"How about a good rich Pommard? Just for tonight, before we really begin remembering our poverty."

After dinner, while Doug and Katherine sat in their chairs, Rod tore about the promenade deck, searching, searching.

"Any luck?" they called.

"Not a bit. Just square-built British beauties and old war horses aboard."

"They won't do?"

"No," Rod said. "Katherine makes every other woman on board seem uninteresting. I've decided I'll go into training."

"No cocktails? No wine?"

"Don't be an ass. I mean a gentlemanly version of training, nothing fanatical. Just enough to get me full of health for Paris. Come on, you two, do your mile with me before you go to bed. I'm going to do five. There's a gymnasium on board, with a man who puts you through stunts at seven every morning. If you've got any manhood left, you'll join me there, Doug."

"I haven't," Doug said.

Rod trained. His activity became too exhausting for Katherine and Doug even to contemplate. Exercise didn't fill all his time, however, and in his spare moments he told Katherine more about his emotions.

"Really, our Compleat Amorist is too delicious," she said to Doug the third night out. "He simply has to keep in practice. I actually believe he's making love to me. On a purely proxy basis of course."

"I know darned well he is," Doug said, rather relieved that she'd spoken. "Well, I've always heard that a really good woman can put a stop to that sort of thing with a glance."

"I suppose some good woman must have once, for the theory to be so persistent," Katherine sighed.

"What am I going to do about it? Settle the matter with my fists?"

"With him spending three hours a day in the gymnasium? Heavens, no! He wouldn't like me as a fascinating widow. I do for the pleasant, sentimental, Hearts-and-Flowers renditions, but for serious scenes only young chits need apply, and he says now they're repelled by his age."

"And what do you do while the Hearts and Flowers are going on?"

"I lead him on just as much as I possibly can. This is my pleasure trip, you know. Poor Rod! Of course he'll eventually marry somebody not a day under eighty."

Rod vowed that the first contact any of their fellow passengers had established among themselves was when they joined hands and sang Auld Lang Syne at the end of the captain's dinner.

"Well, you've lived through it," Doug commented.

"No thanks to you," he returned, and he gave Katherine the look that rich producers paid money to have him give their leading women.

"And tomorrow, Paris," Katherine said. "And all the *jeunes filles* even you can possibly wish."

"I'm not interested in *jeunes filles*," Rod declared. "I'm cured."

The trip from Cherbourg was hot and incredibly dirty.

"Now I've got the names of four or five hotels," Rod said when they arrived. "Shall we try the cheapest first?"

"Let's."

It might have done for the two men, but for Katherine it was impossible. The neighborhood was not only sinister but smelly, and in the very office there was something which scurried off like a water bug; which was more honest in the management than reassuring.

"We'll go to the next," Rod said.

"Let's try one about two cuts above," Doug suggested.

That was how they found the Hotel Muguet. Years had done their best to make the Hotel Muguet dingy, but it shone with wax and brass polish, and the one room with a private bath was vacant; and though its red plush, million-tasseled furniture was droll, and its clothes space limited, Katherine and Doug liked it the moment they crossed its threshold. While they were unstrapping their hand luggage, Rod went to look for a single one.

"All right?" Katherine asked, when he reappeared a few minutes later.

"Well, the only things they've got," he said, "are sort of depressing, and this quarter is pretty far out of the way. I've been thinking it over and I think it's just as cheap for me to get a little room at the Ritz and save transportation—for these first few days anyway."

"With the cost of Parisian taxicabs what it is?" Doug wondered.

"Oh, about three in the morning they're worse than in New York."

"But we'll see you?" Katherine hoped.

"I'll be so underfoot that you'll be wishing I was dead. Shall we dine at Foyot's tonight?"

"We thought we'd just wander about this neighborhood and look for some little place."

"Well, I'll see you tomorrow then. I'll call you up before ten; and, anyway, I suppose you'll drop into the grill at the Ritz for a cocktail around noon, won't you? All Americans do."

"Well, there goes my beau," Katherine said, as they heard his footsteps descend the stairs.

Just for a moment Doug wished she weren't busily hanging something in the *placard* so he could see her face.

"Simply because this place didn't shine like a barber shop," was what he said.

"No," Katherine, emerging and looking far from stricken, denied it. "If we'd gone to that awful first place, he would have stayed. It's his sense of drama. We outrage it a good deal."

Rod hadn't crossed the Ritz lobby to register before John Hennaberry fell on him.

"Rod Hale! Well, for the love of Pete! When did you land? Come and have a drink? Dot's in the grill now."

John Hennaberry had been a freshman when Rod was a senior. He was twenty-five, and owned something like six million dollars, which kept propagating as dollars will when they are left together in large enough crowds.

"Great!" Rod replied. "Just wait till I register."

While he was making out his *feuille*, Houghtey Gilbert appeared.

"Rod, you darling! Can I kiss you here? Of course I can. How sweet you look in your tan."

Houghtey was old Houghton Gilbert's daughter from back home. She was twenty-three, and her father had already given her two millions in her own right, though she allowed him small credit for the transfer.

"Just to save income taxes," was her explanation, "but it certainly is convenient."

While Rod gave orders about his luggage, Houghtey was squealing, "John Hennaberry! Where's Dot? No, I'm not going to begin kissing every man in this lobby. I'd get exhausted and someone's feelings would be hurt."

The three marched out together, and the entire jammed room where Dot Hennaberry was waiting over a tableful of cocktail glasses and potato chips seemed to rise at their entrance.

"Rod! John! Houghtey!"

In ten minutes Rod hadn't a meal except breakfast left unengaged for the coming week, and when he woke at eleven next morning it didn't seem worth while to negotiate a French telephone call to give Katherine and Doug that information. Still, he did feel a little guilty.

He needn't have. Katherine and Doug had started from their hotel directly after breakfast, so happy to be in Paris that it seemed as though every few feet there was something to laugh at. For instance, there was a row of ladies' golf stockings displayed on highly molded wooden legs—legs whose fleshly counterparts had vanished from America with the 1900's; seductive legs; legs that could never walk eighteen holes, though they might cancan indefinitely; legs whose preoccupation with *le sport* was deliciously affected.

Then there was a taxi driver charging full speed down a street who reached from his seat gently to cuff a young woman who was maundering absent-mindedly in the middle of the highway, and who roared with laughter at her startled indignation.

And there was a store called Aux Pianos Réunies, and a butcher shop with meats whose entrails had been coquettishly replaced with nosegays of flowers.

"By the way, are we bound any place in particular?" Doug asked at last.

"I'm very much afraid," Katherine confessed, "that we're bound for an exhibition at one of the great *couturiers'*. Do you think you can stand it?"

"I guess so."

"Before I buy a stitch I want to get a general idea of what's going to be worn, and the best place to find that out seems to me to be the smartest dressmaker's in Paris. Naturally, I won't buy anything there."

Lucien Pavane's was on the Place Vendôme. They walked up a very ducal staircase and sat in a lilac-gray room, its moldings faintly bright with old gilt, and a stream of radiantly pretty girls in breath-taking frocks circled about, pausing before them to lift a delicate hand and so display the fantastic confection of a sleeve or to unbutton a brief jacket and reveal the blouse beneath.

Doug didn't mind it more than he felt it incumbent on him as an American male, though he wished, after a time, that there would be more mannequins and less models, but Katherine sat looking like Joan of Arc hearing her voices, and finally, when one dress appeared, she gave a sort of groan and said to the *sendeuse* assigned her, "What is the name of that?"

"*Comment vous appelez vous?*" the *vendeuse* called to the mannequin.

"*Un Rien*," the mannequin lisped with precious, japanned lips.

Then she came and pointed her feet and swished her skirt before them.

"It's too divine, Doug!"

"That?" Doug asked.

It was some kind of suitish costume he would never have noticed.

"Yes, that," Katherine said. "It's the most perfect thing in this collection. Do you suppose I dare ask the price?"

"That gets me a lot more," Doug remarked, looking at a creamy girl in a black gown with a band of deep rose beads around the skirt so heavily overlaid that they were like carved coral.

"Of course it does, my darling," Katherine told him, "because you're a man, and it is perfectly beautiful; but it would be appropriate for the most elaborate ball in a city of not under five hundred thousand inhabitants; and besides the fact that it must cost three hundred dollars, I'm not interested in evening gowns for the present. You can always pick up charming ones for nothing, but *Un Rien* ——"

Katherine could only repeat her groan.

"Any woman in the world would understand about a dress like that, and I've only known about six who could afford them."

"Well, why don't you ask the price?"

"It must be a million."

"It won't do any harm to ask."

Katherine summoned the *sendeuse*. It was sixteen hundred francs—eighty dollars. That was a lot, but Katherine had really expected it to be more.

"Of course it's absolutely out of the question."

"Maybe it wouldn't look well on you anyway."

"It was made for me. Oh, perhaps it wouldn't"

"Why don't you try it on?"

Even Doug could see what Katherine had meant, when she was wearing it.

"It's a peach."

Katherine stood in front of the glass, a Joan to whom the voices were imperative.

"I don't suppose we'll ever be going to the Ritz Grill as Rod said," she cried to Doug for help, in her knowledge that she shouldn't take it.

"Of course we shall."

"Then I'm going to buy it."

The Magna Charta couldn't have been given with more sense of its significance than her order. She was positively shaken when she reached the street.

"Eighty dollars! And I haven't looked around a bit!"

Doug was a comfort.

"Don't worry. You'd never have found anything better."

And looking across the Place at the Ritz, he asked, "Shall we wander over to the scene of your future triumphs and see what playmates Rod has picked up?"

Katherine shook her head.

"I'll wait for my grand entrance," she said. "Let's go and see something beautiful no one can buy. The Sainte Chapelle would be a great relief after so much solid temptation."

Rod was used to swift stepping in New York, but the Hennaberry-Gilbert crowd in Paris—really there were limits, or should be!

He flattered himself that it took something to make him feel that he was being dragged down the primrose path in spite of himself, but they managed it.

It wasn't that they were exactly vicious, any of them, but they had a very limited idea of amusing themselves, just as they had a very limited idea of what jokes were funny; and as amusing themselves was their sole business, constant excess was their daily fare.

Of course Rod didn't fight very violently against the flowered slope; in fact, at critical moments, toward five in the morning, when they were dubitating whether to go home or move on to Chez Florence he was as apt as not to say, "Oh, let's go. It's a brand-new day that's never been touched, and why are we in Paris anyway?" But the great part of the time he liked to feel himself a balance wheel, an agreeable version of Cato the Censor.

"I'm a fool to do this sort of thing," was his line. "I can't afford it. Now the Calders are over here doing Paris sanely. They're people with standards."

"You've got lots of standards," John Hennaberry said jovially. "In fact, I never heard of anyone with so many."

"And he's got the right idea about them," Houghtey Gilbert added. "He never uses them. They'd lose all their charm if he did."

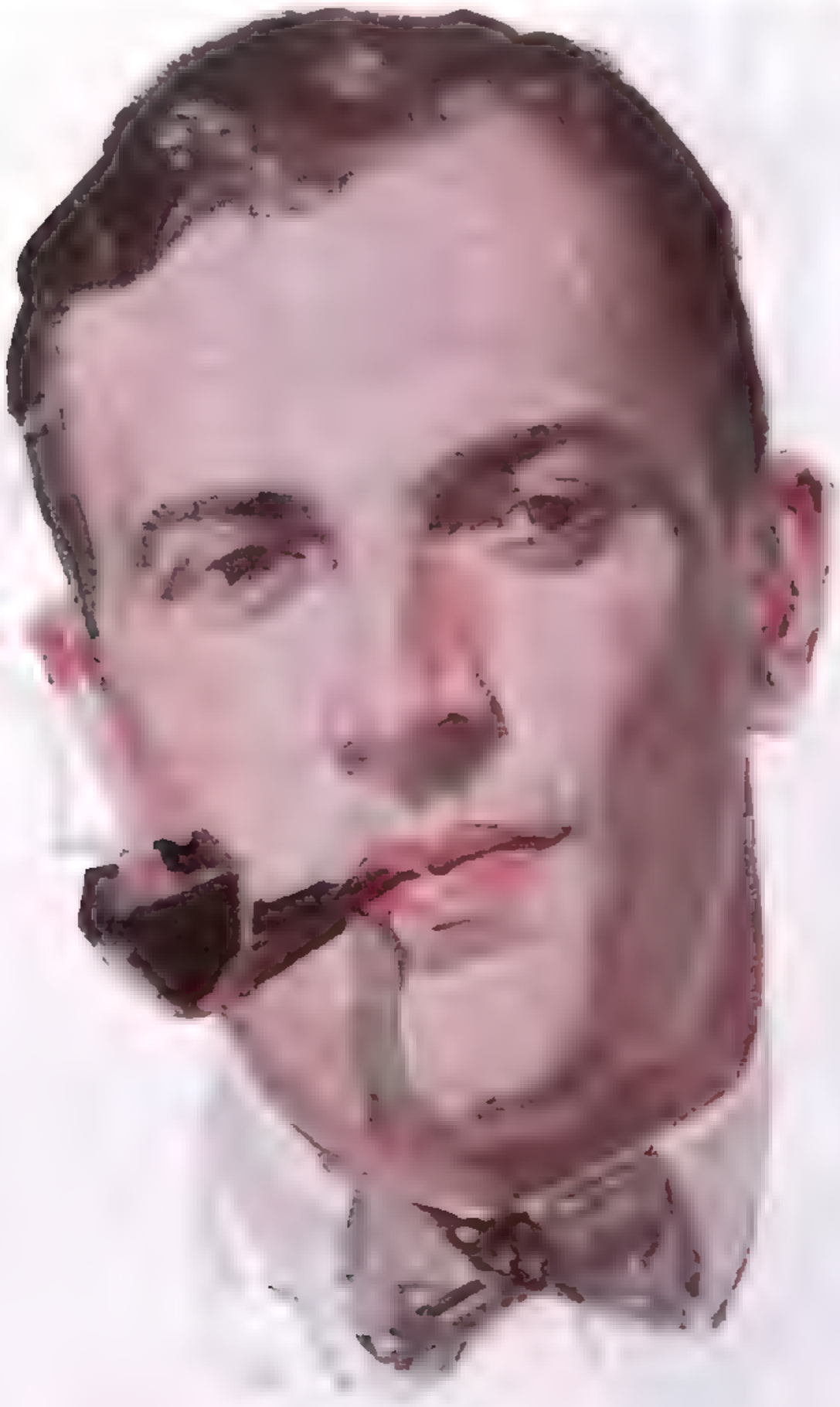
The Calders became a byword with the group.

"Well, I suppose Hepzibah Calder, or whatever her name is, wouldn't like it," Miss Gilbert would remark, "but I'm going to have another drink."

"Never mind," Rod would retort. "Make as much fun of the Calders as you please, but they're right. Yes, I'll have another, too, of course. How do you think I'm going to occupy my mind while you sit lapping up liquor? By running over the multiplication table?"

(Continued on Page 99)

P. A. is so *cool under fire*



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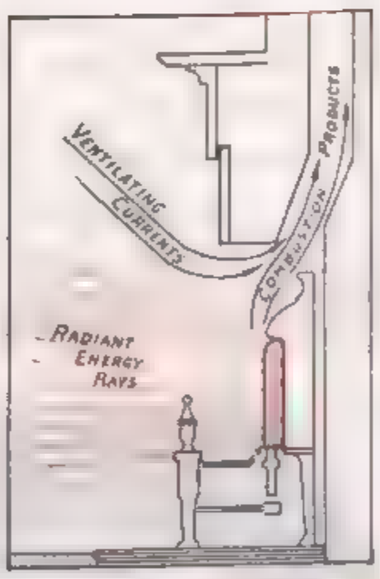

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The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

(Continued from Page 94)

Rod didn't like monotony, however, and the novelty of their somewhat tedious carousing was about exhausted for him on the morning when, buying cigarettes in the lobby before he went back to the noonday cocktail which was their assembly call, he felt a touch on his shoulder, turned and saw the Calders.

"Where have you been?" he asked them. "You don't know how good it is to see human beings again. People stop being human beings when they get more than a million dollars. It's perfectly true. Come back to the monkey cage and have a cocktail."

"That's where we were going," Doug announced.

"Just let me admire Katherine the Great a moment first. Whew!"

"It's called *Un Rien*," Katherine informed him. "But oh, the difference to me! Don't encourage my passion for myself. It's almost a violation of public decency now."

"Oh, Katherine!" Rod put back his head and laughed. "I knew there'd been something lacking from my life lately."

"Now what?'

"These youngers I've been playing with haven't any richness of mind."

"I imagine that's so much the most satisfactory form of poverty."

"I'm not so sure."

He told her something of the members of the group as they walked the long corridor.

The John Hennaberrys and Houghtey Gilbert were in one corner with three or four decorative young men.

"Here are my Calders," Rod announced to them. "Now you see if they aren't about the nicest people you ever met."

Three pairs of eyes were lifted, almost defiant in their prejudice. If Katherine's happiness in *Un Rien* hadn't been too great for self-consciousness, she would have felt it and been chilled. Instead she laughed her clear, deeply amused laugh.

"Rod, how unmerciful! If you were a Sunday-school superintendent and we were a prize copy of Holy Nellie, you couldn't make us seem more unattractive."

Dot Hennaberry said "But she is nice!" in blank astonishment; and Houghtey Gilbert, "That's exactly the way he's been talking about you for a week. We understood you'd been doing the quieter churches of Paris. I was going to ask you how you liked that big one, only I couldn't remember its name."

"She hasn't been doing any churches," Dot Hennaberry remarked. "She's been shopping. My dear, where did you get that frock?"

"At Lucien Pavane's."

Katherine had never enjoyed pronouncing any syllables so much.

"It's simply divine."

"I sort of thought," Houghtey Gilbert said, "that you'd wear something womanly in dark blue."

"I know," Katherine told her; "serge, with earth-clenching Sturdiboots in which the female saints go shod. It's unforgivable of Rod, because he's painted the most enchanting picture of all of you. I had an impression that to look at you with any safety I'd have to get out my purse mirror, like Perseus playing peekaboo with Medusa; or that, if I did look directly, it must be for just the tiniest blink or I'd surely have Klieg eyes for the rest of my life. I've never wanted to know people so much."

"Before you say another word," Dot Hennaberry told her, "I'll tell you one thing: You've got to come to luncheon with us and to the races afterward."

"I'd adore it. But can I without spoiling Rod's ideal of me? Does he think I should do anything gayer than pillow fights and midnight fudge parties?"

"I don't know, child," Rod said. "They're a pretty rough lot."

He was proud of her, though; proud of the whirl of nonsense and fantasy and wit that poured from her lips so spontaneously that, as they sat there, everyone was leaning over the table to listen.

"You're great!" he whispered the first instant he could.

"I just make my mind a blank and let this dress say what it wants," she answered. "You're sure I didn't sound silly? I must admit the very rich make me a little nervous since I've been a poor man's wife One thinks one's jokes will ring so hollow after the solid-gold remarks that must be always clattering over their counters."

Doug had felt twinges before, but that afternoon, for the first time, he was definitely homesick if "homesickness" be the word for a gnawing need of his factory and his mail and dictation, and the hundred humdrum activities he was in the habit of thinking he hated. He began worrying about things which might happen in his absence—there were plenty of them: and it depressed him to think how utterly insignificant the whole Westford Pasteboard Pail Company and its affairs would seem to these people around him.

The way Katherine enjoyed herself amazed him. He even wondered that the children being out of her sight should be so completely out of her mind, forgetting entirely how annoyed he'd been at her worry the previous Monday when his mother's cable with the code word which meant that the children were both well failed to arrive on time.

Doug's face got longer and longer, and nobody noticed. Dot Hennaberry was deep in an understanding with a coffee-colored young Frenchman, and Houghtey Gilbert was completely absorbed in Rod, and all of them were around Katherine constantly.

For tea they went to Madrid in the Bois, and stepping from their two great cars they passed the doloroua suite of a maharaja who had died in the rooms above the restaurant the night before to the wailing jazz of the dance orchestra—had died of appendicitis, because under his ancient faith he might not be touched by the unclean instruments of Christians and so could not be operated upon. The maharaja had been burned at dawn and his suite were going away. They sat on their piled, curious luggage waiting for conveyances.

It was Katherine who had read an account in the paper and connected it with that exotic group. She told the story so well that even the Hennaberry-Gilbert crowd listened, stirred and quickened by the color and strangeness of it.

"Dance with me, Doug," she said, while they were still talking about it, "and then we must go. I can't give these children a chance to observe the vintage of my steps."

When they were on the floor, she asked "Hasn't it been glorious?" in a voice so confident of agreement that Doug answered "It certainly has" almost with conviction, adding, "I'm going to get hold of the check here. We haven't paid for anything so far."

"You can't go," Dot Hennaberry protested Katherine's *adieux*. "We're all going to dine at the Tour d'Argent."

"Or at least you'll have to join us afterward," Houghtey Gilbert put in. But Katherine was firm.

"We have a dinner engagement, really we have," she white-lied, "and we've got to fly. Say good-by to Rod for us."

"If you were having such a good time, why did you leave?" Doug asked, her story being safely irrevocable.

"I've had enough for now. I felt myself getting stupid, and you have exclusive rights to that, my darling."

The "for now" was sad hearing for Doug. The tea check had been for four hundred francs.

"The stupidest you ever were in your life is better than they're used to," he remarked.

Of course it was charming of him, but it did depress Katherine a little, because she had liked every one of them.

Just then Rod hurried up.

"Now I'm not going to lose you again like last time," he said. "Will you be at the monkey cage tomorrow noon?"

"No," Doug answered flatly, and again Katherine's heart fell a little notch of depression, though she hadn't wanted to go in the least.

"How about dinner tomorrow then—just us three?"

Doug looked at Katherine.

"We'd love it," she said. "Where?"

"I'll take you to a place I've found. My party this time. I've sold a bond and given up being poor. I'll call for you at half-past seven."

Doug dreamed of the factory twice that night—worried dreams through which the nasal voice of Miss Gyngell, his secretary, was saying, "He said it was very important. Of course I don't know." Miss Gyngell, who could be alarming in real life, was portentous past belief in a dream.

In the morning Katherine deserted him to find, in one of the big galleries, exactly the dinner dress she needed. He was at a loose end and wandered about feeling that same need of his routine, his importance.

In the afternoon Katherine and he followed So You're Going to Paris through their quarter, and though it was interesting to see the convent where the greatest massacre of the Terror had taken place and the house where the inventor of the guillotine had lived, it failed to lift him from his depression.

Katherine's dress was at the hotel. She made Doug turn his eyes away until she said, "Ready. How do you like it?"

"It's one of those chiffon things, isn't it?" he inquired.

"You don't like it?"

It was simply annoying of Katherine to look so crestfallen.

"Why, yes, I think it's all right."

"I'll try to take it back and exchange it."

"Don't be silly. You need it for dinner. It's all right anyway."

"But if you don't like it ——"

"I tell you I do," he said crossly. "It's all right." She'd given him every chance.

"I suppose that means you're disappointed because I didn't get something that looked like a telephone concealer," she hazarded furiously. "Well, in the first place I wasn't going to put so much money in a dinner dress; and in the second, I wouldn't have got one anyway. This may not knock you down, but at least it looks like the costume of a woman who knows about clothes and has lots of them, and not the second girl's ideal realized. You can wear it over and over again without its being noticed. It's just a kind of uniform, and I think you're horrid. When you've bought a suit I don't sit around and say it's ugly and unbecoming."

"Did I say any such thing?"

"Well, you meant it."

"I did not. I said it was all right, and it is."

"Well, you've spoiled it for me."

A woman's weapon may be tears, but a man's is a deep sigh. Doug gave one, and went into the bathroom, where he indulged in a long soaking tub. When he emerged Katherine was finishing her hair at the dressing table.

"I'm sorry," she said, looking shy.

"So am I."

"I suppose I'd better confess the reason I particularly minded. It's because this came from Lucien Pavane's too. I couldn't find anything at the ready-made shops that didn't seem anticlimactic. So I went back, and this model happened to be just my size and they sold it to me."

"Wasn't it awfully expensive?"

"It was a little more than *Un Rien*," Katherine answered, and she felt that then, at least, Doug should realize how stunning it was, but he just hurried into his own dinner clothes.

The place of Rod's choice was Laurent's. The rose-colored neoclassic house glowed in the late sunlight. Their table was in the checkered shade of a low-branched chestnut tree.

"Well, to have introduced you to that little group," Rod told Katherine, "has

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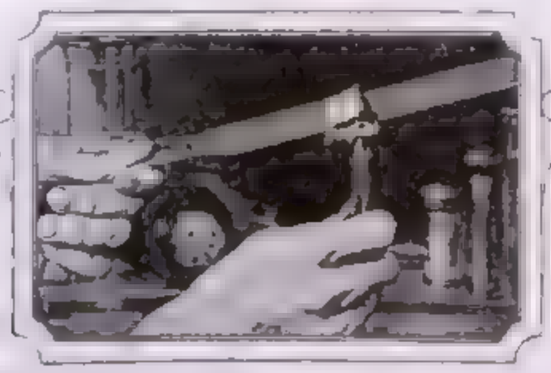

The Razor That Sharpens Itself

considerably bolstered up my social position, which was beginning to totter because I can neither dance like those gigolos they keep around them nor make them laugh. They almost begin to appreciate you."

"They're darlings," Katherine said, "but what I don't see is how you can see anything bad in them; they're just fun."

"I don't believe I ever used the term 'bad,'" Rod answered. "By the way, I'm ordered to bring you to Jerry's bar this evening after a play or something. Do you want to go?"

This time Katherine looked at Doug.

"Whose party?" Doug queried.

"Oh, no one knows. No one ever does in that crowd. Their gatherings are just like atoms coming together to form a molecule in chemistry."

"Shall we go, Doug?"

"Just as you say."

"Then we'd love to, for a little while at least."

"The only thing," Doug said, "is that I don't want to get in too deep. We've got to return all these parties, you know."

"Then you don't want to go?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter for once, I guess."

"You're certainly the spirit of carnival," Rod broke in. "Now don't act as though going to parties were trading in kind. Lord, Katherine contributed enough to that one yesterday to send in a bill, if you're going to take that attitude."

"It's different with a bachelor," Doug said.

"Part of your thirty thousand, Rod," Katherine reminded him. "And please don't quarrel. It's so perfect here." They spared her its perfection.

When the champagne came with the sweet—Rod was an artist in such matters—he made one of his charming, unexpected dips into formality.

"I want to drink a toast," he said, "to Katherine the Great, who makes these loose-tongued flappers seem the dull rowdies they are."

"Why, Rod, how sweet of you, but how unjust to those children."

The men drank.

"It's true," Rod said. "They're simply foul-mouthed, the lot of them, while you ——"

"While I ——" Katherine began, and broke off in a laugh.

"What's the joke?"

"I thought of such an amusing end to that sentence."

"What?" Doug demanded.

"If you'll give me a pencil I'll write it on your cuff and you can show Rod if you like."

Rod produced a gold one from his watch chain, and Doug stretched out his arm.

"While I," Katherine wrote, "am as dewy-eyed as any happily married woman in the throes of her first postnuptial love affair."

Doug read it.

"He doesn't think it's funny," Katherine said, and she knew she should have remembered Doug's sense of humor wasn't in very good working order.

"Let me see," Rod begged.

"No," Katherine told him, but Doug held out his cuff.

"Why, it's a classic!" Rod cried. "It's the most delightfully balanced compliment two men ever had."

There was a certain lack of enthusiasm in Doug's comments.

They went to a cinema. The posters showed it to be one Doug had seen, but the two others hadn't, and it was too late to bother hunting another.

A twice-seen movie not particularly enjoyed at first is soporific enough under any circumstances, but to stay awake through one in a stifling Parisian loge is an endurance test, and the only reason Doug did was because, suddenly, he didn't want Rod to laugh and poke at him and say, "Wake up, old gaffer Calder."

A staircase at the back of Jerry's bar proper led to a room lighted with a pink glow, where a pudgy young man with a sweet voice was singing Montmartre Rose, his eyes growing just a little crossed as he reached the more poignant passages:

And when the violin
Sings its song of sin,
You'll be telling your troubles
To bright, sparkling bubbles.

They paused in the doorway while he finished. Katherine was arch sentimentalist enough to be just a little played upon by the bad pathos and the cloying notes, and yet she knew all the time how funny it was. The combination of emotions was delightful.

Doug noticed a certain top-heavy quality in the reverent silence which the Hennaberry-Gilbert party was maintaining for the song. When the lights went up, they greeted Katherine effusively.

"There she is—c'mon over."

"Sit next to me."

With great expertness Rod maneuvered Katherine to a seat between himself and the young Frenchman, who had been disciplined and was depressed, but apparently less vinous than the rest. The only place left for Doug was between a never-graduate known as Yippy and Dot Hennaberry, who was much more cordial to him and less clear-cut than he had seen her before.

"Champagne? Can't offer y' anything else. Th' won't serve it d'n here."

She must have Welsh blood, Doug thought. He'd never heard so many consonants pronounced together. He took some wine to be polite—rotten sweetish stuff.

"Nice place, isn't it?" He opened conversation for the same reason.

"Y' get tired of it, though." It sounded hopeful.

Katherine was talking to Rod very gayly. Doug watched her from his corner. She was in her party mood, playing with her glass, sipping now and then, and pretending she liked her champagne. He knew she was really and amazingly ingenuous under her mental sophistication. But was it possible she didn't know how sodden they all were? If so, it simply irritated him. And he was sleepy—unendurably sleepy. He'd wait until she'd finished that one glass. Even that bid fair to take hours.

Another singer, a funny man, got up. He was a tough guy who made nance gestures for comedy:

"*In the words of Shakspere, she's a wow.*"

Æons of it went by and Katherine's glass was hardly less full. Doug had had two himself. Then, for the second time that evening, Dot Hennaberry gave him hope.

"Garçon," she said suddenly, "ch'ck."

"Madame wishes?"

"Check," Doug told him.

"'Bout time we w're moving if we're going t' th' Acacias."

"I should think so," Doug agreed.

Any kind of break in which he could seize Katherine was all he asked. Dot Hennaberry spoke again:

"Where's Beauchamps?"

That was the coffee-colored young Frenchman. Doug pointed him out.

"Beauchamps!" Dot Hennaberry called. He rose and came to her.

"Now let's have this out."

They began a long, serious, muddled quarrel.

Shortly the waiter returned. The instant he saw him, Doug had a presentiment of evil. The waiter looked at Mrs. Hennaberry; he stood near her and shuffled his feet and wagged the check in the air.

"But the thing I 'bjected to," Mrs. Hennaberry was saying almost tearfully, "was that you acted so damn certain."

"*Mais non. Mais dites donc, chère madame.*"

"Yes, y' d'd."

Then the waiter gave the check to Doug. Doug began a gesture to indicate John Hennaberry; began it, turned purple and took the check. It was for eight hundred francs. He took out his pocketbook. Nobody saw him, or at least nobody made the least objection. He put a thousand-franc

(Continued on Page 102)

Mr. Andrew J. Ospring, of Dayton, O., in sending us the letter reproduced on the right, wrote:

"Attached is a true statement about your good product. You have permission to print it or consign it to the waste basket. I hope you will continue making as good a battery as you always have."

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November 20, 1925

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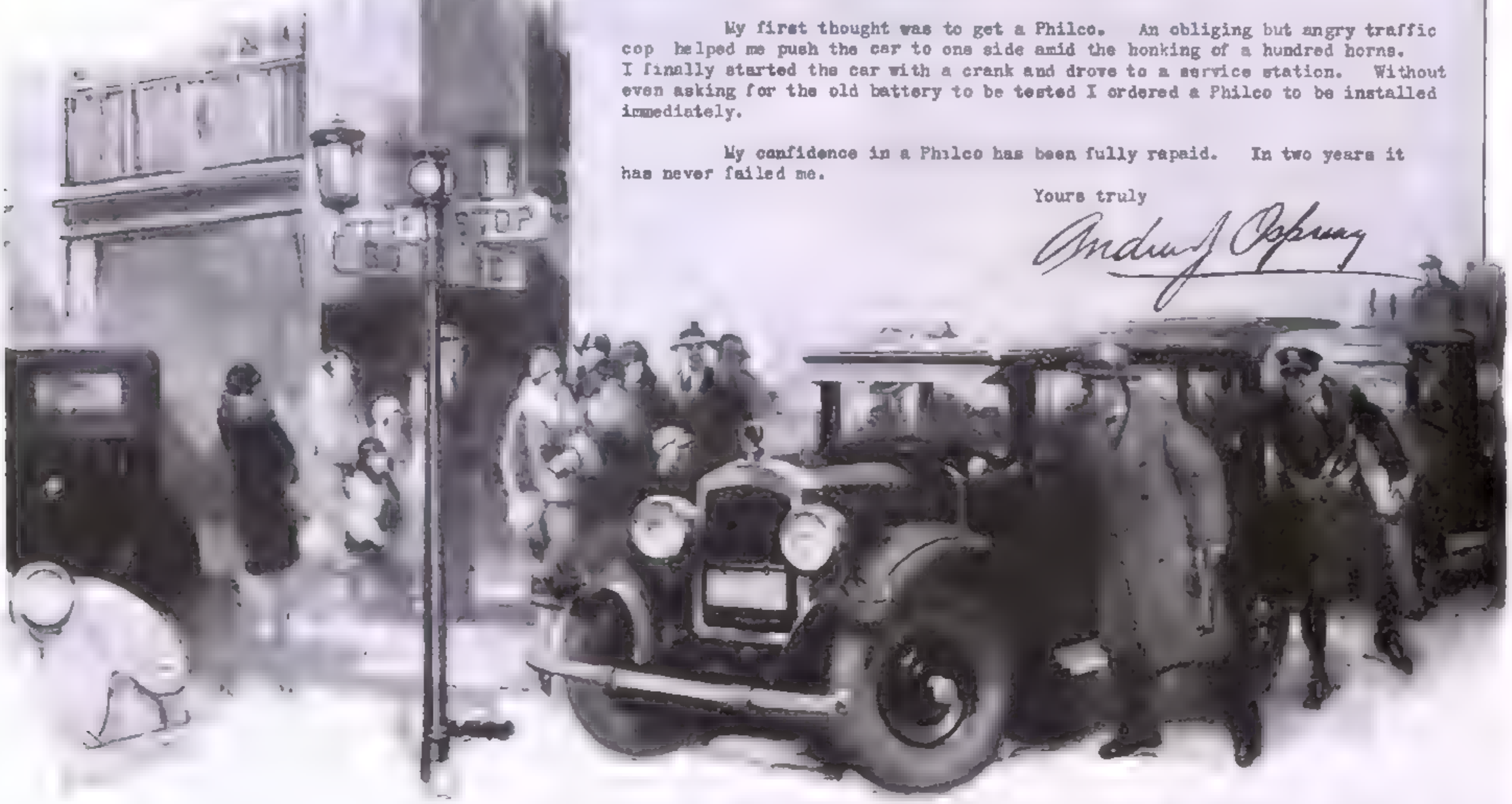

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PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 100)

note in the waiter's hand, and when the change came left an exact eighty and rose. Katherine's glass was more than half full, but that meant very little to him now.

"Oh, Doug's sleepy," Katherine said mournfully.

It appeared that was a great joke. At least everyone laughed.

"Time to be going," Doug stated.

"But I'm having such a good time!"

Talking to Rod! That was the sum of her present entertainment. Talking to Rod and twiddling that champagne glass.

"Good enough for eight hundred and eighty francs?" Doug wanted to inquire. "Or so good that you'd like to stay until I have to pay a thousand or so more?"

He did not, however. He merely tightened his jaw in a way Katherine knew.

"Time to be going!" Rod, dashingly, irritably handsome, was echoing him. "Why, you poor old nonagenarian, we're just starting out."

"Katherine and I aren't."

"Are you really so sleepy?" Katherine asked.

"Yep," Doug answered, because, though it was no longer true, it was satisfactorily rude. "Come on."

"What's your sleepiness got to do with Katherine?" Rod demanded. "I can take her home."

"She's coming now," Doug announced.

It was the one step too far he might have known Katherine would resent.

"Oh, no, I'm not," she contradicted him, with arrogance in her tone. Suddenly he hated her acutely.

"All right," he said, and strode from the room. While he was getting his coat Rod hurried up.

"I'll take care of Katherine. Don't worry about her."

It was no place for a fight, or Doug would have pasted him, training or no training.

"I won't," he said.

"You don't mind?"

"Not a bit. I'm delighted to have you. Your friends will be an education to her."

He climbed the stairs and was in the air, walking across Paris. Divorces on Credit! Divorces on Credit! The signs leered at him from every kiosk. Well, if Rod took much further care of their finances, that would be the only kind there'd be a chance of. And peering around the signs, Doug saw Miss Cosgrove's face, triumphant despite the pulled-down corners of her mouth. Something like this was just what she wanted, the rotten old whiner.

Rod Hale! Why hadn't he pasted him? Why hadn't he felt the satisfaction of his knuckles under that chin? "Now crawl back in that room and teach economical traveling to some of the rest of them, you dirty swine." Even if Katherine wasn't in love with Rod—and how could you tell?—she was so darned clever—what adjustment could he and she make, if she got liking Rod's sort of person and the kind of things they did? Digging into the foundations of their life. That was it. With no more conscience than a Dago laborer quarrying a Roman ruin.

It was a long walk to Doug's hotel, but his unbroken eloquence made it seem nothing. He stormed out of his clothes and got into bed, and for a long time he lay composing ringing speeches, then he slept.

There was a crack of gray outlining the drawn curtains when he was aware that someone was knocking on the door of the room. Katherine, of course, but she should have known he wouldn't have locked it. He dragged himself cumbrously out of bed. The concierge stood there in a misery of sleepiness and hanging suspenders.

"It is a chauffeur of a taxicab for monsieur."

"I didn't order any taxicab. I was sound asleep."

"He said madame sent him to bring monsieur to her at the—what the word?—Commissariat de Police."

"Police" was enough to start Doug pulling clothes over his pajamas. So that was the way Rod Hale had taken care of her!

"The Police Commission," the concierge mistranslated himself. "Madame is at the Police Commission."

"*Vite!*" Doug yelled to the driver, but it was a long time before they drew up at an official doorway with a blue-and-white lantern beside it.

Doug jumped out and was almost on the threshold when he felt a huge hand on his arm.

The taxi driver was saying, "*Mais non, monsieur, mais non,*" and a great deal more Doug couldn't understand.

Doug hadn't noticed what a tremendous fellow he was.

"Let me go," he commanded.

"*Mais non. Mais non.*"

The man dragged him to the taxi and pointed to his meter. Evidently he wanted to be paid.

"But wait! *Attendez!*"

"*Non! Non!*"

"How much?"

Doug couldn't believe his ears and looked at the meter. He'd been right—five hundred francs. There was no use trying to argue with the giant, and he had to get to Katherine. Doug paid and the taxi tore away.

Inside the police station there were three sleepy gendarmes.

"My wife," Doug appealed to them, "Madame Calder."

They looked perfectly blank and a little frightened.

"Madame Calder! Madame Calder! *Ma femme!*"

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" And then swift volleys of French among themselves, volleys which went on and on until one gendarme left the room and was gone for a long time. When he came back the volleys of excited French were renewed.

"*Par ici,*" he said to Doug at last, and led the way.

"Doug!" Katherine cried. "Oh, Doug!"

Gathering her in his arms, all Doug knew about the room was that it was dark and dirty and horrible for Katherine.

"Oh, Doug, get me out!"

"Of course, sweetheart, of course. What happened?"

"They were drunk."

"That's news!"

"I knew they were a little, but I was so busy talking I had no idea how drunk. I hadn't, till they began telling stories on the way to that next place, stories I couldn't even understand.

At the thought of those stories, sobs racked Katherine. Doug couldn't help grinning.

"I guess they won't kill you."

"We got to the Acacias and that bored them and then we began going to other places. We went to one at Versailles, and to a Russian one and to some up on Montmartre."

"Five hundred francs' worth of places. I know," Doug said.

"And we ended up at one in a cellar like a movie set, and it was dirty and no fun, and then Houghtey Gilbert stuck out her foot and tripped up a man who was dancing, on purpose, and the man thought it was John Hennaberry or Rod and began to quarrel, and John Hennaberry hit him, and Rod hit somebody who came up, and then everybody fought at once. I was the only sober one and Rod's man was trying to hit him with a stick, and I bit his hand. I had to do something. And he turned out to be a policeman."

"Damn Rod Hale, anyway!"

"Oh, he was wonderful then! He could have got away. The rest of them did, but he ran after the man who was dragging me upstairs, just like that awful baboon statue, and he tried to pull me free and —— Oh, Doug, get me out of here!"

"I will, sweetheart. Don't be afraid."

Only in Doug's mind there was a scared vacuum as to what he should do next.

"I will as soon as the consulate opens."

"But, Doug, that will be hours!"

"What else can I do?"

"Why don't you ask Rod?"

"Is he here?"

"Yes. They put us in the same cell. I think they thought we were married."

"I'll have that changed," Doug announced.

"Oh, I'd rather have him than be alone. Only he was ill." It was the one alleviating statement she had made.

"Is he sober enough now to be of any help?"

"I'm sure he is."

Doug turned to the gendarme who stood in the door.

"The other," he said—"*l'autre. Le monsieur.*"

The gendarme called his confreres and there were more volleys of French. Katherine clung to Doug.

"I love you so much," she told him. "I wanted you so."

Finally Rod was produced. He came in, the personification of pale indignation.

"My pocketbook has been stolen."

"I don't give a damn about your pocketbook. How am I going to get Katherine out of here?"

"Every cent I had was in it."

"Will you stop talking about yourself?"

"There's a lawyer who speaks English and who, they say, can do anything. Bill Dean at the embassy told me about him."

"What's his name and address?"

"They were in my pocketbook."

"Well, where can I get hold of Bill Dean?"

"In America. This lawyer lived opposite him here. His place was 10 Rue Matignon. Wait, wait! The lawyer's name was Tourillot. Do you want me to write it down?"

"I've got it," Doug said. "I'll be back with him as soon as I can."

"Oh, Doug, don't leave me!" Katherine wailed.

"I have to if I'm going to get you out."

"I know it. Only hurry."

Rod's presence really wasn't much comfort to her, Doug noted with satisfaction.

After a half hour's search he found a taxi.

Maître Tourillot's household had never been so outraged. Doug could feel that. The baked apple of an old woman who came to the door would have shut it on him if she could, or shoved him out, but Doug stepped inside and kept repeating, "Monsieur Tourillot. *Necessaire,*" with such arrant Americanism, that finally the old woman went, and Doug stalked up and down a salon, looking at family art work in groaning impatience until a small-eyed gentleman appeared in the door.

"You weesh?"

"My wife's in jail. I want to get her out."

He told the story, Monsieur Tourillot tipping the fingers of one hand against those of the other as he listened.

"And you weesh to get her out right away?"

"Is that possible?"

"It can arrange itself. I have friends. But it will not be cheap."

"How much?"

Maître Tourillot looked at this worried, prosperous American.

"Five—six thousand francs."

"Go ahead," Doug said.

"And the gentleman?"

"He can go to the devil." Then, reconsiderately—"You could get him out at the same time?"

"I t'ink so. That cost more. Perhaps ten thousand francs the two."

Oh, hell, Doug thought, Rod had been caught trying to save Katherine.

"Make it both of them," he grunted. "And is there some way I can stay with my wife until she's free?"

Maître Tourillot gave him a card with words written across it.

"There's no use trying to comfort me," Katherine said. "I feel so utterly disgraced, I don't see how I can ever face the babies."

Whatever the faults of Maître Tourillot, he was expeditious. After a brief ceremony involving Katherine and Rod, which might have been a civil marriage for all Doug knew, they were released. It was not nine o'clock.

"Haven't you a red cent?" Doug asked Rod.

"No. Can you lend me taxi fare back to the hotel? I'll borrow from John Hennaberry. He'll have to trust me till I'm earning something. I haven't a thing more I can sell without ruining myself."

Doug loaned Rod two hundred francs, and Katherine, Doug and Maître Tourillot proceeded to the Hotel Muguet. There was the little matter of writing out travelers' checks to be attended to.

"That settles it?" Doug asked, as he wrote out the one which made a total of ten thousand francs.

"For the—er—others," Maître Tourillot smiled delicately.

"And for your trouble?" Doug groaned.

"Would two thousand francs be too much?"

Doug wrote out the additional check. The black-leather folder was painfully thin.

Doug put Katherine to bed, and though she protested to the last moment, when he kissed her before closing the door she admitted he had been wise. She woke at six o'clock.

"What are we going to do?" she asked. "What can we? If I'd had any character at all, I'd have lain awake worrying."

"No need for that," Doug said. "There was enough money left to get two passages on the Felice, which sails Monday. It's one-class and they say it smells a little, but we can't be choosers."

"And we could have stayed on six weeks! Oh, Doug!"

"It won't seem so bad to get home. By the way, Rod called up."

"What did he want?"

"The John Hennaberrys and Houghtey Gilbert have left for Biarritz. He'd forgotten they were starting today."

"Did he want to borrow some money?"

"Yes, enough to join them."

"Did you let him have it?"

"I told him I was darned if I would. Subject to your approval, I offered him passage money home. He can pay it back when he's able. It's hardly a Triple-A investment."

"Then he'll sail with us?"

"Oh, no, he won't. I'd seen this coming and made inquiries. He'll sail student-class, or, as he'll call it, steerage, on the Vercingetorix. I don't know whether he'll find much *joie de vivre* and gayety."

"He'll love it," Katherine declared.

"You agree then?"

"So long as he's not on our ship. Is there any money left?"

"Enough to keep us till we sail, if we're careful."

"There's one thing," Katherine mused. "None of Miss Cosgrove's relatives can ever claim any of it back because I didn't live up to the provisions of the bequest."

"It was yours to do what you wanted with it," Doug told her staunchly.

Then, having had a really thoroughly refreshing sleep, Katherine smiled.

"Anyway," she said, "I think a night in a Paris jail is rather smart. It misdates me in a way I don't mind a bit."

"One of the Foolish Things," Doug remarked meditatively, "by Emmeline Cosgrove and Katherine Calder, with Mr. Roderick Hale in the title rôle."

The well posted motorist insists on AC products, and will accept no other.

He knows that the foremost automotive engineers specify AC products as standard equipment for the very good reason that they perform best. That is why you should be sure to insist upon AC products. They are available to you through AC dealers everywhere.

AC SPHINX Birmingham ENGLAND — AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan* — AC-OLEO Levallois-Perret FRANCE

AC SPARK PLUGS

THE new AC Spark Plug marks the greatest advance made in spark plug construction in years.

A new design, a new alloy for sparking points, a new electrically fused Kyanite insulator core and a new glaze—in a type and size for every motor.

For Fords there is the famous AC 1075, embodying the above improvements as well as many other special features—and it is now made in both one- and two-piece design.

AC SPEEDOMETERS

THE AC Speedometer for Fords is of the same high quality as furnished for original factory equipment to the manufacturers of Buick, Cadillac, Chandler, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Gray, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Peerless, Pontiac, and GMC Trucks.

There is no swivel joint between the front wheel and the instrument it drives—exclusively an AC feature, insuring continuously satisfactory service.

Packed complete with all installation attachments, easily mounted and reasonably priced—$15.00 ($21.00 in Canada).

AC AIR CLEANERS

THE AC Air Cleaner prevents dust from entering the motor through the air intake of the carburetor, thereby eliminating excessive wear on the motor's moving parts.

Original factory equipment on Buick, Davis, Locomobile "Jr. 8," Oakland, Nash, Stutz and Willys-Knight "6"—Models available for installation on Chevrolet, Chrysler 4, Dodge Brothers, Ford, Maxwell, Oldsmobile, Star, Studebaker as well as the 1925 and earlier models of Buick, Nash and Oakland.

Packed complete with all installation attachments, easily mounted and reasonably priced—$5.00 to $7.00 ($7.00 to $10.00 in Canada).

Supertwist was conceived and perfected by Goodyear, and is used only in Goodyear Tires

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Something besides Comfort

SUPERTWIST adds durability to balloons

From the first, there was no question of the superior comfort of the balloon tire.

But in the minds of a great many people there has been a very definite question as to the balloon tire's *durability.*

So far as Goodyear users are concerned, that question has been decisively answered once and for all.

It is literally true that in actual service the Goodyear balloon has not only equaled the high-pressure tire in stamina and lasting usefulness, but in countless instances, has excelled it.

In the important work of perfecting the balloon tire Goodyear went back to the original sources of tire strength and serviceability.

In its own mills it developed a new and revolutionary cord fabric to solve the special needs of low-pressure flexible-sidewall construction—the now celebrated cord fabric SUPERTWIST.

The superiority of SUPERTWIST lies in its greater elasticity; it far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric.

When the Goodyear Tire made of it strikes a stone, the springy SUPERTWIST cords *give to* and *yield* under the blow—stretching and recovering, like rubber bands.

This ability to *absorb* rather than merely to *resist* impact gives Goodyear balloon tires a special merit.

It insures in the tires' very structure that extra degree of elasticity and endurance which Goodyear knows is indispensable to economical balloon tire service.

It minimizes any chance of cord breakage, and affords utmost protection against carcass rupture and similar damage.

It contributes one more important advantage to the many that have made "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

All Goodyear Cord Tires, and Goodyear Tires *only,* are now made with SUPERTWIST.

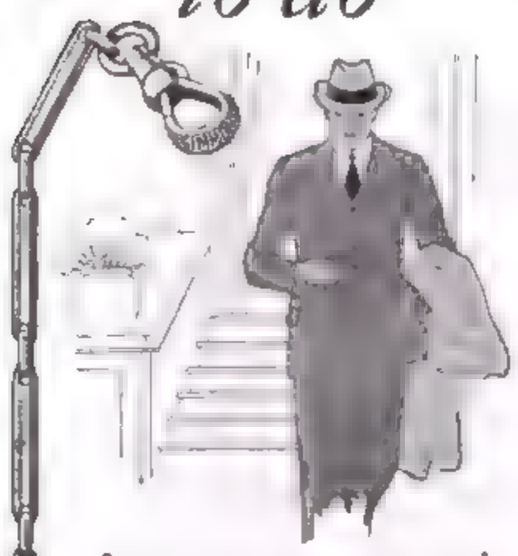
Yet Goodyears cost you no more.

Good tires deserve good tubes—
Goodyear Tubes

BALLOONS

Made with SUPERTWIST

Your watch chain has a job to do

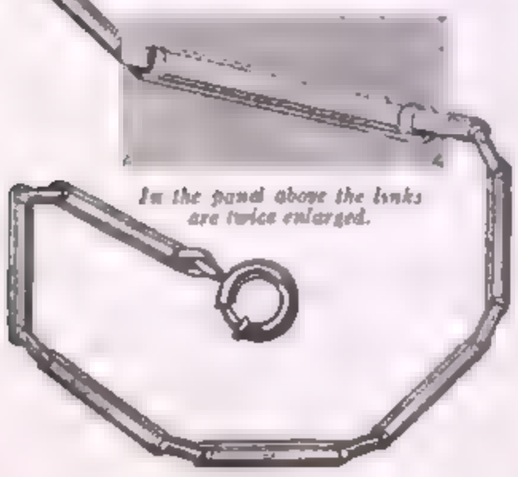


It HANGS on to your watch when fingers slip. It draws the watch from the pocket for consultation. A silent partner to be sure, but a necessary one.

Yet this isn't all your watch chain ought to do. As a piece of jewelry it should lend distinction to your appearance.

Does your watch chain serve you so completely? If it doesn't, a Simmons Chain can — the standard watch chain of the country. Recommended by all fine jewelers. Worthy of any watch. Wears for a lifetime without losing its original good looks. The Simmons special process of manufacture—drawing gold, green gold and Platinumgold over a stout base metal—is the reason for this extra durability.

Ask your jeweler to show you the representative assortment of Simmons Chains. Prices—$4 to $15. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.



In the panel above the links are twice enlarged.

SIMMONS TRADE MARK CHAINS

The swivel says it's a Simmons

LAWYERS' FEES

THOUGH the history of young America is written in the names and deeds of her illustrious lawyers, they were often gentlemen whose incomes were derived from other sources. They were possessed of oratorical power, that great gift of the gods which modernity is fast stifling. They were pleaders in what they considered the cause of right. The nation's great lawyers were automatically her great politicians, and the law was essentially the gentleman's profession. Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, Robert Morris, Daniel Webster—such great men were the molders of this nation's policies during the formative years of her childhood.

$10,000 for Ten Minutes' Advice

History, however, does not record exactly what were their cash returns for this nobility of national purpose. Nor, as a rule, was there any more definitely fixed scale of fees then than now. A wise judge declared in 1852 that the yearly income of the average lawyer of his state was under $1000, and that an estate of $100,000 was seldom left at the death of a lawyer. Careful investigation of the comparative incomes of lawyers, doctors and merchants of the same place and period shows the lawyers comparatively weak financially, though stronger, perhaps, in honor bestowed by the community. Only one definite and accepted printed code of fees have I found; that is the one adopted by the Richmond County Bar of Georgia in 1852, a list which would stagger the high-priced legal specialist of 1926. Fifty-eight items of general practice are listed, for eleven of which the fee is five dollars; eighteen are worth ten dollars; only four reach the height of fifty dollars, while the rest range from fifteen to thirty dollars. "For every oral opinion, five dollars," says the old list—and I believe that Joseph H. Choate once received for ten minutes' oral advice $10,000—"for written, ditto," it continues. "Libel for divorce, twenty-five dollars, application for dower, twenty dollars, commission for lunacy, twenty dollars, preparing case for Supreme Court, fifty dollars, arguing case in ditto, fifty dollars."

Today the law office of a successful firm in a great American city requires several floors of a towering skyscraper which command a rent of $75,000 yearly. An elevator whisks you up twenty flights or more, and an office boy ushers you into the private office of a certain member of the firm. You see an organization as complete as that of a business house, for law is rapidly changing from a profession to a business. A corps of clerks are searching reports of various states for precedents and doing detailed research work on various cases, conveyancers are drawing deeds, mortgages, agreements and other documents; typists, both men and women, are busy tapping their machines. There is the perpetual buzz of phones and the pressing of electric buttons as the great work moves on apace. And all of this special service and overhead expense is of necessity included in the bill of the ultimate consumer of legal counsel.

Today the partner who is especially fitted by temperament and social position devotes his energies to bringing in business; other members of the firm confine themselves to trial work, which is hard, grueling and so consuming of time and energy that fewer city lawyers each year are trying cases in court, in some cities not 10 per cent at present. The profession automatically in America, as by established custom in England, is coming to be a two-branched one of barristers and solicitors, owing partly to the fact that more money can be made in offices than in courts today.

This dual division marks but the initial step toward intensified specialization. In law, as in medicine, there are specialists, subspecialists and then more kinds, to meet the crying needs of the moment. Some lawyers specialize in criminal law, some in bankruptcy matters, some in corporation reorganization, some in the investment in funds for estates, some in managing estates. Some men gain fame as divorce lawyers, some are versed in the law of theatrical and film worlds, some in matters pertaining to patent rights, and a few excel in handling cases dealing with food and drug acts.

Keeping a Lawyer on Tap

The large corporations frequently pay yearly retaining fees of from $10,000 to $20,000, which means that they can call upon their lawyer freely for legal advice, but in case of litigation pay him an additional fee. Such lawyers, if their time is employed exclusively by one organization, have offices in its building, adjoining those of the company's officers. The late John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia, the famous corporation lawyer, was paid retaining fees by many corporations to be assured of his services in event of litigation.

Representing committees in the reorganization of great properties is a highly lucrative practice, since the total amounts involved soar to millions, and fees based on even a small percentage net large returns. Here the stakes are high, responsibilities great, analytical powers of the highest order demanded. A great railroad, for example, goes into receivership, and losses sustained must be properly apportioned to creditors and owners. Certain firms are counselors

(Continued on Page 109)

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE HALL OPTICAL CO., NORFOLK, VA.

Myrtles, Grass, and Wild Cherry Trees on a Sand Dune at Cape Henry, Virginia

A Tale of Two Cities

In Canada— Montreal—12 Million

In Florida— Miami—9 Million

The above figures represent the approximate number of bottles of Coca-Cola sold in each of these cities during 1925, in addition to large sales at soda fountains.

Jack Frost likes Coca-Cola like everybody else.

From these two cities of such wide extremes—Montreal, brisk metropolis of the great Dominion of the North, and Miami, wonder city of sunny Florida—you get the whole story, the big story of Coca-Cola's tremendous popularity despite great variations in climate.

Time was when no one believed it possible to produce a drink good enough for both hot and cold weather. But today this story of Montreal and Miami is the story of a continent. It can be told of New York and Los Angeles, of Chicago and New Orleans, of Winnipeg and Havana.

It can be told of the hundreds of cities in between where the popularity of Coca-Cola continues through all four seasons—winter, spring, summer and fall.

It's the story of the tremendous public demand for the right product.

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

A Natural Drink of Natural Flavors

Coca-Cola, as you get it for a nickel at soda fountains in the bell-shaped glass and at the many other places in the hobble-skirt bottle, is no simple thing to produce.

It's a natural drink of natural flavors—good things from nine climes poured into a single glass. Its welcoming sparkle comes from carbonated water, and leading scientists declare that carbonation purifies, giving a drink in its purest form.

Millions of dollars have been spent on plants, equipment and methods to safeguard its purity. Each ingredient is scientifically tested for purity and strength before it is used. Twenty-one separate tests of this sort are made, covering every step in the process of manufacture and distribution—that you may get Coca-Cola at its best.

A year ago its sale averaged 6 million drinks a day for the year. Today its sale for the year averages 7 million a day.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

7 million a day

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Our New Insignia

The distinguishing mark of a distinguished car! For the beautiful new Rickenbacker body designs are conceded to be the season's most distinctive and smartest creations.

Any Rickenbacker you select comes with the identical chassis with which Cannon Ball Baker established the longest list of road records ever made by one man with one make of car in one year. That's performance!

See your Rickenbacker dealer today.

Rickenbacker Motor Co , Detroit, Mich.

Six-Cylinder Coupe Sedan $1695

f. o. b. Detroit, plus Federal tax

Rickenbacker

A CAR WORTHY OF ITS NAME

(Continued from Page 106)

for one class of bondholders, other firms for another class. Not only must they know financial conditions and processes but transportation methods as well. In such reorganization cases a fee of $75,000 or $100,000 is not unreasonable, especially if work is extended over a period of years. A few years ago a noted Boston lawyer whose office had done brilliant work in a lengthy and laborious reorganization sent in a modest bill for $22,000, while a comparatively unknown lawyer in a small Midwestern town insisted on being paid $50,000 for minor services in the same matter. This discrepancy of self-valuation between the big man and the little is a common occurrence in this profession, as well as in the world at large.

Recoveries of Federal income tax have recently been the legitimate as well as the illegitimate source of large lawyers' fees, though this day is nearing its close. From 10 to 40 per cent of the amount refunded by the Government is charged. Mr. A——, a manufacturer, recently had refunded to him $500,000, and told me that it was distinctly worth it to him, to avoid the loss of the whole, to share with his lawyer to the extent of $150,000.

But Mr. B—— was less fortunate in his experience and has been raging against the whole legal profession ever since. He reminds me of the member of the legislature who, when a bill was introduced offering a bounty for the heads of wolves, said he would move to amend by including a similar bounty for the scalps of lawyers! B—— had employed a lawyer to approve the form of his income tax and the fee agreed upon was $250. Needing some special advice as to the profits of a real-estate transaction involved in the return, he phoned to the lawyer and said, "Just meet me at the club for lunch and we can talk it over." The matter was settled over the oysters, and not mentioned again. The host received a bill for $400 for the special advice, and he has never recovered from the shock!

Counseling the Movies

As highly specialized a field as that of income-tax returns, and one of more permanent continuance, is that connected with theatrical work, which centers in New York, since the financing of both the motion-picture industry and dramatic or musical productions is done there. Legal specialists in the film world must know how to prepare a contract embodying all the elements pertaining to movie production; such matters as contracts with stars and directors, distributors and exhibitors, as well as details of footage. Practice in this field makes perfect one's knowledge of where motion-picture money can be borrowed and where a deaf ear will be turned. Information gained from experience with one group is capitalized in dealing with the next. Lawyers are paid large retaining fees for representing both organizations and individual actors, many exigencies arising where matters must be settled out of court, both because the actor's time is not to be spent in this way and because of the disastrous effect upon his work of that dread demon, publicity.

A scenario writer, for example, contracted with a movie company to do revision work for them, at the completion of which, though paid the amount agreed upon, he insisted on further remuneration on the ground that he had to spend more time than that foreseen. Though utterly unreasonable, he had the backing of unscrupulous lawyers, who told him quite rightly that by persisting with his tactics and preventing the clear title he would irreparably delay the release of the film. The company's lawyer advised a settlement out of court in preference to the combined delay and offensive publicity.

Contrary to public opinion, the largest single fees are not generally paid in criminal law. In the recent Loeb-Leopold case, than which few sensational affairs ever won larger headlines on the front pages of our newspapers, the Chicago Bar Association agreed that $100,000 was a just fee. Many cases of corporation law involve equally large fees. In a murder case of a few years past, the whole nation was fed with its morning breakfast all the lurid details that the reporters could lay hands on. Matters of international moment assumed relative unimportance, and the only money available for a lawyer's fee was the proceeds of the $10,000 accident-insurance policy made payable to the beautiful young prisoner by the husband she had deliberately shot down and which, incidentally, was paid her! A successful criminal lawyer in Philadelphia has $500 for his minimum fee.

Briefly the present theory of fees with these highly paid specialists is this: A lawyer has the right to fix his own fee unless otherwise agreed upon in advance. This fee he fixes after consideration of the results of his work, the time and labor spent, the money involved. As with physicians, architects and engineers, the most able and conscientious men are often not the ones who rate their services the highest. It is frequently the inferior lawyer who overcharges, while the abler man considers the quality of his work rather than his fee. About this, however, no dogmatic statement can be made; some firms of excellent reputation are equally famous for their great skill and their high fees, and some seem to swell their bills solely by keeping a luxurious establishment.

When Lawyers Disagree

If a fee is disputed by a client and the lawyer goes to court in order to collect it, he usually gets the judge's support and that of other lawyers. *Noblesse oblige* and professional courtesy could scarcely allow it to be otherwise. Yet a lawyer must often shave down the fee originally demanded, either because his client is really unable to pay or because he thinks he is. For a lawyer's satisfied clientele is his one method of advertising; it is only the unscrupulous shyster lawyer, the highwayman of his profession, whose client goes away disgruntled and never seeks him a second time.

Sometimes clients who are too poor to pay in cash pay in other ways, and the lawyer may receive from his appreciative women clients any slight token ranging from a knitted tie to a Jersey calf. When a certain nationally known manufacturer of automobiles chartered his company years ago, he asked his lawyer to take ten shares of his stock in payment for services. This stock was then worth $1000. The lawyer had only to tuck the papers in his safe, then sit and wait. Time, and the phenomenal manufacturer of what the public now knows it must have, did the rest! The lawyer is today a millionaire as the result of this fee. A little-known lawyer called in casually in connection with the organization of a movie company was given, in addition to his cash fee, a little *pourboire* of some stock, which now pays him annually a larger income than the cash fee.

It is just because a lawyer, not being gifted with omniscient or yet with clairvoyant powers, cannot foresee what a case will bring forth that he cannot set a fee in advance. This shrewd business men often want him to do for reasons that to them seem necessary. Recently a creditors' committee were at work on a case which one member felt could be terminated by acceptance of an offer for assets. He asked the lawyer—who is now on the Supreme Court bench of a great state—what amount the committee could feel safe in setting aside for his fee. The lawyer drew himself up with great hauteur, peered over his glasses and replied in measured syllables: "Sir, I decline to fix my fee at the present moment. I am now employed in building a house for you. When that house is finished, and then only, you will know the cost!"

As to the just amount of a fee, lawyers disagree among themselves quite as often as the proverbial doctors disagree. An influential manufacturer in a Western city recently employed a firm of lawyers on a patent case. During the progress of the case he asked the junior partner, who had done most of the work, what his fee would be. He modestly replied, "I have spent very little time; $2500 will be sufficient." Later when the day of reckoning came this amount was mentioned to the senior partner, who assumed a surprised and aggrieved air.

"I can't understand the reason for his mistake. His services are worth exactly $5000." And exactly $5000 was paid.

A somewhat similar story is told of ex-President Benjamin Harrison, practicing law in his native state of Indiana, and Elihu Root, who had gotten him to do some work for clients of his. The case ended, Mr. Root said to the ex-president, "And what bill shall I send my clients for you, sir?"

With his customary dignified manner, Harrison replied, "I prefer to deal direct with my clients, thanks." Later, when in the office of the New York man, he said, "Those were very satisfactory clients of yours; they paid promptly enough and the fee was $25,000 too."

"Yes," replied Mr. Root in a noncommittal way.

"And may I ask what yours was?"

"It was $50,000," replied the other. The point at stake is that the noted lawyer would as a matter of course have demanded a larger fee for the ex-President than he had even conceived of asking for himself.

In a recent case involving large corporation interests an unheard-of local lawyer charged exactly twice what a noted lawyer on the Pacific Coast asked for the same work. In that organization arose a case where every effort was being made to enable a man whose affairs were badly entangled to pay his debts in full. "My fee will be $3500 and this man's fee the same," said one of the lawyers in an impulsive, offhand manner as the case was nearing its close. The chairman of the committee said, "Will you two lawyers let me talk to you after the case is settled and before your fees are fixed?" Several weeks later this man brought the lawyers together and said, "If each of you will take $2000 you will enable the debtor to pay in full, and the goal we have been striving for will have been gained. Anything else will mean failure of our entire plan."

After the first lawyer had left, the second came to the chairman and said, "If it will help to accomplish our purpose I will gladly do this work without any fee."

Twenty-Five Dollars for a Word

A freak fee of $250,000 was that paid by the railroad for whom a lawyer created the now familiar sign, "Stop, look and listen!" Another whimsical case was that of a lawyer who held notes against an unsuccessful young man who had apparently disappeared in the vast open spaces of the West. Hearing that the vagabond was worthless and abandoning all hope of payment, the lawyer in time filed the notes marked paid. Later the ne'er-do-well, by a turn of fortune, struck it rich in oil. The lawyer then wanted to collect the money but could see no way of doing it legally.

Another lawyer said to him, "First pay my fee of twenty-five dollars, and then I will tell you how. . . . Thanks. . . . Now go and write the word 'not' in front of 'paid' on each note."

A struggling Dakota lawyer in a small town worked several hours for a city lawyer in order to sell at the highest rate a large amount of wheat accumulated for rents due an estate. The city lawyer, coming to conclude the transaction, seemed pleased with the young man's progress and asked him to breakfast at his hotel the next morning. Tossing on his pillow that night, the novice thought that it was seldom that he had a matter involving as much as $5000—this having happened forty years ago. He felt that fifty dollars would honestly pay him for his work, but he wondered if he dared ask $100. In his

(Continued on Page 113)

ANSONIA SQUARECLOX

BETTER
Alarm Clocks

It is the constant purpose of the Ansonia Clock Company to make *better* clocks. In the Squareclox family this purpose has been accomplished to a remarkable degree; they are not only *better timepieces,* but so much *better looking.*

Then they are made to suit the needs of different people. Some need a loud, continuous alarm, others a quiet, intermittent alarm. The Square Simplex needs winding only once in ten days. When you awake and turn it off, you don't have to remember to reset the alarm. It automatically resets to ring at same hour next day. Other Squareclox strike the hour and half hour. Whatever your preference, one of the Squareclox will do just what you want.

The descriptions below give some of the details. But the best thing to do is to see them for yourself at any jeweler's, department store or drug store. Then you will know why we call them better alarm clocks.

Square Pirate. Continuous alarm; 4¼" high x 3⅛" wide. Runs 30 hours $2.50
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Rascal. Continuous or intermittent alarm; 2¾" high x 2⅜" wide. Runs 30 hours. $3.25
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Service. Intermittent alarm. Silver dial with Jade hands and numerals; 5¼" high x 4⅛" wide. Runs 30 hours $3.50
Silver dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Racket. *The ONLY alarm clock striking hour and half hour.* Gong strike silenced when desired. Strikes correct hour when started again. 5¼" high x 4⅛" wide. 30 hours. $5.00
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.

Square Simplex. *The ONLY 10 DAY automatic alarm clock.* Alarm stops and automatically resets. 5¼" high x 4⅛" wide. $6.00
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.

Prices in Canada are a bit higher.
(Patents Pending)

At Jewelers', Department Stores and Drug Stores.

THE ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
7th Ave. & 12th St., Dept. P, Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

Always a Wise Now Better

Dodge Brothers Inc. have announced astonishingly low new prices.

They have announced important refinements in their product. Always building an exceptional car, they are now building better than ever.

Better in many ways—in beauty, comfort, driving vision, engine smoothness, snap, elasticity, and get-away.

The simultaneous offering of lower prices and vital improvements is made possible by a gigantic expansion of buildings and equipment.

Ten million dollars so invested permit great savings through vastly increased volume and efficiency.

Part of these savings goes into further betterment of the car. The other part goes directly back to the buyer—in the form of a price reduction that staggered the industry.

Those who chose Dodge Brothers Motor Car in the past invested their money wisely. Today they invest more wisely than ever before.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO ONTARIO

DODGE MOTOR

Investment ~ *than ever Before*

	Old Price	New Price
Touring Car - - -	$ 875	$ **795**
Roadster - - - -	855	**795**
Type-B Sedan - -	1045	**895**
Special Type-A Sedan	1280	**1075**
Coupe - - - - -	960	**845**
Panel Commercial Car	960	**885**
Screen Commercial Car	885	**810**
Chassis - - - -	730	**655**

F. O. B. Detroit

BROTHERS
CARS

Burroughs

has Built its **MILLIONTH** *Machine*

Your confidence in the Burroughs Company has made this accomplishment possible. The millionth Burroughs machine is tangible evidence of your generous acceptance of our contribution to modern business methods. We shall continue our policy of quality and service, which has won your support.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

ADDING BOOKKEEPING CALCULATING AND BILLING MACHINES

(Continued from Page 109)

hotel room the next morning the city lawyer drew out a roll of $100 bills and said, "What is your fee?" The bashful one hesitated and the other laughed. "Well, I'll begin to count and when I have counted enough, stop me. One, two, three, four, five. Is that enough?"

"Well, you might add one more," said the country mouse to the town mouse with assumed indifference as he put the $600 in his pocket.

Many amusing and unpublished stories cluster about John G. Johnson, that great son of a Philadelphia blacksmith who, at the time of his death in 1917, was acknowledged dean of the American bar and by many considered the greatest legal mind of all times. Asked by two presidents to sit on the Supreme Bench, by a third urged to become Attorney-General, Johnson was obviously in a position to demand whatever fees he fancied. Indeed, like Justinian, he literally wrote law in the statute books, and his opinion was almost as weighty as judicial decision. His knowledge of law in its totality was such that no lawyer, it is said, ever worsted him on a point of law.

As its great master, he interpreted American law at a period unique in its history when with the phenomenal growth of commerce, industry, corporations and corporation law, the common law of England must needs be reinterpreted to fit a thousand unforeseen exigencies.

Though Johnson, as a result of working with persistent sincerity and unmitigated devotion to the law, amassed a large fortune, his fees were the least of his concern. Some say that they were demanded without rime or reason, that he simply set the first figures that popped into his head. His fees ranged from five dollars to many thousands, and the five-dollar and also the no-dollar cases interested him quite as much as the others.

Johnson's Modest Fees

Johnson amassed his millions from the phenomenal number of single cases he tried rather than from exorbitant single fees. His power of logic, his unerring directness and his amazingly retentive memory were such that in fifteen minutes he could accomplish what a more lumbering man would require weeks to achieve. He often argued five important cases in one morning.

There is a tradition that complaint was made to one of the judges on account of Johnson's excessively small fees, which set a standard of charges too meager for the support of the average lawyer. A young lawyer from a small town came to Philadelphia to consult Johnson regarding the legality of a bond issue, and at his office was dispatched to the court room where Johnson was trying a case. During a lull in the proceedings, Johnson recognized the visitor and responding to his request for an appointment said he could attend to the matter then and there. Johnson read the papers, took a pencil from his pocket and changed several paragraphs, returning the young man's papers and saying all was well. The young aspirant then asked for his bill to be sent at an early date. Johnson replied, "I can tell you now; it is fifteen dollars."

"Oh!" exclaimed the disconcerted young man, completely taken aback. "Can't you charge more than that? I had expected myself to send a bill for $2500!"

Another young lawyer, now grown to vastly successful maturity, consulted Johnson at great length over a trivial matter. When he wrote to ask for his bill he received on the bottom of his own letter this laconic reply:

"If for a client five dollars; if for yourself nothing. "J. G. J."

However, Johnson made a large income from his consultation with other lawyers and in the sixty years before his death approximately $400,000,000 were invested in corporate interests on his recommendation.

An Ironic Comedy of Errors

In the famous Standard Oil case Johnson's fee was $100,000, and in the Northern Securities case the same, the largest ever paid at that time, Daniel Webster's largest having been $75,000. When Johnson defended the Sugar Trust before the Supreme Court—his pleadings are historic—he demanded $3000 only. With his usual directness and high sense of rectitude, he declared, "I should be ashamed of receiving more than the worth of my service." Whatever had happened to occur to him at the moment as a true value of his work was the idea he would not relinquish. He asked Havemeyer for a painting instead of a fee, and was sincerely displeased when the Sugar King sent him $100,000 instead. The American Tobacco Company sent him a check for $250,000 for services and received this reply:

"*Dear Sir:* I am not in the habit of having my clients fix my fee, and I herewith return to you $200,000, retaining $50,000 for services rendered. "*J. G. J.*"

Once a great Pennsylvania coal company had a case involving millions, and all hinging upon an abstract doctrine of the law. The decision in the lower courts had been against the company. Johnson, before appearing in the trial of the case, glanced over the papers, apparently in a casual way. Briefly he stated the case. In twenty minutes he walked out and had won in this matter of vast import. The official who had engaged him wrote out a check for $25,000.

"Here, here, this won't do at all, not at all," Johnson almost growled. The director apologized profusely, and immediately offered to double the amount. To his great surprise Johnson declared that $5000 was sufficient, and he would not take a penny more.

A coal company disputing the right of ownership of surface coal and subsurface veins asked the permission of their own attorney to consult Johnson. Entering his dusty office, they were told, "If you will wait half an hour till I come back, I will tell you who is entitled to the coal." Which he promptly did.

"And your fee, Mr. Johnson?"

"Well," he laughed, "a certain lady in my family needs a new dress—will a hundred dollars be too much?" The client had in his pocket a check made payable for $5000, and according to his competitors at the bar Johnson should have taken this and given the $4900 to a worthy charity. However, the lady got the dress, the client had the disposal of the $4900, and Johnson a satisfied conscience.

One day Johnson was leaving his Philadelphia office just in time to catch a train for New York, where he was sailing on his annual trip abroad. For weeks great preparations had been made in the office, and all work was at last in order. A suite of rooms awaited him on the great liner; he had even had cases of his special water sent in advance. The secretary who was to accompany him held in his hand a cabled appointment with a famous dealer in paintings. "Good-by! Good-by! And bon voyage!" they called as he opened the door.

The Unknown Quantity

Just then he came face to face with a poor widow who wished to consult him about a matter involving ridiculously little money, but she had no one on whom to pin her faith unless it be her friend the lawyer. Without a moment's hesitation he turned back, laid aside hat, coat and umbrella, and gave his attention to her tale of woe, saying in an undertone to his secretary, "We won't take the train." Such the man of great mind and great heart felt to be his duty as apostle of the law.

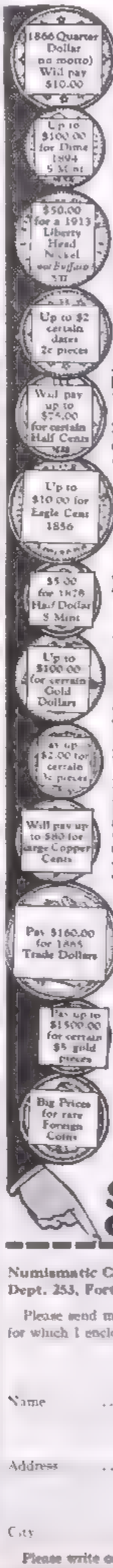
And now that my tale is almost told, let me frankly avow that there are both sinners and saints in the legal profession. Moreover, there are wolves in sheep's clothing that come bleating to the bar. No work of modern man calls more insistently for mind and character of the highest order, and for courage unmitigated. The great lawyer of the past, present and future must not only have complete knowledge of the law, but he must be possessed of a passion for justice and a masterful understanding of mankind and womankind. Yet if you seek the whys and wherefores of lawyers' fees, you will discover that a satisfactory solution of that puzzling problem is as elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp. You can sooner find the fountain of eternal youth or the crock of gold at the rainbow's end!

A Menhaden Fishing Fleet in Hampton Roads, Virginia

OLD MONEY WANTED

I Paid $200 to J. D. Martin of Virginia FOR JUST ONE COPPER CENT

B. Max Mehl, Pres. Numismatic Co.


1866 Quarter Dollar (no motto) Will pay $10.00
Up to $100.00 for Dime 1894 S Mint
$50.00 for a 1913 Liberty Head Nickel not Buffalo
Up to $2 certain dates 2c pieces
Will pay up to $75.00 for certain Half Cents
Up to $10.00 for Eagle Cent 1856
$5.00 for 1878 Half Dollar S Mint
Up to $100.00 for certain Gold Dollars
Will pay up to $80 for large Copper Cents
Pay $160.00 for 1885 Trade Dollars
Up to $1500.00 for certain $5 gold pieces
Big Prices for rare Foreign Coins

"Please accept my thanks for your check for $200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I agree, as the interest you have in coin matters is a pleasure to me, but does not with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you that it will be a pleasure to me to fill all my friends of your wants for older or old coins."
JULIAN D. MARTIN, Virginia

Post yourself! It pays! I paid Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams $740 for some old coins. W. F. Wilharm, Pa., $13,500 for his rare coins. In the last 20 years I have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills and Stamps WANTED!

$1.00 to $1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now I will pay $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not Buffalo), $100 for 1894 dimes, "S" mint, $8.00 for 1853 quarters, no arrows, $10.00 for 1866 quarters, no motto, $200 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, 10 cents each for 1912 "S" Mint Nickels, etc.

Big Cash Premiums for Hundreds of Coins Now Circulating

There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that I want at once and for which I will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Watch Your Change. Know what to look for.

It Pays to be Posted on the Big Values of Old Coins

Knowing about coins pays! Andrew Henry of Idaho was paid $900 for a [illegible] received in change. A valuable old coin may easily come into your possession or you may have one now and not know it—*post yourself*

You Will Open Your Eyes When You Read My Large Illustrated Coin Folder

Send 4 cents. I will send at once my highly illustrated and interesting Coin Folder. WRITE TODAY for this eye-opening valuable wealth of information on the profits that have been made from old money. No obligation on your part. *You have nothing to lose—everything to gain*

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Dept. 253, Fort Worth, Texas.

Please send me your large Illustrated Coin Folder for which I enclose 4 cents.

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City State

Please write or print name and address PLAINLY

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A pipe smoker apologizes for years of hate

Reading, Pa.,
August 29, 1925.

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

For years I have read your advertisements and testimonials and laughed at them—until last month. I am now writing this letter as an apology to Larus & Brother Co.

Prejudiced many years ago when I first started to smoke a pipe against Edgeworth because a hated enemy of mine was a constant smoker of it, I refused to fill any pipe of mine with this tobacco.

I smoked almost every kind of tobacco I could buy but your brand. I was what I call a "gypsy smoker." Sometimes I would find satisfaction for a while, but always the tastes of tobaccos would give me repulsive mouth odors. With some, my mouth would have the feeling that it was the uncleanest thing on earth. Some tobaccos even blistered my tongue.

Price was no object. I had paid as much as eight dollars a pound for my smoking mixtures, but I could find no contentment.

Some time ago I was without my pouch and borrowed a pipe-load from an acquaintance, not asking what kind he smoked. We parted and I lit up. I enjoyed it so much I could not wait until I could ask him what kind it was. It was Edgeworth. I was disappointed, but not too narrow-minded to try a can for myself. For a month now, I have hesitated in writing you, in hopes (again I apologize) that I could find fault with it. But I can't.

At last I am satisfied and I am willing to forget that feeling of animosity towards the man who first prejudiced me against your peerless smoke, for I see now that he had more common sense than I.

So I apologize and thank you for doing something I thought could not be done—giving me a smoke I could really enjoy at all times. We are friends for life.

Sincerely yours,
H. Roth Newpher.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1-O South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters.

A THIRD UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 7)

"Now I know that this term 'power pool' is an attractive political catchword. Unscrupulous men take advantage of it and picture it as a great monster crouching to devour all men, women and helpless children within its reach. Let us be done with this nonsense, because, in fact, it is a great servant and is subject, as it should be, to government control. Is America afraid to use great tools in her own interest merely because, uncontrolled, they would have power to injure?

"In New England there has been some feeling also that power generated within a state should not be transmitted outside the state. Unfortunately, political divisions only rarely coincide with economic ones. The thing most important for any state is to have its powers developed. They cannot be developed unless the power can be used to the highest economic advantage. If that point be within the state, well and good; but even then it needs the diversity factor."

He ended by recalling that every worker in our land has thirty-three slaves at his hand, and more, too, if the proper regulatory jurisdiction—regional jurisdiction, instead of state or centralized Federal jurisdiction which smothers regulation—follows and adjusts itself to economic growth, as something applied by a unit zone of legal usefulness in regulation to a unit zone of economic usefulness.

The High Tide of Centralization

It is this kind of broad concept which removes the petty jealousies within—and even the outside envies—from a sectional coöperative endeavor. It is an excellent concrete example of the possibilities of the Third United States.

These possibilities in the electric-power field of interstate coöperation as applied to regional control are to be embodied in a congressional bill—perhaps too advanced for its time and for the education of Congress and its constituency—which will allow interstate compacts for the regulation of the so-called awful power pools. I do not mean the idea which proceeds from Pennsylvania and is reported as arising from the attempt at founding of the joint commissions of Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey under the leadership of Governor Pinchot. Such an idea is directed ultimately at nationalization or public ownership of power—superpower, or giant power, as it is called—and would attempt to write on statute books artificial economic law; law which will not and probably never can do more than to curb and curl up the initiative and expansive reaching of any private industry. I refer to the joint interstate control by compact or coöperation of corporations whose two functions, so far as the public is concerned, are furnishing good service and expanding service at just rates.

Of course a body like the Interstate Commerce Commission of the Federal Government could attempt this regulation under the Interstate Commerce Clause. Of course, as Mr. Hoover said, leaning toward a defense of regulation, angle state by single state:

"There is the possibility that generating concerns may sell their power wholesale at that state line to distributing companies, thus attempting to make their wholesale prices exempt from the regulation of the consuming state. But the state still regulates the price and service of the distributing company. Most commissions exercise supervision of the contracts for purchase of power. The commissions are unlikely blindly to accept as an item of cost the amount paid to an external transmission company for its power, but rather they will examine the cost and reject it as a basic element if found unfair or excessive or collusive.

"I commend this view to the careful consideration of the state commissions. The utilities themselves would do well not to oppose it. It would create the only gap justifying Federal intervention. For the rest, coöperation between commissions could settle the possible minor questions."

Elsewhere he said:

"Nothing will produce worse service than to transfer local problems to absentee solution at Washington. . . . Nothing could be more hideous extension of centralization in the Federal Government than thus to undermine the state utility commissions and state responsibilities."

With this latter statement I and no doubt the majority are ready to agree. Centralization has already raised inferno with democracy, with local and citizenship responsibility. The tide of centralization ought to be turned back by every clean and honest hand in the United States. No one knows this better than the President and men of particularly high mind among those who surround him. But Hoover's apparent doubts as to full coöperation between states—as to state compacts and their future possibilities to make a Third United States—are not shared by me. Applied to the regional or zone manufacture, transportation and distribution of power by a permission of the Federal Government for interstate compacts, for joint commissions and for arbitration provisions in cases of disagreement, I have high hopes. These hopes are raised not only by the necessity of some other regulation of zone situations which are neither Federal nor state in their very essence, not only by the high possibilities of successful legal justification of such regional interstate regulation but also upon the belief that any local economic situation should be treated as a unit by the local governments concerned, acting jointly by permission of Congress—in a new third-regional form of the United States.

All that I have quoted from Owen D. Young is true, and more is true. The most important prop to our continued prosperity is bringing power to the use of man. This is well recognized in Great Britain. The old day of the local steam plant generating small quantities of energy and regulated by municipalities is gone. Today the high-tension transmission line has more and more made it possible to pool the combined force of many steam stations of vastly increased capacity and many water powers, and even steam stations located at the mine mouth, where coal otherwise more expensive, or even waste coal, could be used to send energy far away.

Leaping Political Boundaries

The widespread distribution over larger and larger zones has increased diversity of use, has made it possible for regulatory commissions to demand cheaper rates if they are stalwart enough to do so. Above all, in the hands of private ownership and not in the hands of government ownership, where bureaucracy is always feeble in adventuring for gain, in invention and in expansion, American industry and to some extent American farms can go on increasing the number of horse power available, as Young says, as slaves of each human worker. But such expansion will be cramped if each economic unit of the giant-power industry is put into long-distance government control in this Washington of ours. It will be cramped or inadequately regulated if states acting separately and often in conflict, and sometimes in humiliating bidding for corporation favor, try to act alone. The remaining solution is joint action, the use of the interstate compact by permission of Congress.

I have used electric power—giant power, as they call this regional pooling—as a first example to illustrate the possibility of the Third United States. It is an important example, but there is a long list of growing problems needing, no doubt, the same treatment.

The example of electric power is an example of state coöperation in regulation which concerns a vast economic interest of a region or zone in which boundary lines on the map of the states are trivial.

But let us go on to other examples of need for interstate coöperation. Most of these, as yet unrealized by the mass of citizens, have been arising from the increase in population. For instance, a group of states in an arid region, while the water supply of a river passing through them was sufficient to supply the needs of a thinly settled territory, met no conflicts in the rights to the water. But the pinch comes in a developing country after a while. Then quarrels as to water rights, water use, begin to drift into the courts. Colorado and Wyoming, Kansas and Colorado start litigations, and these litigations are not successful either in the sense that well-defined principles of equity result or in the sense that even when such principles are laid down they may be well administered.

The Colorado River Compact

The best and briefest statement of the foremost attempt to settle such rights is found in an article in the Yale Law Journal by Felix Frankfurter and James M. Landis:

"The Colorado River is the Nile for the Southwest; the state of Colorado its Sudan. At first there was no collision among the various users, because Nature was adequate to their scattered needs. The earlier Imperial Valley development could be made without sacrifice elsewhere. The irrigation projects by Arizona and Colorado could likewise draw freely on the available surplus. But when, in course of time, the United States proposed enormous projects on the public domain within this basin, and when the abutting states planned further works, with the increasing need of water for domestic and industrial uses, the cumulative demands upon the river put an end to *laissez faire*.

"Conflicts followed, with the conventional resort to courts. But litigation added confusion, not settlement. The judicial instrument is too static and too sporadic for adjusting a social-economic issue continuously alive in an area embracing more than half a dozen states. The situation compelled accommodation through agreement for continuous control of these continuously competing interests. Initiated by the governor of Utah in 1919, a movement, participated in by the Colorado River Basin States in collaboration with the United States Reclamation Service, was started for the interstate study and solution of the problems presented by the utilization of the water supply of the Colorado River and its tributaries. After a series of conferences, the necessity of settlement by compact was agreed upon in principle.

"The consent of Congress for such a compact accelerated its realization. A second series of conferences of the accredited commissioners of the seven states, in which the special claims of each state were voiced at public hearings, and the concern of the United States was represented by Secretary Hoover, evolved the details of the plan now known as the Colorado River Compact. In sum, the compact formulates the terms of a policy for the present equitable apportionment of the waters of the Colorado River system, and also provides machinery and method for continuous supervision and adaptations of policy to changing conditions. The compact has cleared the hurdles of six legislatures and will come into effect if and when Arizona ratifies. Measured by the vastness of the region and the magnitude of the interests regulated, the Colorado Compact represents, thus far, the most ambitious illustration of interstate agreements.

"The widespread public discussion elicited by the evolution of the Colorado River

(Continued on Page 116)

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A good appearance *is the* Marseillaise of Ambition

—*it sends a man marching on!*

WHEN a man is low in his heart .... with faltering faith in himself.... and a shyness that subdues both his manner and his deed—

let him go to a good shop and attire himself irreproachably!

So said Emerson.

And such is the tonic of fine tailoring to both inner and outer man.

For taking on a good appearance is a spiritual as well as a physical exaltation. *Looking fit* and *feeling fit* are closely akin. A vogue-ful coat brings with it a valorous spirit .... the morale of the wearer responding to his mode.

Carlyle speaks of the boorish laborer who, at the day's end, stepped forth in a new suit of clothes, a chivalrous cavalier! Refined in behavior, with his vulgarity left behind in his overalls.

The cleanliness next to righteousness is as fully the product of cloth and craftsmanship as of soap and water!

* * * *

Some day, your father may tell you how a certain famous letter "K" in his inner coat pocket, provided the shield and buckler that girded him for his first business opportunity.

It put confidence in his heart .... the confidence born of good appearance. And so helped him land his first job.

And to myriads of other get-ahead Americans, these past 50 years, Kuppenheimer clothes have been an entering wedge to the strongholds of success.

Some day, when appearances are to be weighed, for or against you, you, too, may find this distinguished "K", worn in your coat pocket, a very acceptable letter of credit.

KUPPENHEIMER
GOOD CLOTHES

An Investment in Good Appearance

HEALTH and DELIGHT in *every* bite!

Hold it in one hand peel back the wrapper

Whether you're six or sixty—you'll enjoy Eskimo Pie. Its crisp chocolate jacket encloses the purest of ice cream—rich, firm and delicious. Its gleaming foil wrapper just twinkles an invitation to roll it back and taste the wonderful flavor, protected within.

No wonder the fame of Eskimo Pie has spread around the world. No wonder that schools serve it for its concentrated nourishment—and clubs, lodges, parties and family gatherings top off the evening with this tempting confection. Eat it anywhere—just roll back the wrapper like peeling a banana—no soiling of fingers or clothes—no dishes or spoons to bother with. Give Eskimo Pie to the children to increase their strength and weight—it contains as many calories as two boiled eggs, a chicken sandwich or a pint of milk.

NOTE TO DEALERS: *If your manufacturer does not supply you, write us for the name of one within shipping distance who will—because more than half the ice cream manufacturers in America make Eskimo Pie.* ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION, 30th and Grand Ave., Louisville, Ky.

5-cent and 10-cent Sizes

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(Continued from Page 114)

Compact has served to educate the irrigation states to the possibilities of the compact idea. Six projects for like settlement of other interstate irrigation difficulties followed. One has been perfected by recent consent of Congress; another has been embodied in an agreement ratified by one state; the terms of a third have been agreed upon; for three others commissioners to formulate a compact have been appointed."

A conservation policy often involves more than one state; it may involve several. One state may cut off forests with reckless disregard for the future, and, in addition, may enter into such wholesale cuttings as to expose another to disastrous and damaging floods.

The water supply for thickly settled areas, including large cities, may be menaced by the fact that Federal action is constitutionally impossible and one-state action selfish and isolated.

New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, acting under pressure of circumstances, have been planning to pool their interests in the water supply so that an interstate compact authorized by Congress may solve a regional problem.

One of the most cited examples of successful interstate compacts is that between New York and New Jersey for the improvement of the port of New York. No thoughtful person could cruise about that gigantic harbor, which does nearly as much business as all our other harbors combined, without wondering what sense there would be in placing its destinies in the hands of two states, the Federal Government, municipalities and a potpourri of regulatory busybodies. The solution is an interstate compact between the states which touch upon the harbor and have a mutual interest in making the port of New York the greatest port ever known to mankind. In this is found another case where a natural facility may only be conserved, developed, engineered and maintained as a unit—a unit of regional rather than either state or national nature, and requiring a call for jurisdiction from this new Third United States.

Bidding for Millionaires

Before Congress today is the problem of inheritance taxes. In some states no inheritance taxes are imposed, and the burden in such states on inheritance is solely that of the Federal inheritance-tax exactions which the Treasury and many wise economists would rejoice to have eliminated. But other states vary their inheritance taxes. Some are high, some are low. There is even present an atmosphere of bidding for rich residents by lowering state-inheritance taxes. The result is a hodgepodge of taxation, and it is not impossible that a final solution may be a nation-wide interstate compact to make uniform the state taxation of estates.

The need for something of the kind in interstate coöperation is expressed by Senator Norris indirectly as he argues for Federal inheritance taxes:

"An objection often made to this kind of tax is that the Federal Government ought to leave it to the states. There is no logic whatever to this objection. The only authority in our country that can properly levy such taxes without hardship upon anyone, and without discrimination, is the Federal Government. If the Federal Government does not levy the tax, and it is left to the states, we will find the states competing with each other by offering reduced taxation to millionaires in their efforts to get them to locate within their borders, and the logical outcome would be that no state would levy much of any inheritance tax."

The obvious cure for that last situation is state coöperation.

The problem of conserving fish as a food supply for the nation has been neglected, and a great waste has gone on because the Federal Government has no jurisdiction of the matter along the shores of states; and states which, if they were coöperating, might work out conservation compacts find one another acting alone and selfishly eager to take the lion's share of any fish catch open to two or more states. Delaware and New Jersey, Oregon and Washington have worked out compacts, the latter applying to salmon fisheries on the boundary river.

This problem comes up in endless instances. To cite one example, there is now going on a destructive competition for the crabs of Chesapeake Bay between Maryland and Virginia. In the ten-year period between 1915 and 1925 the annual catch diminished from fifty million pounds to twenty-four million pounds, or one-half, owing to the extermination of the various species. Neither state apparently will take action alone to conserve; it is only by compact between the states that the crab can be saved.

A Crab Conservation Compact

The Washington Post, commenting upon this extermination of the crab, which follows with even more swiftness the extermination of the lobster, hopes for two separate state legislatures to act independently and to achieve thus a result in a save-the-crab movement. The obvious remedy, however, will be an interstate compact. The Post says:

"Dredging for crabs in winter has contributed largely to the decrease in the crab population of the Chesapeake, but this is not the only cause of depletion. All forms of fishery, including the trot-lines of summer residents at bay resorts, are helping in the work of extermination. Dredging is carried on only in Virginia waters and only in winter. Trot-lines are used in both Virginia and Maryland waters. The average catch per trot-line crabber has decreased 70 per cent since 1907, and the average catch per dredge boat in the hard-crab fishery has declined 80 per cent since 1908. It has been found that winter-dredged females are fertile; that females spawn more than once and that adult crabs do not burrow in the bottom. The investigations made by the Bureau of Fisheries disclose that the spawning of crabs takes place in the lower regions of Chesapeake Bay and that the young gradually migrate northward as they grow, passing the latter part of their juvenile life in Maryland waters, where they finally mature, and mate, and the females go back to the lower end of the bay."

This again is a regional problem, probably requiring the good offices of this Third United States.

A vast field for state coöperation may later be found in control of crime. In the United States one of the difficulties of suppression of lawlessness is the failure of one jurisdiction to coöperate with another. There is no reason, for instance, why the laws of extradition may not be made nation-wide. There is no reason why states, acting together, should not shut down on the outrageous and silly situation in which today a criminal may live for years in one state with a bad record and then hop over a boundary into another state, and, more or less absolved of his past, begin criminal life anew as a first offender.

The criminal law of the separate states is the real protection of the citizen. Its enforcement has broken down. This has produced a marked crime tide in America. The remedy is along the line of coöperation between state crime commissions, perhaps not involving state compacts, but certainly interstate coöperation in much wider extradition features, much better methods of identification, uniform model codes of criminal procedure and mutual agreements to give swift and certain, if not severe, punishments.

The Third United States will develop from a wide social consciousness the idea that regionally there are important economic and social questions which will not and perhaps cannot be solved by Washington on the one hand or the state capital on the other. Not only are we realizing this but we are realizing also that there are distinct units of social or economic interests which do not coincide with artificial state jurisdictions and certainly not with Federal jurisdiction. The political jurisdiction fails to fit the economic or social situation. As Frankfurter and Landis say in their article in the Yale Law Journal:

"The regional economic areas demand continuity of administrative control in so far as control is to be exercised through law. The central problem of law, it is becoming clearer every day, is enforcement. Experience overwhelmingly demonstrates that the demands of law upon economic enterprises, like the modern utilities, cannot be realized through the occasional explosions of lawsuits, but call for the continuity of study, the slow building up of knowledge, the stimulation of experiments, the initiative in enforcement which can only be secured through a permanent professional administrative agency. The inventive powers exacted from modern state legislatures must grapple with problems whose stage is an interstate region. Collective legislative action through the instrumentality of compact by states constituting a region furnishes the answer."

This is a good expression of the Third United States.

New Laws for New Living

Finally, there is the field not of compact between states but of adoption by states of uniform legislation.

No one wants regimentation of laws in these United States. No one wants social or economic uniformity carried to an extreme. One of the most valuable assets of our federation is the fact that we have forty-eight laboratories of legislative experiment. One of our assets is that we still maintain a regional—even if state—control of many of our affairs. One of our great treasures is that in spite of all lawmaking, the real center of our democracy is not Washington but the thing called the community.

Nevertheless, there are certain laws which, adopted uniformly by states would and, indeed, have relieved economic and social problems. Conferences of governors help, no doubt, toward this end. But I prophesy, as I see these problems of jurisdiction, which fall neither into the Federal basket nor into the one-state basket, but into the Third United States, the enlargement of the activity of interstate compacts and the adoption more and more by the separate states of uniform laws; laws, applying in a day of swiftly and far moving civilization, the civilization of Arab and Bedouin moderns, the civilization of distant and flexible and gigantic economic transactions—a new adventure in human living.

This adventure, as I have said in the beginning, is less concerned with these United States or the United States than with a Third United States.

This is the conclusion of an observer who is not so much interested in the surface or current affairs of Washington, this Sixty-ninth Congress and the Administration, as in the deeper currents of national tendencies.

For the Washington's Birthday Party

Gold Medal Holiday Cookies—one of the many delicious recipes [illegible] in the Gold Medal Kitchen. Kitchen-tested recipes with [illegible] perfect results every time you bake. [illegible] special offer

Now—the most inexperienced can bake delicious dishes—*every time!*

This remarkable "Kitchen-test" actually removes half the cause of all baking failures

WHAT countless housewives have longed for—a flour that acts the same perfect way in your oven—every time you bake!

We prove it beforehand. In the only *sure* way a miller can. By our "Kitchen-test."

In our own model kitchen we bake with samples from each batch of Gold Medal Flour before any of it goes to you

This unique "Kitchen-test" cuts baking failures right in half. It brings a new delight to all your baking

Vital meaning of "Kitchen-test"

The quality of a brand of flour may be excellent. It may always be the same chemically. And yet—it may *act* differently in your oven almost every time you bake.

That is the insidious cause of so many mysterious baking failures.

Therefore—a miller has just one way of being sure that all his flour will act the same way in your oven.

By baking with it first himself!

That is the Gold Medal "Kitchen-test." It makes *your* baking ten times easier

Each day the Gold Medal Kitchen bakes with samples from each batch of Gold Medal Flour milled the day before.

Each sample must bake the same perfect way as all the others before a batch is allowed to go out This means each sack will always bake the same for *you*.

Now—no matter how inexperienced—you can bake delicious dishes every time!

Gold Medal Guarantee

If at any time Gold Medal Flour does not give you the most uniform good results of any flour you have ever tried—you may return the unused portion of your sack of flour to your grocer.

He will pay you back your full purchase price. We will repay him. Order a sack from your grocer today

Special Offer—"Kitchen-tested" Recipes

As we test the flour in our kitchen, we also create and test delightful new recipes. We have printed all "Kitchen-tested" recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes

These Gold Medal Home Service boxes cost us exactly 70c each. We will send you one for that price. And as fast as we create new recipes we mail them to you free.

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, just send us 10c to cover cost of packing at printing. Check coupon for whichever you desire.

Eventually

Why Not Now?

Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you.

MISS BETTY CROCKER
Gold Medal Flour
Home Service Dept
Dept. 137, *Minneapolis, Minn*

☐ Enclosed find 70 cents for your Gold Medal Home Service box of "Kitchen-tested" recipes It is understood I receive *free* all new recipes as they are printed

☐ Enclosed find 10 cents for selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" recipes

Name

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"Service to the Northwest"

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PASÓ POR AQUÍ

(Continued from Page 5)

newspaper printed in Spanish, and showed Ben the place.

"Ross McEwen—about twenty-five or older, red hair, gray eyes, five feet nine inches—humph!" he returned the paper. "Will they catch him, do you think?"

Monte considered. He looked slowly at the far dim hills; he bent over to watch an inch-high horseman at his feet, toiling through painful immensities.

"The world ees ver' beeg een thees country," he said at last. "I theenk most mebbe not. *Quién sábe?* Onlee thees fellow must have water—and there ees not much water. Numa Frenger ees send now to all places, to Leencoln County, to Jeem Hunter here, and he meks everyone to loog out, to Pat Garrett in Doña Ana Countee, and Pat watches by Parker Lake and the pass of San Agustin; to El Paso, and they watch there most of all that he pass not to Mexico Viejo. Eet may be at some water place they get heem. Or that he get them. He seem lak a man of some enterpr-rize, no?" He rose to go. "But I have talk too much. I mus' go now to my beesness."

"A poor business for a man as bright as you are," said Jay, and sniffed.

"But I geeve a square deal," said Monte serenely. "At your feet, señorita! Unteel then, Meester Ben."

"Isn't he a duck? I declare, it's a shame to laugh at his English," said Jay.

"Don't worry. He gets to hear our Spanish, even if he is too polite to laugh."

"I hate to think of that man being chased for blood money," said Jay. "Hunter and that Pat Garrett you think so much of are keen after that reward, it seems. It is dreadful the way these people here make heroes out of their killers and man hunters."

"Let's get this straight," said Ben. "You're down on the criminal for robbing and down on the sheriff for catching him. Does that sound like sense? If there was no reward offered, it's the sheriff's duty to catch him, isn't it? And if there is a reward, it's still his duty. The reward doesn't make him a man hunter. Woman, you ain't right in your head. And as for Pat Garrett and some of these other old-timers—they're enjoying temporary immortality right now. They've become a tradition while they still live. Do you notice how all these honest-to-goodness old-timers talk? All the world is divided into three parts. One part is old-timers and the other two are not. The most clannish people on earth. And that brings us, by graceful and easy stages, to the main consideration, which I want to have settled before I go. And when I say settled I mean that nothing is ever settled till it is settled right—get me?" He stood up; as Jay rose he took her hands. "If circumstances were otherwise, Jay?"

She avoided his eyes. "Don't ask me now. I don't know, Ben—honest, I don't. You mustn't pester me now. It isn't fair when I'm so miserable." She pulled her hands away.

"Gawd help all poor sailors on a night like this!" said Ben fervently. "Listen, sister, I'm going to work, see? Goin' to fill your plans and specifications, every one, or bust a tug."

"I see you at it," jeered Jay, with an unpleasant laugh. "Work? You?"

"Me. I, myself. A faint heart never filled a spade flush," said Ben. "Going to get me a job and keep it. Lick any man that tries to fire me. Put that in your hope chest. Bye-bye. At your feet!"

As he went down the street his voice floated back to her:

"But now my hair is falling out,
And down the hill we'll go,
And sleep together at the foot—
John Barleycorn, my Jo!"

III

A HIGH broad tableland lies east of the Rio Grande, and mountains make a long unbroken wall to it, with cliffs that front the west. This mesa is known locally as El Corredor. It is a pleasing and wholesome country. Zacatón and salt grass are gray green upon the level plain, checkered with patches of bare ground, white and glaring. On those bare patches, when the last rains fell, weeks, months or years ago, an oozy paste filmed over the glossy levels, glazed by later suns, cracking at last to shards like pottery. But in broken country, on ridges and slopes, was a thin turf of buffalo and mesquite grass, curly, yellow and low. There was iron beneath this place and the sand of it was red, the soil was ruddy white, the ridges and the lower hill slopes were granite red, yellowed over with grass. Even the high crowning cliffs were faintly cream, not gray, as limestone is elsewhere. Sunlight was soft and mellow there, sunset was red upon these cliffs. And Ross McEwen fled down that golden corridor.

If he had ridden straight south he might have been far ahead by this time, well on the road to Mexico. But his plan had been to reach the Panhandle of Texas; he had tried for easting and failed. Three times he had sought to work through the mountain barrier to the salt plains -a bitter country of lava flow and sinks, of alkali springs, salt springs, magnesia springs, soda springs; of soda lakes, salt lakes, salt marshes, salt creeks; of rotten and crumbling ground, of greasy sand, of chalk that powdered and rose on the lightest airs, to leave no trace that a fugitive had passed this way.

He had been driven back once by posse by Chupadero. Again at night he had been forced back by men who did not see him. He had tried to steal through by the old stage road over the Oscuro, and found the pass guarded; and the last time, today, had been turned back by men that he did not even see. In the mouth of Mockingbird Pass he had found fresh-shod tracks of many horses going east. Mockingbird was held against him.

He could see distinctly, and in one eyeflight, every feature of a country larger than all England. He could look north to beyond Albuquerque, past the long ranges of Manzano, Montoso, Sandia, Oscuro; southward, between his horse's ears, the northern end of the San Andrés was high and startling before him, blue black with cedar brake and piñon, except for the granite-gold top of Salinas Peak, the great valley of the Jornado del Muerto, the Journey of the Dead, which lay between the San Andrés and the Rio Grande.

And beyond the river was a bright enormous expanse, bounded only by the crest of the dozen ranges that made the crest of the Continental Divide—Dátil, Magdalena, San Mateo, the Black Range, the Mimbres, Florida.

Between, bordering the midway river, other mountain ranges lay tangled: Cuchillo Negro, Christobál, Sierra de los Caballos, Doña Ana, Robelero. It was over the summits of these ranges that he saw the Continental Divide.

Here was irony indeed. With that stupendous panorama outspread before him, he was being headed off, driven, herded! He cocked an eyebrow aslant at the thought, and spoke of it to his horse, who pricked back an ear in attention. He was a honey-colored horse, and his name was Miél; which is, by interpretation, Honey.

"Wouldn't you almost think, sweetness," said Ross McEwen in a plaintive drawl, "that there was enough elbowroom here to satisfy every reasonable man? And yet these lads are crowdin' me like a cop after an alley cat."

He sensed that an unusual effort was being made to take him, and he smiled—a little ruefully—at the reflection that the people at Mockingbird might well have been mere chance comers upon their lawful occasions, and with no designs upon him, no knowledge of him. Every man was a possible enemy. He was out of law.

This was the third day of his flight. The man was still brisk and bold, the honey-colored horse was still sturdy, but both lacked something of the sprightly resilience they had brought to the fords of Belen. There had been brief grazing and scant sleep, night riding, doubling and twisting to slip into lonely water holes. McEwen had chosen, as the lesser risk, to ride openly to Prairie Springs. He had found no one there and had borrowed grub for himself and several feeds of corn for the Honey horse. There had been no fast riding, except for the one brief spurt with the posse at Chupadero. But it had been a steady grind, doubly tiresome that they might not keep to the beaten trails. Cross-country traveling on soft ground is rough on horseflesh.

And now they left the plain and turned through tar-bush up the long slope to the San Andrés. A thousand ridges and hollows came plunging and headlong against them. And suddenly the tough little horse was tiring, failing.

Halfway to the hill foot they paused for a brief rest. High on their slim lances, banners of yucca blossoms were white and waxen, and wild bees hummed to their homes in the flower stalks of last year; flaunting afar, cactus flowers flamed crimson or scarlet through the black tar-bush.

Long since, McEwen had given up the Panhandle. He planned now to bear far to the southeast, crossing the salt plains below the White Sands to the Guadalupe Mountains, straddling the boundary between the territory and Texas, and so east to the Staked Plains. He knew the country ahead, or had known it ten years before. But there would be changes. There was a new railroad, so he had heard, from El Paso to Tularosa, and so working north toward the states. There would be other things, too—new ranches, and all that. For sample, behind him, just where this long slope merged with the flats, three unexpected windmills, each five miles from the other, had made a line across his path; he had made a weary detour to pass unseen.

The San Andrés made here a twenty-mile offset where they joined the Oscuro, with the huge round mass of Salinas Peak as their mutual corner. Lava Gap, the meeting place of the two ranges, was now directly at his left and ten miles away. The bleak and mile-high walls of it made a frame for the tremendous picture of Sierra Blanca, sixty long miles to the east, with a gulf of nothingness between. Below that nothingness, as McEwen knew, lay the black lava river of the Mal Pais. But Lava Gap was not for him. Unless pursuit was quite abandoned, Lava Gap and Dripping Springs would be watched and guarded. He was fenced in by probabilities.

But the fugitive was confident yet, and by no means at the end of his resources. He knew a dim old Indian trail over a high pass beyond Salinas Peak. It started at Grapevine Spring, Captain Jack Crawford's ranch.

"And at Grapevine," said Ross aloud, "I'll have to buy, beg, borrow or get me a horse. Hope there's nobody at home. If there's anyone there I'll have to get his gun first and trade afterwards. Borrowing horses is not highly recommended, but it beats killing 'em."

To the right and before him the Jornado was hazy, vast and mysterious. To the right and behind him, the lava flow of Pascual sprawled black and sinister in the lowlands; and behind him —— Far behind him, far below him, a low line of dust was just leaving the central windmill of those three new ranches, a dozen miles away. McEwen watched this dust with some interest while he rolled and lit a cigarette. He drank the last water from his canteen.

"Come on, me bold outlaw," he said, "keep moving. You've done made your bed, but these hellhounds won't let you sleep in it." He put foot to stirrup; he stroked the Honey horse.

"Miél, old man, you tough it out four or five miles more, and your troubles will be over. Me for a fresh horse at Grapevine, come hell or high water. Take it easy. No hurry. Just shuffle along."

The pursuing dust did not come fast, but it came straight his way. "I'll bet a cooky," said Ross sagely, "that some of these gay bucks have got a spyglass. I wonder if that ain't against the rules? And new men throwin' in with them at every ranch. I reckon I would, too, if it wasn't for this red topknot of mine. Why couldn't they meet up with some other red-headed hellion and take him back? Wouldn't that be just spiffin'? One good thing, anyway—I didn't go back to the Quemado country. Some of the boys would sure have got in Dutch, hidin' me out. This is better."

He crossed the old military road that had once gone through Lava Gap to Ft. Stanton; he smiled at the shod tracks there; he came to the first hills, pleasingly decorated with bunches of mares—American mares, gentle mares—Corporal Tanner's mares. He picked a bunch with four or five saddle horses in it and drove them slowly up Grapevine Cañon. The Miél horse held up his head and freshened visibly. He knew what this meant. The sun dropped behind the hills. It was cool and fresh in Grapevine. The outlaw took his time. He had an hour or more. He turned for a last look at the north and the cliffs of Oscuro Mountain blazing in the low sun to fiery streamers of red light. You would have seen, perhaps, only a howling wilderness, but this man was to look back, waking and in dream, and to remember that brooding and sunlit silence as the glowing heart of the world. From this place alone he was to be an exile.

"Nice a piece of country as ever laid outdoors," said Ross McEwen. "I've seen some several places where it would be right pleasant to have a job along with a bunch of decent punchers—good grub and all that, mouth organ by the firelight after supper —— Or herding sheep."

Grapevine Spring is at the very head of the cañon. To east, south and west the hills rise directly from the corral fences. McEwen drove the mares into the water pen and called loudly to the house. The hail went unanswered. Eagles screamed back from a cliff above him.

"A fool for luck," said McEwen.

He closed the bars, he gave Miél his first installment of water. Then he went to the house. It was unlocked and there was no one there. The ashes on the hearth were cold. He borrowed two cans of beans and some bacon. There was a slender store of corn, and he borrowed one feed of this to make tomorrow's breakfast for the new horse he was soon to acquire. He found an old saddle and he borrowed that, with an old bridle as well; he brought his own to replace them; he lit the little lamp on the table and grinned happily.

"They'll find Miél and my saddle and the light," he said, "and they'll make sure I've taken to the brush."

He went back to the pen, he roped and saddled a saddle-marked brown, broad chested and short coupled, unshod. Shod tracks are too easily followed. Then he scratched his red head and grinned again. The pen was built of poles laid in panels, except at the front; the cedar brake grew to the very sides of it. He went to the back and took down two panels, laying the poles aside; he let the mares drift out there, seeing to it that some of them went around by the house, and the rest on the other side of the pen. It was almost dark by now.

"There," he said triumphantly. "The boys will drive in a bunch of stock when they come, for remounts, and they'll go right on through. Fine mess in the dark. And it'll puzzle them to find which way I went with all these tracks. Time I was gone."

He came back to the watering trough; he washed his hands and face and filled his

(Continued on Page 123)

THE ÆTNA-IZATION OF JOHN MAXWELL—CHAPTER FIVE

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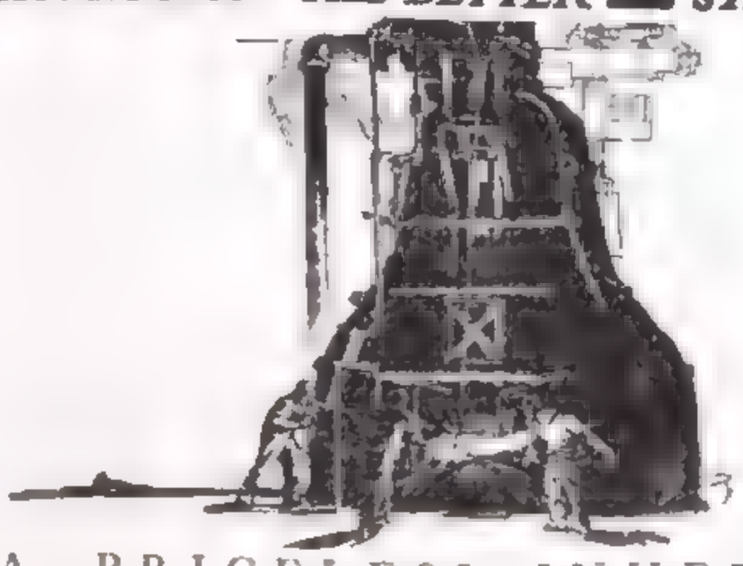

THE INSTINCT FOR QUALITY IS A PRICELESS INHERITANCE

(Continued from Page 118)

canteen; he went on where Miél stood weary and huddled in the dusk. His hand was gentle on that drooping neck.

"Miél, old fellow," he said, "you've been one good little horse. *Bueno suerte.*" He led the brown to the bars. "I hate a fool," said Ross McEwen.

He took down the bars and rode into the cedar brush at right angles to the cañon, climbing steadily from the first. It was a high and desperate pass, and branches had grown across the unused trail; long before he had won halfway to the summit he heard, far below him, the crashing of horses in the brush, the sound of curses and laughter. The pursuit had arrived at Grapevine.

He topped the summit of that nameless pass an hour later, and turned down the dark cañon to the east—to meet grief at once. Since his time a cloud-burst had been this way. Where there had once been fair footing the flood had cut deep and wide, and every semblance of soil had washed away, leaving only a wild moraine, a loose rubble of rocks and tumbled bowlders. But it was the only way. The hillsides were impossibly steep and sidelong, glassy granite and gneiss, or treacherous slides of porphyry. Ross led his horse. Every step was a hazard in that narrow and darkened place, with crumbling ridge and pit and jump off, with windrows of smooth round rock to roll and turn under their feet. It took the better part of two hours to win through the narrows, perhaps two miles. The cañon widened then, the hillsides were lower and Ross could ride again, picking his doubtful way in the starlight. He turned on a step-ladder of hills to the north, and came about midnight to Dripstone, high in a secret hollow of the hills. The prodigious bulk of Salinas loomed mysterious and incredible above him in the starlight.

He tied the brown horse securely and named him Porch Climber. He built a tiny fire and toasted strips of bacon on the coals. Then he spread out his saddle blankets with hat and saddle for pillow, and so lay down to untroubled sleep.

IV

HE AWOKE in that quiet place before the first stirring of dawn. A low thin moon was in the sky and the mountains were dim across the east. He washed his eyes out with water from the canteen. He made a nose bag from the corn sack and hung it on Porch Climber's brown head. The Belen nose bag had gone into the discard days before. He built a fire of twigs and hovered over it while his precious coffee came to a boil; his coat was thin and the night air was fresh, almost chilly. He smacked his lips over the coffee, he saddled and watered Porch Climber at Dripstone and refilled his canteen there. The horse drank sparingly.

"Better fill up, old-timer," Ross advised him. "You're sure going to need it."

Knuckled ridges led away from Salinas like fingers of a hand. The eastern flat was some large fraction of a mile nearer to sea level than the high plain west of the mountain, and these ridges were massive and steep accordingly. He made his way down one of them. The plain was dark and cold below him; the mountains took shape and grew, the front range of the Rockies—Capitan, Carrizo, Sierra Blanca, Sacramento, with Guadalupe low and dim in the south; the White Sands were dull and lifeless in the midway plain. Bird twitter was in the air. Rabbits scurried through the brush, a quail whirred by and sent back a startled call; crimson streaks shot up the sky, and day grew broad across the silent levels. The cut banks of Salt Creek appeared, wandering away southwest toward the marshes. Low and far against the black base of the Sacramento, white feathers lifted and fluffed, the smoke of the first fires at Tularosa, fifty miles away. Flame tipped the far-off crests, the sun leaped up from behind the mountain wall, the level light struck on the White Sands, glanced from those burnished bevels and splashed on the western cliffs; the desert day blazed over this new half-world.

He had passed a few cows on the ridges, but now, as he came close to the flats, he was suddenly aware of many cattle before him, midges upon the vast plain; more cattle than he had found on the western side of the mountains. He drew rein, instantly on the alert, and began to quarter the scene with a keen scrutiny. At once a silver twinkling showed to northward—the steel fans of a windmill, perhaps six miles out from the foot of the main mountain. His eye moved slowly across the plain. He was shocked to find a second windmill tower some six or eight miles south of the first, keeping at the same distance from the hills, and when he made out the faint glimmer of a third, far in the south, he gave way to indignation. It was a bald plain with no cover for the quietly disposed, except a few clumps of soap weed here and there. And this line of windmills was precisely the line of the road to El Paso. Where he had expected smooth going he would have to keep to the roughs; to venture into the open was to court discovery. He turned south across the ridges.

He had talked freely to Miél, but until now he had been reticent with Porch Climber, who had not yet won his confidence. At this unexpected reverse he opened his heart.

"Another good land gone wrong," he said. "I might have known it. This side of Salt Creek is only half-bad cow country, so of course it's all settled up, right where we want to go. No one lives east of Salt Creek, not even sheep herders. And we couldn't possibly make it, goin' on the other side of Salt Creek with all that marsh country and the hell of the White Sands. Why, this is plumb ridiculous!"

He meditated for a while upon his wrongs and then broke out afresh: "When I was here, the only water east of the mountains was the Wildy Well at the corner of the damn White Sands. Folks drove along the road, and when they wanted water they went up in the hills. It's no use to cross over to Tularosa. They'll be waiting for us there. No, sir, we've pointedly got to skulk down through the brush. And you'll find it heavy going, up one ridge and down another, like a flea on a washboard."

Topping the next ridge, he reined back swiftly into a hollow place. He dismounted and peered through a mesquite bush, putting the branches aside to look. A mile to the south two horsemen paced soberly down a ridge—and it was a ridge which came directly from the pass to Grapevine.

"Now ain't them the bright lads?" said the runaway, divided between chagrin and admiration. "What are you going to do with fellows like that? I ask you. I left plain word that I done took to the hills afoot, without the shadow of a doubt. Therefore they reasoned I hadn't. They've coppered every bet. Now that's what I call clear thinkin'. I reckon some of 'em did stay there, but these two crossed over that hell gate at night, just in case.

"I'll tell a man they had a ride where that cloud-burst was. Say, they'll tell their grandchildren about that—if they live that long, which I misdoubt, the way they're carryin' on. This gives me what is technically known as the willies. Hawse," said McEwen, "let's us tarry a spell and see what these hirelin' bandogs are goin' to do now."

He took off the bridle and saddle, he staked Porch Climber to rest and graze while he watched. What the bandogs did was to ride straight to the central windmill, where smoke showed from the house. McEwen awaited developments. Purely from a sense of duty he ate the other can of beans while he waited.

"They'll take word to every ranch," he prophesied gloomily. "Leave a man to watch where there isn't anyone there—take more men along when they find more than one at a well. Wish I was a drummer."

His prognostications were verified. After a long wait, which meant breakfast, a midget horseman rode slowly north towards the first windmill. A little later two men rode slowly south towards the third ranch.

"That's right, spread the news, dammit, and make everybody hate you," said Ross. He saddled and followed them, paralleling their course, but keeping to the cover of the brush.

It was heavy and toilsome going, bowlders and rocks alternating with soft ground where Porch Climber's feet went through; gravel, coarse sand or piled rocks in the washes; tedious twisting in the brush and wearisome windings where a bay of open country forced a detour. He passed by the mouths of Good Fortune, Antelope and Cottonwood cañons, struggling through their dry deltas; he drew abreast of the northern corner of the White Sands. The reflection of it was blinding, yet he found it hard to hold his eyes away. The sun rode high and hot. McEwen consulted his canteen.

More than once or twice came the unwelcome thought that he might take to the hill country, discard Porch Climber and hide by some inaccessible seep or pothole until pursuit died down. But he was a stubborn man, and his heart was set upon Guadalupe; he had an inborn distaste for a diet of chance rabbit and tuna fruit—or, perhaps, slow deer without salt. A stronger factor in his decision—although he hardly realized it—was the horseman's hatred for being set afoot. He could hole in safely; there was little doubt of that. But when he came out of the hole, how then? A man from nowhere, on foot, with no past and no name and a long red beard—that would excite remark. He fingered the stubble on his cheeks with that reflection. Yes, such a man would be put to it to account for himself and he would have to show up sometime, somewhere. The green cottonwood of Independent Spring showed high on the hill to his right. He held on to the south.

And now he came to the mouth of Sulphur Springs Cañon. Beyond here a great bay of open plain flowed into the hill foot under Kaylor Mountain; and midmost of that bay was another windmill, a long low house, spacious corrals. McEwen was sick of windmills. But this one was close under the mountain, far west of the line of the other ranches and of the El Paso road; McEwen saw with lively interest that his pursuers left the road and angled across the open to this ranch. That meant dinner.

"Honesty," said McEwen with conviction, "is the best policy. Dinnertime for some people, but only noon for me. Early for grub too. . . . And how can these enterprisin' chaps be pursuin' me when they're in front? That isn't reasonable. Who ever heard of deputies goin' ahead and the bandit taggin' along behind? That's not right. It's not moral. I'm goin' around. Besides, if I don't this thing is liable to go on always, just windmills and windmills—to Mexico City—Peru—Chile. I'm plumb tired of windmills. Porch Climber," said McEwen, "have you got any gift of speed? Because, just as soon as these two sheriff men get to that ranch and have time to go in the house, you and me are going to drift out quiet and unostentatious across the open country till we hit the banks of the Salt Marsh. And if these fellows look out and see us you've just got to run for it. And they can maybe get fresh horses too. But if they don't see us we'll be right. We'll drift south under cover of the bank and get ahead of 'em while they stuff their paunches."

Half an hour later he turned Porch Climber's head to the east, and rode sedately across the smooth plain, desiring to raise no dust. Some three miles away, near where he crossed the El Paso road, grew a vigorous motte of mesquite trees. Once beyond that motte, he kept it lined up between him and the ranch; and so came unseen to where the plain broke away to the great marsh which rimmed the basin of the White Sands.

In the east the White Sands billowed in great dry dunes above the level of the plain, but the western half was far below that level, and waterbound. This was the home of mirages; they spread now all their pomp of palm and crystal lake and fairy hill. McEwen turned south along the margin. Here, just under the bank, the ground was moist, almost wet, and yet firm footing, like a road of hard rubber. He brought Porch Climber to a long-reaching trot, steady and smooth; he leaned forward in his stirrups and an old song came to his lips, unsummoned. He sang it with loving mockery, in a nasal but not unpleasing barytone:

"They give him his orders at Monroe, Virginia,
Sayin', 'Pete, you're way behind time' ——

"Gosh, it does seem natural to sing when a good horse is putting the miles behind him," said McEwen. "This little old brown pony is holdin' up right well, too, after all that grief in the roughs this mawnin'.

"He looked round then to his black, greasy fireman,
'Just shovel in a little more co-o-oal,
And when we cross that wide old maounting,
You can watch old Ninety-Seven roll!'

"Hey, Porch Climber! You ain't hardly keepin' time. Peart up a little! Now, lemme see. Must be about twenty mile to the old Wildy Well. Wonder if I'll find any more new ranches between here and there? Likely. Hell of a country, all cluttered up like this!

"It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville,
And a line on a three-mile gra-ade;
It was on that grade that he lo-ost his av'rage,
And you see what a jump he made!"

He rejoined the wagon road where the White Sands thrust a long and narrow arm far to the west. The old road crossed this arm at the shoulder, a three-mile speedway. Out on the sands magic islands came and went and rose and sank in a misty sea. But in the south, where the road climbed again to the plain, was the inevitable windmill—reality and no mirage.

McEwen followed the road in the posture of a man who had nothing to fear. He had outridden the rumor of his flight; he could come to this ranch with a good face. But he reined down to a comfortable jog. Those behind might overtake him close enough to spy him here in this naked place. Jaunting easily, nearing the ranch where he belonged, a horseman was no object of suspicion, but a man in haste was a different matter.

There was no one at the ranch. The water was brackish and flat, but the two wayfarers drank thankfully. He could see no signs that any horses were watering there; he made a shrewd guess that the boys had taken the horses and gone up into the mountains for better grass and sweet water, or perhaps to get out of sight of the White Sands, leaving the flats to the cattle.

"Probably they just ride down every so often to oil the windmill," he said. "Leastways, I would. Four hundred square miles of lookin'-glass, three hundred and sixty-four days a year—no, thank you! My eyes are most out now."

J. B. was branded on the gate posts of the corral, and on the door. There was canned stuff on a shelf and a few baking-powder biscuits, old and dry. He took a can of salmon and filed it for future reference.

"No time for gormandizin' now," he said. He stuffed the stale biscuits into his pocket to eat on the road. "There's this much about bread," said McEwen, "I can take it or I can leave it alone. And I've been leaving it alone for several days now."

A pencil and a tablet lay on the table. His gray eyes went suddenly a-dance with impish light. He tore out a page and wrote a few words of counsel and advice.

Hey, you J. B. waddies: Look out for a fellow with red hair and gray eyes. Medium-sized man. He robbed the bank at Belen, and they think he came this way. Big reward offered for him. Two thousand, I hear. But I don't know for certain. Send word to the ranches up north. I will tell them as far south as Organ.

JIM HUNTLEY.

He hung this news-letter on a nail above the stove.

(Continued on Page 125)

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(Continued from Page 123)

"There!" he said. "If them gay jaspers that are after me had any sense at all, they'd see it was no use to go any further, and they'd stay right here and rest up. But they won't. They'll say, 'Hey, this is the way he went—here's some more of the same old guff! But how ever did that feller get down here without us findin' any tracks? You can see what a jump he made.' I don't want to be ugly," said McEwen, "but I've got to cipher up some way to shake loose from these fellows. I want to go to sleep. Now who in hell is Jim Huntley?"

Time for concealment was past. From now on he must set his hope on speed. He rode down the big road boldly and, for a time, at a brisk pace; he munched the dry biscuits and washed them down with warm and salty water from his canteen.

There was no room for another ranch between here and Wildy's Well. Wildy's was an old-established ranch. It was among the possibilities that he might hit here upon some old acquaintance whose failing sight would not note his passing, and who would give him a fresh horse. He was now needing urge of voice and spur for Porch Climber's lagging feet. It sat in his mind that Wildy was dead. His brows knitted with the effort to remember. Yes, Wildy had been killed by a falling horse. Most likely, though, he would find no one living at the well. Not too bad, the water of Wildy's Well—but they would be in the hills with the good grass.

The brown horse was streaked with salt and sweat; he dragged in the slow sand. Here was a narrow broken country of rushing slopes, pinched between the White Sands and the mountains. The road wound up and down in the crowding brush; the footing was a coarse pebbly sand of broken granite from the crumbling hills. Heat waves rose quivering, the White Sands lifted and shuddered to a blinding shimmer, the dream islands were wavering, shifting and indistinct, astir with rumor. McEwen's eyes were dull for sleep, red rimmed and swollen from glare and alkali dust. The salt water was bitter in his belly. The stubble on his face was gray with powdered dust and furrowed with sweat stains; dust was in his nostrils and his ears, and the taste of dust was in his mouth. Porch Climber plowed heavily. And all at once McEwen felt a sudden distaste for his affair.

He had a searching mind and it was not long before he found a cause. That damn song! Dance music. There were places where people danced, where they would dance tonight. There was a garden in Rutherford ——

V

THERE was no one at Wildy's Well, no horses there and no sign that any horses were using there. McEwen drank deep of the cool sweet water. When Porch Climber had his fill, McEwen plunged arms and head into the trough. Horse and man sighed together; their eyes met in comfortable understanding.

"Feller," said McEwen, "it was that salt water, much as anything else, that slowed you up, I reckon. Yuh was sure sluggish. And yuh just ought to see yourself now! Nemmine, that's over." He took down his rope, and cut off a length, the spread of his arms. He untwisted this length to three strands, soaked these strands in the trough, wrung them out and knotted them around his waist. He eyed the cattle that had been watering here. They had retreated to the far side at his coming and were now waiting impatiently. "Been many a long year since I've seen any Durham cattle," said McEwen. "Everybody's got white-face stuff now. Reckon they raise these for El Paso market. No feeder will buy 'em, unless with a heavy cut in the price."

He hobbled over and closed the corral gate. Every bone of him was a separate ache. A faint breeze stirred; the mill sails turned lazily; the gears squeaked a protest. Ross looked up with interest.

"That was right good water," he said. "Guess you've earned a greasing." He climbed the tall tower. Wildy's Well dated from before the steel windmill; this was massive and cumbersome, a wooden tower, and the wheel itself was of wood. After his oiling Ross scanned the north with an anxious eye. There was no dust. South by east, far in the central plain, dim hills swam indeterminate through the heat haze—Las Cornudas and Heuco. South by west, gold and rose, the peaks of the Organs peered from behind the last corner of the San Andrés. He searched the north again. He could see no dust—but he could almost see a dust.

He shook his head. "Them guys are real intelligent," he said. "I'm losin' my av'rage." He clambered down with some celerity, and set about what he had to do.

He tied the severed end of his rope to the saddle horn, tightened the cinches, swung into the saddle and shook out a loop. Hugging the fence, the cattle tore madly around the corral in a wild cloud of dust. McEwen rode with them on an inner circle, his eye on a big roan steer, his rope whirling in slow and measured rhythms. For a moment the roan steer darted to the lead; the loop shot out, curled over and tightened on both forefeet; Porch Climber whirled smartly to the left; the steer fell heavily. Ross swung off; as he ran, he tugged at the hogging string around his waist. Porch Climber dragged valiantly, Ross ran down the rope, pounced on the struggling steer, gathered three feet together and tied them with the hogging string. These events were practically simultaneous.

McEwen unsaddled the horse. "I guess you can call it a day," he said. He opened the gate and let the frightened cattle run out. "Here," he said, "is where I make a spoon or spoil a horn." He cut a thong from a saddle string and tied his old plow-handle .45 so that it should not jolt from the scabbard. He made a tight roll of the folded bridle, that lonely can of salmon and his coat, with his saddle blanket wrapped around all; he tied these worldly goods securely behind the cantle. He uncoupled the cinches and let out the quarter straps to the last hole.

The tied steer threshed his head madly, bellowing wild threats of vengeance. McEwen carried the saddle and placed it at the steer's back, where he lay. He found a short and narrow strip of board, like a batten, under the tower; and with this, as the frantic roan steer heaved and threshed in vain efforts to rise, he poked the front cinch under the struggling body, inches at a time, until at last he could reach over and hook his fingers into the cinch ring. Before he could do this he was forced to tie the free foot to the three that were first tied; it had been kicking with so much fury and determination that the task could not be accomplished. Into the cinch ring he tied the free end of his rope, bringing it up between body and tied feet; he took a double of loose rope around his hips, dug his heels into the sand and pulled manfully every time the steer floundered; and so, at last and painfully, drew the cinch under until the saddle was on the steer's back and approximately where it should be. Then he put in the latigo strap, taking two turns, and tugged at the latigo till the saddle was pulled to its rightful place. At every tug the roan steer let out an agonized bawl. Then he passed the hind cinch behind the steer's hips and under the tail, drawing it up tightly so that the saddle could not slip over the steer's withers during the subsequent proceedings.

McEwen stood up and mopped the muddy sweat from his face; he rubbed his aching back. He filled his canteen at the trough, drank again and washed himself. He rolled a smoke; he lashed the canteen firmly to the saddle forks. Porch Climber was rolling in the sand. McEwen took him by the forelock and led him through the open gate.

"If you should ask me," he said, "this corral is a spot where there is going to be trouble, and no place at all for you." He looked up the north road. Nothing in sight.

He went back to the steer. He hitched up his faded blue overalls, tightened his belt and squinted at the sun; he loosened the last-tied foot and coiled the rope at the saddle horn. Then he eased gingerly into the saddle. The steer made lamentable outcry, twisting his neck in a creditable attempt to hook his tormentor; the free foot lashed out madly. But McEwen flattened himself and crouched safely, with a full inch of margin; the steer was near to hooking his own leg and kicking his own face and he subsided with a groan. McEwen settled himself in the saddle.

"Are ye ready?" said McEwen.

"Oi am!" said McEwen.

"Thin go!" said McEwen, and pulled the hogging string.

The steer lurched sideways to his feet, paused for one second of amazement, and left the ground. He pitched, he plunged, he kicked at the stirrups, he hooked at the rider's legs, he leaped, he ran, bawling his terror and fury to the sky; weaving, lunging, twisting, he crashed sidelong into the fence, fell, scrambled up in an instant. The shimmy was not yet invented. But the roan steer shimmied, and he did it nobly; man and saddle rocked and reeled. Then, for the first time, he saw the open gate and thundered through it, abandoning all thought except flight.

Shaken and battered, McEwen was master. The man was a rider. To use the words of a later day, he was "a little warm, but not at all astonished." Yet he had not come off scot-free. When they crashed into the fence he had pulled up his leg, but had taken an ugly bruise upon the hip. The whole performance, and more particularly the shimmy feature, had been a poor poultice for aching bones.

Worse than all, the canteen had been crushed between fence and saddle. The priceless water was lost.

His hand still clutched the hogging string; he had no wish to leave that behind for curious minds to ponder upon. Until his mount slowed from a run to a pounding trot, he made no effort to guide him, the more because the steer's chosen course was not far from the direction in which McEwen wished to go. Wildy's Well lay at the extreme southwestern corner of the White Sands, and McEwen's thought was to turn eastward. He meant to try for Luna's Wells, the old stage station in the middle of the desert, on the road which ran obliquely from Organ to Tularosa.

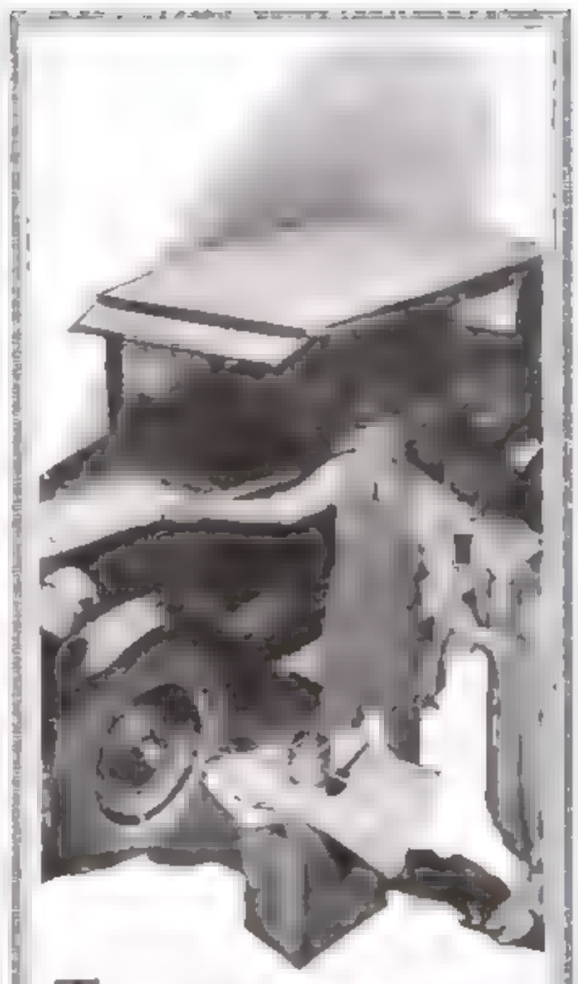
When time was ripe McEwen leaned over and slapped his hat into the steer's face, on the right side, to turn him to the left and to the east.

The first attempt at guidance, and the fourth attempt, brought on new bucking spells. McEwen gave him time between lessons; what he most feared was that the roan would "sull," or balk, refusing to go farther. When the steer stopped, McEwen waited until he went on of his own accord; when his progress led approximately toward McEwen's goal, he was allowed to go his own way unmolested. McEwen was bethorned, dragged through mesquite bushes, raked under branches; his shirt was ribboned and torn. But he had his way at last. With danger, with infinite patience and with good judgment, he forced his refractory mount to the left and ever to the left, and so came at last into a deep trail which led due east. Muttering and grumbling, the steer followed the trail.

All this had taken time, but speed had also been a factor. When McEwen felt free to turn his head only a half circle of the windmill fans showed above the brush. Wildy's Well was miles behind them.

"Boys," said McEwen, "if you follow me this time, I'll say you're good!"

The steer scuffed and shambled, taking his own gait; he stopped often to rest, his tongue hung out, foam dripped from his mouth. McEwen did not urge him. The way led now through rotten ground and alkali, now through chalk that powdered and billowed in dust; deep trails, channeled by winds at war. As old trails grew too deep for comfort the stock had made



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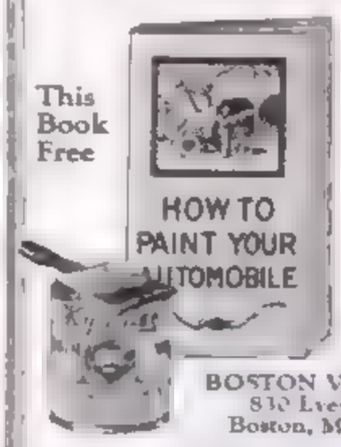

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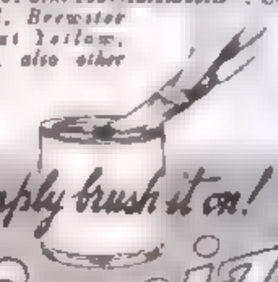

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new ones to parallel the old; a hundred paths lay side by side.

McEwen was a hard case. A smother of dust was about him, thirst tormented him, his lips were cracked and bleeding, his eyes sunken, his face fallen in; and weariness folded him like a garment.

"Slate water is the best water," said McEwen.

They came from chalk and brush into a better country; poor, indeed, and starved, but the air of it was breathable. The sun was low and the long shadows of the hills reached out into the plain. And now he saw, dead in front, the gleaming vane and sails of a windmill. Only the top—the fans seemed to touch the ground—and yet it was clear to see. McEwen plucked up heart. This was not Luna's. Luna's was far beyond. This was a new one. If it stood in a hollow place —— And it did!—— It could not be far away. Water!

For the first time McEwen urged his mount, gently, and only with the loose and raveled tie string. Once was enough. The roan steer stopped, pawed the ground and proclaimed flat rebellion. For ten minutes, perhaps, McEwen sought to overrule him. It was of no use. The roan steer was done. He took down his rope. With a little loop he snared a pawing and rebellious forefoot. He pulled up rope and foot with all his failing strength, and took a quick turn on the saddle horn. The roan made one hop and fell flat-long. McEwen tied three feet, though there was scant need for it. He took off the saddle, carried it to the nearest thicket and raised it, with pain, into the forks of a high soap weed, tucking up latigos and cinches. With pain; McEwen, also, was nearly done.

"My horse gave out on me. I toted my saddle a ways, but it was too heavy, and I hung it up so the cows couldn't eat it," he said, in the tone of one who recites a lesson.

He untied the steer then and came back hotfoot to his soap weed, thinking that the roan might be in fighting humor. But the roan was done. He got unsteadily to his feet, with hanging head and slavering jaws; he waited for a little and moved slowly away.

"Glad he didn't get on the prod," said McEwen. "I sure expected it. That was one tired steer. He sure done me a good turn. Guess I'd better be strollin' into camp."

It was a sorry strolling. A hundred yards—a quarter—a half—a mile. The windmill grew taller; the first night breeze was stirring, he could see the fans whirl in the sun. A hundred yards—a quarter—a mile! An hour was gone. The shadows overtook him, passed him; the hills were suddenly very close and near, notched black against a crimson sky. Thirst tortured him, the windmill beckoned, sunset winds urged him on. He came to the brow of the shallow dip in which the ranch lay, he saw a little corral, a water pen, a long dark house beyond; he climbed into the water pen and plunged his face into the trough.

The windmill groaned and whined with a dismal clank and grinding of dry gears. Yet there was a low smoke over the chimney. How was this? The door stood open. Except for the creaking plaint of the windmill, a dead quiet hung about the place, a hint of something ominous and sinister. Stumbling, bruised and outworn, McEwen came to that low dark door. He heard a choking cough, a child's wailing cry. His foot was on the threshold.

"What's wrong? *Que es?*" he called.

A cracked and feeble voice made an answer that he could not hear. Then a man appeared at the inner door; an old man, a Mexican, clutching at the wall for support.

"*El garrotillo,*" said the cracked voice. "The strangler—diphtheria."

"I'm here to help you," said McEwen.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

FUN AND NEIGHBORS

(Continued from Page 9)

They eyed each other a moment without speech.

"Well" Charles pulled at his sweater deprecatingly—"of course I don't mean to imply anything, but we had Mary once."

"Isn't it true," asked Talcott, "that you've got our Annie?"

Talcott smiled brightly, exposing a row of brilliant, glistening teeth.

"You don't mean," demanded Charles, "after a whole winter you can speak of those two women in the same breath?"

"Frankly," said Talcott very pleasantly, "I don't see how you can stand the one you've got. Now Mary ——"

"Mary's got a bad voice," said Charles.

"Mary," replied Talcott, "has constructive ideas. She has her mind on the baby's future. That's all she thinks about—er—I know."

"Oh, come!" cried Charles. "Just between friends now, why bluff about it? You very well know Annie just lives—tortures herself for the good of the baby. Why, our house is just one confounded ——"

Charles checked himself. "It's great, that's all," he ended, and hastily looked at his watch.

Talcott smiled coldly and delicately shrugged his shoulders.

"Afraid of being late?" he asked, with a slight lift of the eyebrows. "Come on to our house. They never make a row when I come in."

"No, thanks," said Charles; "I don't mind being punctual. Annie has her regular work, you see, and if our tea is late—why, Annie's is. You've got to cooperate."

"Naturally." Talcott's lofty amusement was difficult to brook. "Well, then, see you later—after you've cooperated. How about bridge tonight?"

"Great!" cried Charles, and suddenly dropped a friendly hand on Talcott's shoulder. "Old man," he added, "it's just been on my mind—if you think the stake's a bit high—if it spoils your evening, Janet and I don't mind cutting it. It's all the same to us."

Talcott laughed musically, very musically

"Don't talk rot," he said. "Great Scott!" His tone changed. His eyes were glued on the clock above the showers. "It's 5:15. I'm late to tea. Good-by. Great about the bridge!"

"Great!" called Charles. He had to raise his voice to a lusty pitch, for Talcott was leaving hastily.

The locker room was silent and Charles was quite alone. He reached into his locker, seized a Turkish towel and mopped his brow, and for a moment his face was a runner's face, strained with exertion and fatigue. His encounter with Talcott might have cheered him once, but it did not now. It only served as a melancholy reminder. It startled him with a new dread, which caused him to push a bell on the wall beside him.

"Jimmy," said Charles, when the locker-room attendant appeared, "will you have a drink, Jimmy?" The alacrity with which James assented assured Charles that they were quite alone.

"Honest," said Jimmy almost tearfully, "if all the guys could just be as open-handed as you, Mr. Lawrence, this place would be heaven—that's all."

"Jimmy"—Charles lowered his voice—"I want to ask you something. Has anybody been looking for me here?"

"Huh?" said Jimmy. "Lookin' for you? Who? One of the gentlemen, sir?"

"Have another drink," Charles suggested softly. "No, not a gentleman exactly."

"Between you and I," said Jimmy, "there's lots of fellers here ain't gentlemen—just cheap skates, sir. What's he look like?"

"That's the trouble," replied Charles. "I don't know exactly, but he'd have asked for me particularly. I guess he hasn't come."

"Mr. Lawrence!" Charles started. Jimmy's appearance was transformed and mysterious; his voice was scarcely audible. "You ain't in trouble, are you? Mr. Lawrence, you're a personal friend of mine."

"Trouble?" Charles felt a contraction in his throat and a desire for human sympathy beyond the bounds of prudence. "You don't know what trouble is! You don't have a wife running up bills behind your back. You don't have social obligations. You don't have to hire an infant's nurse. Have another drink. You'll swipe it, anyway, if I leave it here."

"Mr. Lawrence, sir!" whispered Jimmy. "You ain't done anything? I'll keep still, Mr. Lawrence. There was Mr. Jenks here last year, the nicest man, and he took the company's funds, but he was the nicest gentleman—open-handed, just like you are, sir."

Charles laughed nervously.

"Jimmy, don't be so funny. What an absurd idea! It's only a man to see me on business—confidential business. But if he comes, fix it so I can see him alone, will you? And don't tell Mr. Talcott—that's all. Don't tell Mr. Talcott."

As Charles climbed into his new automobile his shoulders sagged. Its glistening surface reminded him of something else. It was one-third down and the rest on easy payments. Easy payments—the thought set his mind wearily in motion—bridge and golf—golf and bridge—easy payments—dinner and the theater—a car—a garage—a new car. It was all a part of fate, as inevitable as fate.

He searched his memory for the first time the Talcotts came to call. The Talcotts had called in November, and what was it Janet had said? Charles' heavy hand closed over the steering wheel; his back teeth ground together.

"Charles," Janet had said, "you're not embarrassed by the Talcotts!"

And what was it Mrs. Wadsleigh had said? Something about fun—that was it. A hoarse, hollow laugh struggled from Charles' lips.

"Fun and neighbors!"

II

IT HAD been a chill gray night in November when he had started upon the primrose path. It was hard to remember that he had his troubles then. They were so petty, so absurd, compared to the burdens of the present. But sure enough, there had actually been a burden of expense back in November.

Instead of adopting the brisk optimistic stride of the young executive, Charles, when he descended from the 5:03 train upon the white-pebbled platform of Sweet Hills, had registered unmistakable signs of weariness and care. For some inexplicable reason convention demanded a springy exuberance when you got off the train at Sweet Hills.

"Hi there, Lawrence!" shouted someone from the dusk. "How's it going?"

"Great!" roared Charles. "How's it by you?"

"Great! Isn't the fresh air great?"

"Great!" roared Charles.

"Taxi, mister?"

"No!" roared Charles in a slightly altered tone. "I'm walking!"

Upon the table in the hall, commonly called an occasional table, Charles perceived a pile of letters as he removed his coat. He knew the month's bills would be coming in, but he never knew the bills would be so large. He stared at them irresolutely, rubbing the back of his head. But already Janet had heard him. Janet was running down the stairs, laughing. It was a trick she had to come running down the stairs like an animated Victory without wings.

"Stop—stop it!" Janet warned. "You mustn't look at a single bill! You can't be cross tonight."

It was contagious, her exuberance. Before Charles knew exactly what was happening Janet had propelled him into the living room.

"Charles," she added a little breathlessly, "what do you think?"

"Think?" demanded Charles. "It's all right to play about this thing, but these bills! Janet, we'll get into trouble. There's a bill here from Cobble & Cobble."

Yes, curious as it was to remember, Cobble & Cobble's bill had been running even then.

"Charles!" He might have known he could make no impression. Janet's exuberance, or whatever it was that possessed her, was more than normal. "Charles, what do you think? I'll give you three guesses!"

Charles frowned and straightened his heavy shoulders in a disturbed and bovine manner.

"Charles," said Janet, "I don't know why you're always so horrid when I ask you to guess something."

"Because it's dangerous, you know," said Charles, moving cautiously to a shining table which Uncle Ephraim had given them, and extracting a cigarette from a curious revolving humidor he never would have thought of owning if it hadn't been a present. "Now, about these bills—we'll get into trouble about these bills."

"Poor dear!" Janet gave her merriest possible laugh. "Don't look so nervous. It's only that mother and I have been talking things over"—her whole being seemed alight with an incomprehensible radiance—"and we've found a nurse."

Charles placed his paper upon the shining table, nearly upsetting a singular object of Venetian glass, fashioned for no purpose he could discover save to remind one of its potential impermanence. His hand trembled and his heavy wrist grew taut.

"A nurse?" he echoed. "Good heavens! I thought we had a nurse."

Janet's expression of pain told him that he had been very stupid.

"Mary's leaving," said Janet, walking to the window with an elaborate and possibly artificial calmness. "She's been on the point of going for weeks. I didn't want you to know it, dear."

"But I thought you liked her."

Janet turned and favored him with a glance of amused contempt.

"I never did. Of course she did well enough, but when a baby's as young as Jeffrey, you have to be so careful. Didn't you ever notice her voice, dear?"

Charles had seated himself in a soft plush-covered armchair whose newness and comfort had yet wholly to disappear, for as he started feebly to rise an annoying give to the upholstery retarded his action.

"You mean you've fired her on account of her voice? But Jeffrey can't talk yet. As long as her voice doesn't keep him awake or retard his digestion ——"

"You don't understand. You wouldn't, of course," interrupted Janet. "I've been so worried all day, and here you come home ——"

"But what," asked Charles blankly, "don't I understand?"

"That it's the most important time in Jeffrey's life. Every little impression means so much to Jeffrey now. His whole life depends upon it, and mother was saying just this morning ——"

"Oh, come!" interrupted Charles incredulously. "How can Jeffrey get any impressions when he can't even sit up?"

(Continued on Page 131)

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(Continued from Page 126

"Don't talk such nonsense!" cried Janet. "You're only doing it to be horrid."

Charles leaned back wearily.

"There's something wrong with life," he said. "Isn't it funny that the very last people who know anything about children are the ones who have 'em? Now, Janet, we've been hitting an awful pace lately. . . . How much does the new nurse cost?"

Charles should have known much better. In a spasm of remorse he saw his mistake, and his crass nature and his coarse brutality, for Janet had burst into tears. He saw so clearly as he stood beside her that he felt unfit to touch her shaking shoulder. There he stood in his neat brown business suit and his aggressive white collar, a picture of a million men, if he had only known it.

"Money!" Janet was moaning. "How can you think of money when Jeffrey's all that matters?"

Though now and then Charles considered that other things had a certain relative value, he cursed himself for his selfishness in a bright new light of reason.

"Janet," said Charles timidly. But Janet did not answer. Charles drew a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his brow. "Janet, please don't! Janet, listen!" There was another pause, punctuated by muffled but ominous sounds from Janet. Charles mopped his brow again. "I've done my best," he groaned, "honestly I have—there's no use crying." Another silence ensued, filled with an unmistakable implication that he had not done his best, which aroused in Charles an honest indignation. "Haven't we moved out here for Jeffrey?" asked Charles in a louder tone. "Janet, won't you listen? Haven't we been playing about with all these *nouveau-riche* brokers and people so Jeffrey will have the right friends—though heaven knows why he needs 'em now. Take those people who live next door—the Talcotts, aren't they? Why, I'll bet Talcott's making twice what I do!"

Charles had glanced from a south window across the lawn where lights glittered in the dusk. The Talcotts' house always blazed with light like a steamer on the Sound.

It was curious to remember that as far back as November the Talcotts were a vague annoyance.

"Twice as much? Three times as much. What do I care how much a nurse is, with what I'm spending now?"

It was a rash speech, Charles knew, but the circumstances made him glory in it. He had to marvel at his own eloquence. Somehow, solely by force of words, he had made himself a colossus bearing a staggering burden, all the richness, all the stucco and exclusion that made Sweet Hills—Sweet Hills.

"Look here," demanded Charles. "Do you think most people like me would even dare to think of living here? Would that Jones bird you came so near marrying dare? I've come across, I'll tell the world I have!"

Janet must have understood. The sight of him standing proudly among the rich appurtenances of their new home—the piano one-third down and the rest in easy payments, the davenport and chairs on a similar basis—was a glorious, wordless tale.

"Darling, of course you have!" she cried. "You're wonderful!"

Her head was on his shoulder and her lips were close to his ear. But what was it Janet was saying?

"Charles," she whispered—it was her most insidious trick—"I think it would be nice if you put on your dinner coat, don't you?"

Charles stiffened slightly. He knew at last that there was something more to it than a nurse. He knew at last that Janet had been up to something.

"Roger Talcott always does, you know," Janet added softly.

"Talcott?" gasped Charles, overcome with genuine amazement. "Why the deuce should I do it because Talcott does?"

"Darling," Janet said very soothingly, "you know how hard it is to get a nurse here—a really good nurse. Now please, please don't interrupt. She's upstairs now, and you know how people like that care. It would be so nice if she could only see you ——"

"Do you mean to say," demanded Charles blankly, "because Talcott happens to wear a dinner coat ——"

"Hush!" implored Janet beneath her breath. "Don't shout so! She's right in your dressing room. I've given it to her to sit in, but your dinner coat's in our room. Do put it on. Roger Talcott does, and—oh, don't interrupt. I'll tell you. She's Annie, the Talcotts' Annie, and she's left them to come to us. Mary left this morning—don't you see?"

Charles did not see. Even that early in the evening his mind grew numb beneath the rain of Janet's words and the complex situations they conjured.

"Now hurry, dear," concluded Janet. "You've just time to get dressed, and then you can watch Jeffrey take his bottle."

Janet had certainly been up to something.

"Do you mean to say," asked Charles with difficulty, "I have to put on a dinner coat—to see Jeffrey?"

"Don't just try to be stupid!" Janet's voice was strained again. "You must tonight. Please hurry, Charles! Don't you understand Annie will be listening? The Talcotts are coming after dinner."

"The Talcotts?"

"Haven't I been telling you all this time?" cried Janet. "The Talcotts are coming to call!"

Janet had reached a crescendo of dramatic triumph, which Charles could understand, though he inwardly resented it.

"They asked if we'd be in this evening," added Janet breathlessly. "It means they like us! It must mean they like us!"

"Why shouldn't they like us?" Charles was frequently obtuse. His mind still was on the problem of the dinner coat. "That's simple, but what beats me is how you know what Talcott wears."

"Annie told me," answered Janet with a hasty glance toward the hall. "Now please! We can't let Annie think the Talcotts are better than we are. Please, please!"

Upstairs, as Charles struggled with his collar, he felt an urge within him, alien to his usually kindly nature, an urge which developed into a twinge of spite. He could not forget that the Talcotts' house was larger than his house and made of tapestry brick, and it occurred to Charles that the shrubbery was a richer green around the Talcotts' door. As he walked toward his child's nursery he could not rid himself of a sensation that he was walking into a domain of the Talcotts.

"Do stand up straight," whispered Janet. "Roger Talcott always does."

The chintz curtains of the nursery, which once had taken his fancy, seemed for the first time inadequate and tawdry through the alchemy of a new presence which they sheltered. Seated in the very center of the room was a matronly figure, strong yet benign, clad in spotless white, with a cap upon her head. He knew, without Janet telling him, that it was Jeffrey's new nurse, but Janet told him in a hoarse whisper. By each competent motion Jeffrey's new nurse proved she was an expensive acquisition. Though Charles could not see her face, because she was sprinkling powder upon Jeffrey, who lay stretched across her knees in the helpless nudity of extreme youth, the slope of her shoulders and her swift efficiency were enough to show him.

"Good evening, Annie," he began, unpleasantly aware that his voice was not natural.

"Charles!" whispered Janet.

Actually Janet had blushed with mortification, though what he had done wrong was beyond him. He had interrupted Annie's task, and she was examining him impartially behind a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

"I'd rather you called me nurse," she said, "or Nanna. Mr. Talcott called me Nanna." And then, for no apparent reason, she added: "The Talcotts have a nicer nursery and much more sanitary furniture. Little Junior is younger than Jeffrey, too, but he weighs six ounces more. He's quicker. He notices the light."

Charles was perfectly calm. He neither answered nor appeared interested, but already certain forces were in motion. If that woman—he had already ceased to think of her by any other term—if that woman liked the Talcotts so much better, why hadn't she stayed? He kept coming back to it in an annoying way he had, but Janet did not seem to share his interest. She kept arranging and rearranging the table in the drawing-room, pulling chairs back and forth, straightening rugs, dusting ornaments on the mantelpiece. It was after dinner, and the Talcotts were due to arrive at almost any minute, when Charles had a flash of inspiration.

"Janet," cried Charles hoarsely, aghast at his own suspicion, "look here! Did you -could you possibly have bribed that woman to leave the Talcotts?"

"Charles," said Janet, "don't wave your arm so. You'll break something on the table." Charles rose unsteadily from the davenport.

"So you did!" he exclaimed. "You might as well say you did! Of all the insidious ——"

He paused, at a loss for further words. Janet was blushing. She could not look him in the eye.

"Why is it," she inquired, "you always put things in such a horrid way? I didn't do anything of the sort. Mary had given notice, and I happened to see Annie up the street wheeling the Talcotts' carriage—it's a much better carriage than Jeffrey's too—and I just said ——"

"Janet," said Charles, "it's dastardly. How can you—how can either of us look the Talcotts in the eye? They'd never do such a thing. Great Scott! What's that?"

It was a thin distant sound of a bell, which sent his nerves tingling in response.

"It's the Talcotts," said Janet. "Be quiet and pull down your coat."

Without even the weight of a guilty conscience to gall him, Charles would have felt uncomfortable. Mrs. Talcott was painfully different from Janet, poised and calm. She was, it seemed to Charles, possessed of an eternal languid boredom. Her dark hair, each strand and lock as perfect as art could make it, her delicately tinted cheeks and her sharp thin nose were like reflections in a glassy pond of a formal garden. Even her yellow dress fell in listless, sinuous folds, as only expensive dresses can. Beneath her calm scrutiny Charles inwardly quailed.

"Why didn't you tell us," asked Mrs. Talcott, "that it was going to be a party?"

It needed no further explanation to perceive the reason for her question. In spite of all that Janet had said, Roger Talcott, who had followed her, was not in evening clothes. He was dressed, instead, in a suit of flowing tweeds. It pleased Charles that he was not the only one who was uncomfortable, for obviously the knowledge of his social blunder made Talcott also ill at ease. He seemed to find it hard to look at Charles, and he stroked his upper lip nervously. He looked like a figure in a smart clothing advertisement that had appeared on the wrong page. But even so, Charles could not help but envy the expensiveness of Talcott's elaborate negligee.

"Sally," said Talcott, "I told you Lawrence would be dressed."

"Funny," said Charles, and not till after he had spoken did he realize he had said exactly the wrong thing, "I was just telling Janet you wouldn't be. That is—excuse me, Talcott—you know the way I mean it."

There followed one of those silences which sometimes occur even in the most worldly company.

"It only shows," said Mrs. Talcott, sinking into an armchair, "how little you can trust people. Before we came I was in the nursery, and I asked Mary about it, and Mary said ——"

"Mary!" cried Janet in a way that made everyone look at her. "You don't mean—our Mary?"

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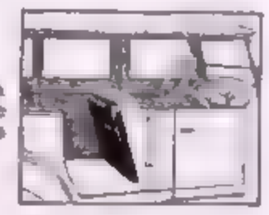

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Charles gripped the back of a chair. He still remembered the way he felt, for he had seen it all, the whole ugly truth, long before Mrs. Talcott answered. The Talcotts, the Talcotts themselves, had been tampering with servants!

"My dear," said Mrs. Talcott, "we just hurried over right away because we didn't want you to think—we didn't want you to dream that we'd been doing anything underhanded. It simply happened I met Mary, and she expressed a desire—I'm sure you understand."

"My dear"—Charles had to admire Janet then; she seemed to speak through some unerring instinct—"of course we understand perfectly, and I'm so glad, because I've been having the guiltiest feeling! Your Annie of course you realize I had nothing to do with it—but your Annie has come to us."

"Realize?" Mrs. Talcott produced a cigarette from a small gold case on her wrist. "Naturally—but what an extraordinary coincidence!"

Another silence filled the room, chiller than the first. Talcott looked very uncomfortable; Charles shuffled his feet, and then, at the very same instant, they seemed to feel the need of speech.

"Er—isn't it great out here?" inquired Talcott.

"It's bully!" agreed Charles. "Great place! Great people! Let's—let's do something."

"Splendid!" cried Talcott. He, too, must have felt the need of action.

"How about bridge?"

"That's the stuff!" cried Talcott. "Nothing like bridge!"

Simultaneously they rushed toward a collapsible table and began manipulating its legs. The sheer physical effort temporarily broke the tension, until, it seemed almost simultaneously, they were all struck with a single thought. Charles stole a furtive, calculating glance at Talcott and a more doubtful one at Janet.

"Anything you care to play for," he suggested, "is all the same to us."

"How about two cents a point?" inquired Talcott. "That is—if it isn't too little?"

Charles' hands were trembling slightly, and he nodded because he could not trust his voice. Talcott had spoken of two cents a point as though it was nothing—less than nothing. The unpaid-for davenport and the unpaid-for chairs loomed up like mountains and seemed to crush him. If two cents a point is not too little! It was something of which he had never even dreamed. Janet, he knew, could not have understood, for she had the calmness of one ignorant of the magic of figures. She actually smiled.

"Charles," she said dreamily, "would you mind opening the hall door a little wider? That's better, dear. Let's make it five cents a point. It's what we're used to, aren't we, Charles? And it's so much easier multiplying by five ——"

It was strange how the impression lingered. It did not seem so long ago as last November—that fatal game that made all life a game. Sitting at the wheel of his brand-new car, one-third down and the rest on easy payments, and warmed by the hopeful sun of May, Charles still felt cold as he thought of it. The same chill of apprehension stole up his spinal cord and made his fingers numb. The streets and houses of Sweet Hills were a blur; the road ahead was half obliterated by a vision, not of the Talcotts manipulating their cards with easy poise, but of the table after they had gone, with his check book upon it, lying half open.

A bead of perspiration ran down Charles' heavy somber face, and again he was like a runner nearing the last lap

At times Janet had the most irrational impulses. She had given away to one that evening as he stood staring at his check book. He could still remember. For no conceivable reason she had run to him, in the same abandoned way she had run down the stairs hours earlier, reckless, seemingly forgetful of the basic facts of life.

"Oh, Charles," she had whispered, "you've been wonderful—wonderful! And it's meant so much."

He still remembered his answer; it floated through his mind in dark prophecy, startling in its truth.

"I'll tell you what it's meant: It's meant, with this confounded nurse and this evening, that you've started something that we can't finish, and now it's too late to stop."

Too late. Some power and ascendancy which he once had known had gone forever. He was no longer the master of his house but the victim of a fixed idea, of a shadowy personality with a power he could not resist. Too late—too late to wield his destiny; he could only struggle on. From that night onward, upstairs in his dressing room, listening, always listening, was an arbiter of fate. Annie, the Talcotts' nurse, was listening, striving to learn a secret which honor obliged him to conceal.

He could not—something unspoken between Janet and himself forbade it—he could not let Annie know that they were not better than the Talcotts. It had never been mentioned, but it was one of those things that grow stronger and more impelling through tacit silence.

"Charles" Janet's voice had changed to hostile incredulity—"you're not embarrassed by the Talcotts!"

That was the nearest she ever came to clothing her thought in words, but Charles knew what she meant. It was beyond analysis or reason, but his honor was involved, his pride, his very decency. He had started on the wrong foot, and the Talcotts must never know. He was marching beneath a false banner, and he could not march back. It was all involved, yet clear. His infant's nurse must never dream, after the occurrences of that dread evening, that his salary was a scant seven thousand dollars, wrested from reluctant employers by dint of terrific toil. Involved as the reasons were, the Talcotts must never dream of it, nor anyone in Sweet Hills.

Charles was nearing home. The slant sun of a wasted Saturday was getting in his eyes, obliging him to pull at the visor of his tweed cap. The new balloon tires of his roadster, the Club Man, as it was termed in the catalogue, made a hollow sucking sound on the smooth tarred road. To right and left on fresh green lawns were houses with the latest pitch of roof and with neat clumps of new shrubbery at their corners, and with sun parlors, insidiously beautiful and new. He glided past them as he might past milestones on a journey, but his mind was on other milestones, grim markers he had passed on an easy, swift descent.

Jeffrey's nursery—that had been a milestone. It had, of necessity, to be redecorated and refurnished. And Jeffrey's new baby carriage—it was standing on the lawn, a beautiful thing with blue-enameled panels. Another maid, a new piano, a radio which looked like an early American highboy—they had been milestones, every one. The radio had been the last—one-third down and the rest on easy payments—purchased exactly when the Talcotts had purchased theirs; and there had been other milestones too. The Talcotts had the most perpetual way of getting things. They had purchased a sedan—for the baby when the weather was bad. They had joined the Cricket Club. It was remarkable how quickly the news disseminated. Nearly every evening, when Charles went to the nursery, he had a new report of some additional extravagance.

"Charles, nurse says ——"

He could almost hear Janet's voice in the sucking of the wheels on the road.

"Charles, the Talcotts are doing it, and nurse says—nurse says ——"

Nurse, it seemed, was always saying. With staring haggard eyes Charles examined the road ahead. The Club Man was operating perfectly and he was coming home; his striped sweater cut like a shirt of hair through his silk undergarments. Nurse had stated that Roger Talcott always wore silk underclothes. There was no hope of concealing even the intimate phases of his life, for it was all too late.

Up the even brick path which led to the Colonial arch of his front door Charles walked wearily. A faint yet frantic hope which had buoyed him up through the afternoon grew fainter as he stepped into his front hall. He had hoped that he might be surprised, that the threats of his creditors might, after all, be empty, until the sight of the occasional table obtruded itself upon his vision. Like some fabled horn of plenty which replenishes itself daily, the occasional table was covered with its grisly freight. For some time past the simple process of hurling its contents into the wastebasket had proved scarcely a temporary alleviation. The table, it seemed to Charles, had never been so loaded, never so menacing, and Janet never so free of care. Even the haggard expression on his face was not enough to check her eternal buoyancy.

"Charles," Janet was crying, "what do you think? Someone wants to see you—the funniest man. Why, what's the matter, dear?"

Charles stood stock-still for a moment, and his thoughts went in dizzy circles. Then, without replying, he took a step forward and another step into the living room.

"Are you tired, dear?" Janet was saying. "He was the funniest man, but he was so polite. He kept asking where you were in the nicest way, and I gave him a cup of tea."

"What?" Charles had been staring at nothing, but suddenly he betrayed a slight interest. "You gave him—what?"

"A cup of tea," repeated Janet. "He was really very nice and asked so much about you. His name is Mr. Higgins."

"Higgins?" said Charles. "Higgins?"

"Yes," said Janet; "and he seemed so interested, though he looked a little shabby; and then nurse called me and said she was afraid he might give some disease to Jeffrey. Jeffrey was playing on the floor, so I told him to see you this evening, and he said he would, and, Charles ——"

Janet paused and stroked his hand.

"Nurse says Jeffrey must have a new kind of carriage. He's getting too old for the one he has. Nurse says he needs a thing you call a stroller. You can buy the best ones at Cobble & Cobble's." Though Charles winced, Janet did not notice. "The Talcotts are getting one," she added, "and Mr. Higgins was so interested he said Jeffrey certainly ought to have one."

"Janet"—another faint hope gave Charles new strength—"this man Higgins—perhaps he wanted to sell me something, do you think?"

Janet shook her head vigorously.

"Don't you worry about that. I asked him right away, because I remembered about the man with the lightning rods. He said it was something else—something personal. Charles, aren't you feeling well?"

During Janet's discourse Charles had subsided into a chair. The walls of the living room had grown peculiarly narrow to his sight. He knew he could never get beyond them without telling her.

"Janet"—his voice was hoarse and uncertain—"don't you know what he was? Can't you even guess? Janet, we've got to get out of this!"

Then Janet was on her knees beside him, pulling at his coat before he could continue.

"What do you mean, Charles? Please don't look like that! Just tell me what you mean. I don't mind, dear. Is it anything you've done? Charles, he isn't a—detective?"

Why was it nearly everyone concluded he had committed a crime? Something ludicrous, some unexpected glimpse of the irony of living, caused Charles to laugh, but his laughter was too near to grief to make for pleasure.

"Don't be so silly! The game's just up, that's all."

"What game?" Janet persisted in pulling violently at his coat.

"You know what I mean—pretending we're as good as the Talcotts. Pretending we've got enough money to get everything the Talcotts get and do everything the Talcotts do. Haven't you noticed anything? Haven't you noticed I've been staying awake nights adding checks?"

"Charles," gasped Janet, "you mustn't talk so loud! Annie—nurse—is right upstairs"

Charles opened his mouth and closed it; even in the blackness of despair tradition somehow asserted itself.

"That woman," he stammered, but not so loudly—"if you mention that woman to me again ——" Instinctively he looked toward the open door.

"Charles," whispered Janet—her eyes were alight with a new suspicion—"I do believe you've been drinking! You have done something dreadful!"

Charles pulled himself with difficulty from his chair. Pent-up feelings, suppressions and inhibitions clamored wildly for speech.

"So that's all the help I get from you!" he cried. "First you run up bills I can't pay, and then when a man comes to serve a summons on me for debt, a man who may attach the house, for all I know, you give him a cup of tea! And then on top of all that you think I'm a criminal—that's the sort of life I lead!"

"Charles," begged Janet, "do be calm."

"Who drove me to it?" Charles waved his arm violently. There was a crash. An ornament from the shining table had fallen to the floor. "You did—you and that woman you bribed! It's the end, I tell you! We've got to get out of this house! We've got to get out of Sweet Hills!"

"Charles!" Janet seized his arm, but he shook it free.

"That's what comes of being as good as the Talcotts. As good as the Talcotts—ha-ha!"

His red face and the slow wrath in his patient eyes made his laughter horrible.

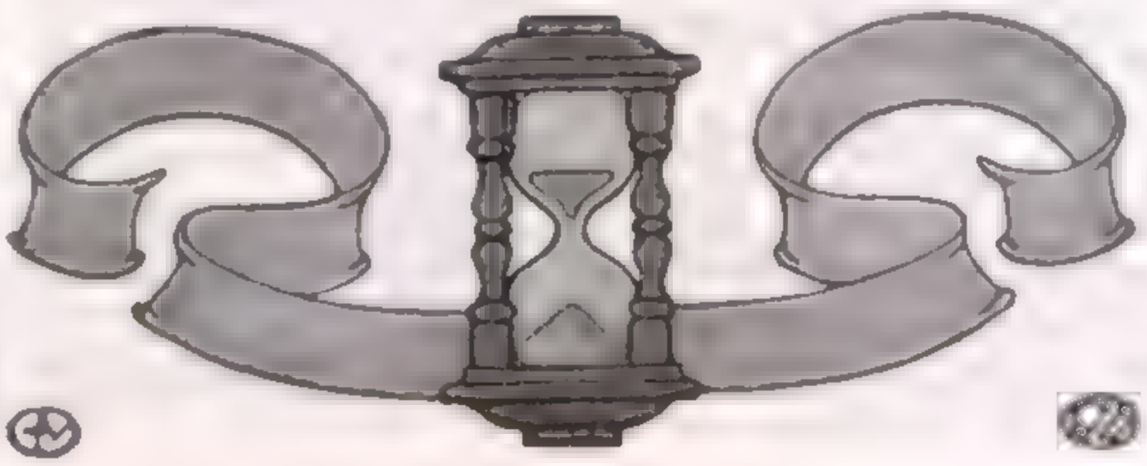
"Charles," cried Janet, "don't you hear me? Won't you be quiet? Nurse is coming downstairs."

For a moment Charles felt an actual twinge of fear. Though he was on the verge of ruin, Janet did not appear to give ruin a thought when faced with the possibility of that nurse. Right to the end, she was indifferent to incontrovertible fact. A serene and steady tapping was sounding on the door.

"Don't come in!" cried Janet. It did no good. The door was immediately opened.

"I must come in. How can I speak to Mr. Lawrence without coming in?" Nurse spoke with a serenity that showed her faith in incontrovertible logic, and stood serenely on the threshold. The sight of her

(Continued on Page 136)



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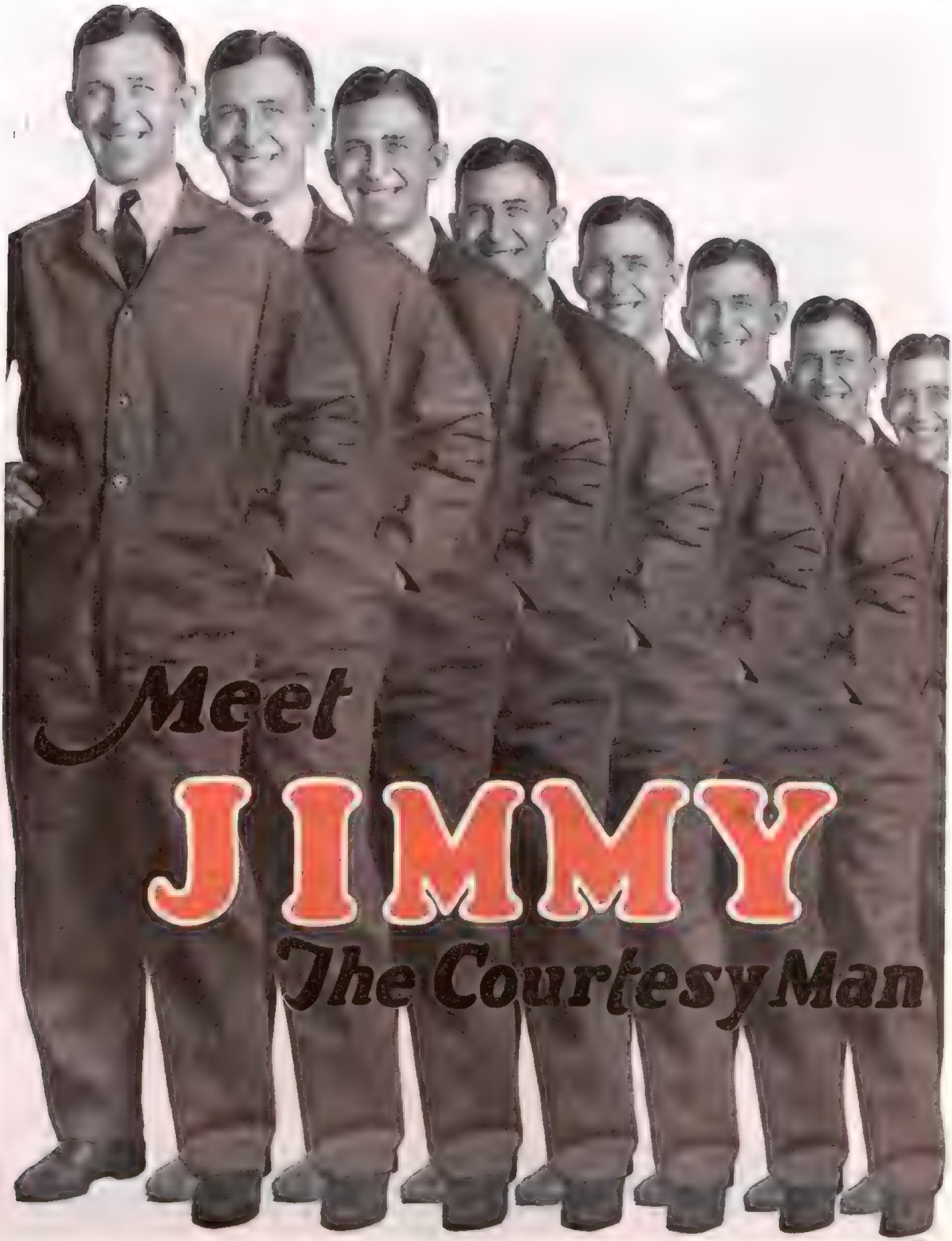
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(Continued from Page 132)

bulk, her benign calm, the placid glittering of her glasses aroused in Charles the memory of a winter of indignity. For some reason it stirred him to unbelievable effort.

"Get out!" he cried. "Who said I wanted to see you?"

"It's your time to see the baby, Mr. Lawrence. You can see him for five minutes."

It was not a time for reason.

"Get out!" repeated Charles. "I don't want to see the baby. Get out!" Even then his temerity made him falter. "And leave this house!"

"Nurse"—Janet gave a little cry and hurried toward her—"do go upstairs. Mr. Lawrence isn't very well, and doesn't know quite what he is saying."

Nurse nodded sympathetically and looked at Charles with mild reproof, as she might at a wayward child.

"To think of him coming home like that!" she remarked. "Mr. Talcott never would."

"Damn Mr. Talcott!" cried Charles. "Didn't you hear what I told you? Won't you please get out?"

"To think of it!" The vision of that woman at the door, with her vast unshaken reassurance, seemed immense. Like the epitome of all his problems—a giant with which it was vain to struggle. "Can I help you with him, Mrs. Lawrence? Though I'm not used to gentlemen in his condition, I had a brother once on the Dublin street cars—a big boy he was, just like Mr. Lawrence, and I used to handle him."

"Will you get out?" The ignominy of his position made Charles nearly choke. He struggled for further speech, but did not find it.

"Yes, nurse," said Janet, "I think you'd better go."

Charles stared, fascinated, at the door. Nurse was leaving. Like a bad dream, she was vanishing from his consciousness, walking out backward, still looking at Charles with kindly reproach. Charles and Janet stood facing each other and Janet looked very small and weak. It had been ignominious; he had been placed in a ridiculous and shameful light; yet, somehow, Charles felt better. At least he faced a force bravely, vainly perhaps, but without concession.

"Of all the outrageous things!" began Charles. "What made you side with that woman? Why did you let her think ——"

Janet looked at him, and for the first time he felt sorry for her, for he knew she understood.

"I couldn't let her know," she said. "I don't know why. But I couldn't let her know that we can't go on, dear. Oh, Charles, what is it you've been saying? Are we really ruined? Must we really sell our things—is that it, Charles?"

Charles patted her shoulder clumsily, but he felt better and adequate. Now that the worst was over, he was master of his house.

"It isn't so bad as that, but it means the end of things. It isn't nice to have a summons for debt in a place like this; we've got to cut expenses and we can't cut them here. What would the Talcotts say?"

Charles clenched his fist. The vision of the Talcotts was as poignant as ever. "We'll have to get along without a nurse for a while, dear," he added timidly.

"I know she'll be going anyway." A tear was in Janet's eye, but she took it much better than he expected.

"We've got to get along without the automobile and a lot of things. And what will the Talcotts say?"

Janet stood up very straight. Her mouth was a thin, determined line. Her voice rang through the drawing-room.

"They mustn't know! I couldn't bear it! We'll have to rent the house. We'll have to move away."

That was it. Almost unconsciously she had phrased the thought which tortured him. He reached for her hand and grasped it. Outside, it was growing dark and the room was strange and lonely. He was trying to think what to say, but he had little time to think. It was the way of Nemesis when Nemesis arrived. Distinctly, even with the door closed, he heard the doorbell ring. His hand grasped Janet's tightly. A strange voice sounded in the hall. It was Mr. Higgins.

"I tell you I want to see Mr. Lawrence. It's personal, I tell you."

Charles strode into the hall. It was a matter to be faced and finished quickly, without fuss or noise. He stepped to the front door, but before he could reach it he paused, transfixed with horror. The thing which he had dreaded most had happened. The world was falling down.

The door was still open, and Jenny the maid was standing beside it, remonstrating with a small man in a dark-brown suit and olive skin who had neglected to remove his hat and was gesticulating violently. But Charles scarcely looked at him, for a sight outdoors riveted his attention. Up the brick path, almost at the doorstep, dressed in the studied elegance fitting to a Saturday evening in May, were the Talcotts. The Talcotts were coming to call!

For a second Charles felt his knees weaken beneath his weight. For a second, in his own hall, he was a picture of abject terror. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, but he was inspired, as the most ordinary man sometimes is inspired by danger. With a quick determined motion he grasped the shoulder of his olive-faced guest and pulled him hastily out of sight. The man was a light burden, for the crisis gave Charles strength. Mr. Higgins gave one frightened cry.

"Hey! Let me go, youse!" he shrieked.

Charles entered the drawing-room and slammed the door, and Janet also cried out. Womanlike, she spoke before Charles could tell her of the greater danger that lay behind.

"Why, Mr. Higgins!" she cried. "Why, you're sopping wet!"

Curiously enough, in the turmoil Charles had not noticed the phenomenon, but it was true. Mr. Higgins was very wet. His brown felt hat was sodden. His suit was like a sponge, dripping water upon the carpet. He stood glaring at them angrily, like a plaything of the sea.

"Wet!" he cried brokenly. "Now don't you folks think you are too smart! Up at that swell club a feller told me you was in the shower, and I went in and he turned it on. Is that the way to treat a gentleman, I want to know? I'm wise, see? Now don't go tellin' me how it was any mistake now!"

"Janet"—Charles was master of the situation still. Out in the hall he could hear a voice, smooth, pleasant and refined. It was Talcott's voice. "Janet," said Charles very calmly, "we have guests out in the hall, dear. Will you keep them out there for a moment till we're through?" His control was leaving him. "Hurry! Won't you hurry?"

"No, sir! Don't you hand me no line how it was a mistake!" cried Mr. Higgins. "I know your little game!"

"Janet"—Charles endeavored to drown Mr. Higgins' voice—"close the door behind you."

"No, sir," continued Mr Higgins; "you don't pull no highbrow stuff on me! You bribed that guy to wet me down so my papers would be spoiled. But I was wise. They ain't wet a mite. Here —— Are you Charles Lawrence?"

"Of course I am." Charles endeavored to smile placatingly. "Now don't get angry I didn't bribe anybody. I'll give you some dry clothes; but won't you please just lower your voice?"

Mr. Higgins plunged his hand into his inside coat pocket and produced a damp legal document.

"You see it?" Mr. Higgins' beady eyes glittered in triumph. "I ain't so sore, now I got you. It's a summons. Try this on your piano, mister. A summons to appear on the complaint of Cobble & Cobble, Incorporated, Dealers in Sporting Materials, to show cause before the court for not paying claims on goods delivered. You understand? All right, read it. I got you now."

Charles still continued to smile, though it was difficult, but he knew his very future depended upon his smiling.

"I'm sorry, really I am, you've had so much trouble," he began. "Won't you stay to dinner, Mr. Higgins? Now don't say no!"

Mr Higgins rolled his eyes. He cocked his hat, which he had neglected to remove, further back upon his head.

"Are you trying to kid me?" he inquired. "Are you crazy? Anyway, it won't do you no good."

"I know it won't," agreed Charles, drawing his breath with difficulty. "I guess I'd better be perfectly frank."

"Young feller," said Mr. Higgins, "you otta be ashamed of yourself. What have you got to be funny about?"

"Mr. Higgins"—Charles seized Mr. Higgins' reluctant hand and pressed it—"I can't thank you enough for the tact you've shown, Mr. Higgins, under trying circumstances—the gentlemanly consideration you've shown, Mr. Higgins." Mr. Higgins made a wild, groping gesture. "And I want to ask you, Mr. Higgins," ended Charles rapidly, "if you'll just keep on showing it. Make yourself at home, Mr. Higgins. Will you have something to smoke?"

"I guess I'm going sort of nutty," said Mr. Higgins slowly. "In all the years I've been on this job, no guy's been like you. Say, don't you get me? I'm summoning you to court."

"Certainly," agreed Charles hastily. "I'm delighted to go. If you'll only be my guest—for half an hour—for fifteen minutes—there are some people outside. Won't you be a friend of mine for fifteen minutes while they're here?"

"Oh!" Mr. Higgins' hardened face displayed a shade of comprehension. "You don't want 'em to get wise, eh?"

"How clever of you to have guessed!" breathed Charles.

Mr. Higgins' business instinct had already asserted itself.

"Gimme a new suit of clothes?"

"They're yours," said Charles.

"And how about ten dollars?"

"Here," said Charles.

Mr. Higgins smiled quite happily. "All right," he said. "There ain't anything makes real friends as fast as money, is there? Now gimme a cigar."

Charles threw open the living-room door. His heart was beating a prelude of his triumph. A crisis in his life was nearly over and the Talcotts would not know.

"Janet," he called, "won't you come in, dear? I'm finished now."

Mrs. Talcott raised her eyebrows in polite astonishment at Mr. Higgins' presence. Talcott went so much further that one might have thought he was suspicious. He stared quite blankly at Mr. Higgins, and then looked curiously at Charles; but Charles did not object. His mind was absorbed in wonder at himself. He could see himself standing as though nothing had happened, ignoring even Mr. Higgins' dishabille.

"May I present Mr. Higgins?" he inquired. "Mr. Higgins is a business associate of mine. Mrs. Talcott, Mr. Higgins—and Mr. Talcott. Mr. Higgins was looking for me at the club and fell into the pond."

"Indeed?" began Mrs. Talcott with superior amusement, for Mr. Higgins was something to be amused at; not to be touched, but exceedingly diverting. "In the pond, you say? What a remarkable thing to do!"

It was all very remarkable. Janet's slightly hysterical laugh was remarkable, and Charles looked very odd; but oddest of all was Mr. Higgins. He had begun fishing frantically in the pocket of his moistened coat.

"Is that so?" he was saying. "Did you get those names right, mister?"

"My dear fellow," said Talcott to Charles, mystified, but still polite, "what is the matter with your friend? Is what so?"

But Charles did not have time to answer. Mr. Higgins was still speaking.

"Maybe I didn't catch the name right," he suggested. "Is this gent the Roger Talcott who lives here?"

Talcott raised his delicate fingers to his upper lip and smiled.

"Who else," he inquired, "would I be?"

"All right, all right." Mr. Higgins was very suave. "There, there; that's all right. I just want to show you something—show you something."

There was no time to move; there was hardly time to think before Mr. Higgins had produced a paper. Charles felt dizzy. He was fascinated by the smooth swiftness of Mr. Higgins' motions. It was another paper exactly the same as his. Mr. Higgins was giving it to Talcott. Mr. Higgins did not even endeavor to hide his triumph and satisfaction.

"Well, now," he was saying, "if this ain't my lucky day! Two of 'em down at once! It's a summons, Mr. Talcott—that's it—to appear in court on the twentieth instant to show cause why you should not pay claims advanced by the Home Fun Piano Company. You understand why, don't you? All right. Read it, that's all."

There was a moment's silence, one of those moments beyond all speech. Charles could not help but stare at Talcott. The sight of Talcott standing with a paper in his hand, a paper similar to his, filled him with strange complex emotions. Talcott's face was like a runner's face, lined and weary. To Charles, Talcott no longer seemed exalted, but like himself, exactly like himself. He could not believe it, but it was true. It must have been true that Talcott was not made of money.

"Talcott!" said Charles. He had never felt so friendly, for some barrier was gone between them. "Talcott, old man!"

Impulsively yet heartily Charles grasped Talcott's hand. He could hardly believe it was true. It was so impossible, it was like a vision. A weight, a vast weight was rolling from him. They were even, after all. There was nothing for Talcott to say.

Mrs. Talcott had screamed. Her suave languor had left her, and Talcott had turned white.

"Be quiet, Sally," he said. His voice was more natural than it had ever been before. "I told you this would happen. Haven't I been telling you ever since you hired that—damned nurse?"

"Talcott, old man!" Charles grasped Talcott's hand again. Why was it he had ever been embarrassed by the Talcotts? They seemed so natural, it all seemed so natural, that he trembled with human kindliness and love for his fellow man. "Talcott, I didn't know—I never guessed that you were bothered by your nurse."

"Bothered!" Talcott's *savoir-faire* had vanished. His hair was rumpled, and even his mustache was out of line. "What have I been doing all winter but bothering about my nurse? Wait till I get home and see how quick I'll fire her! Don't interrupt me, Sally. We've been trying all winter to show her we're as good as the Lawrences, and we've got to stop it. Lawrence ——"

He paused and stared at Charles. He must have seen; he must have understood, or some deep emotion had struck him dumb.

"Lawrence, old man, you don't mean you've been doing the same thing all this winter too?" Without Charles' speaking, he must have read the answer, for suddenly Talcott smiled, and for a fleeting second Charles never felt so wise. All the irony of life, the jests and trickery of life, its futility, its shallows and its depths, lay stretched before him. He had never felt so wise, and life had never seemed so kindly. The Talcotts were such nice people, and they all had so much in common. His old enthusiasm, the conventional enthusiasm that made all Sweet Hills sweet, was coming back.

"Talcott, old man," he said, "it was great while it lasted, anyway."

And Talcott also was true to the best traditions. He looked at Mr. Higgins, first dubiously, but then he smiled.

"Great!" said Talcott.

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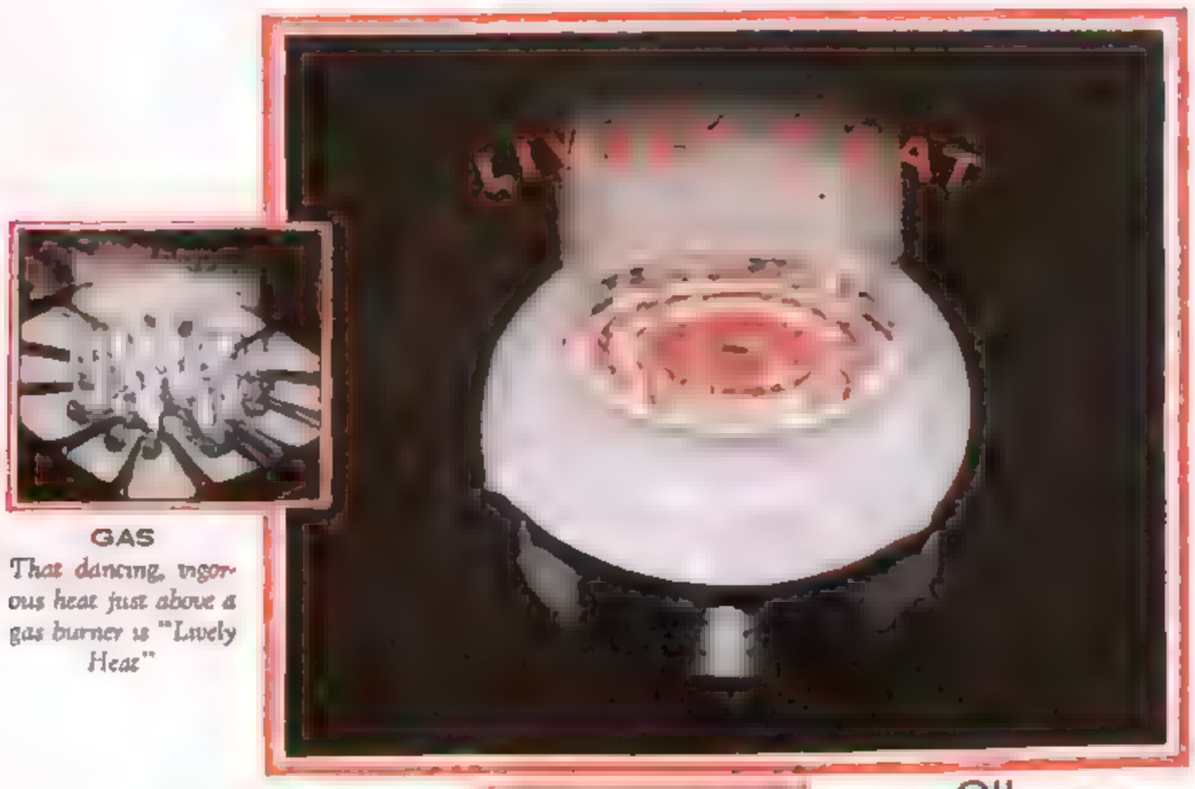

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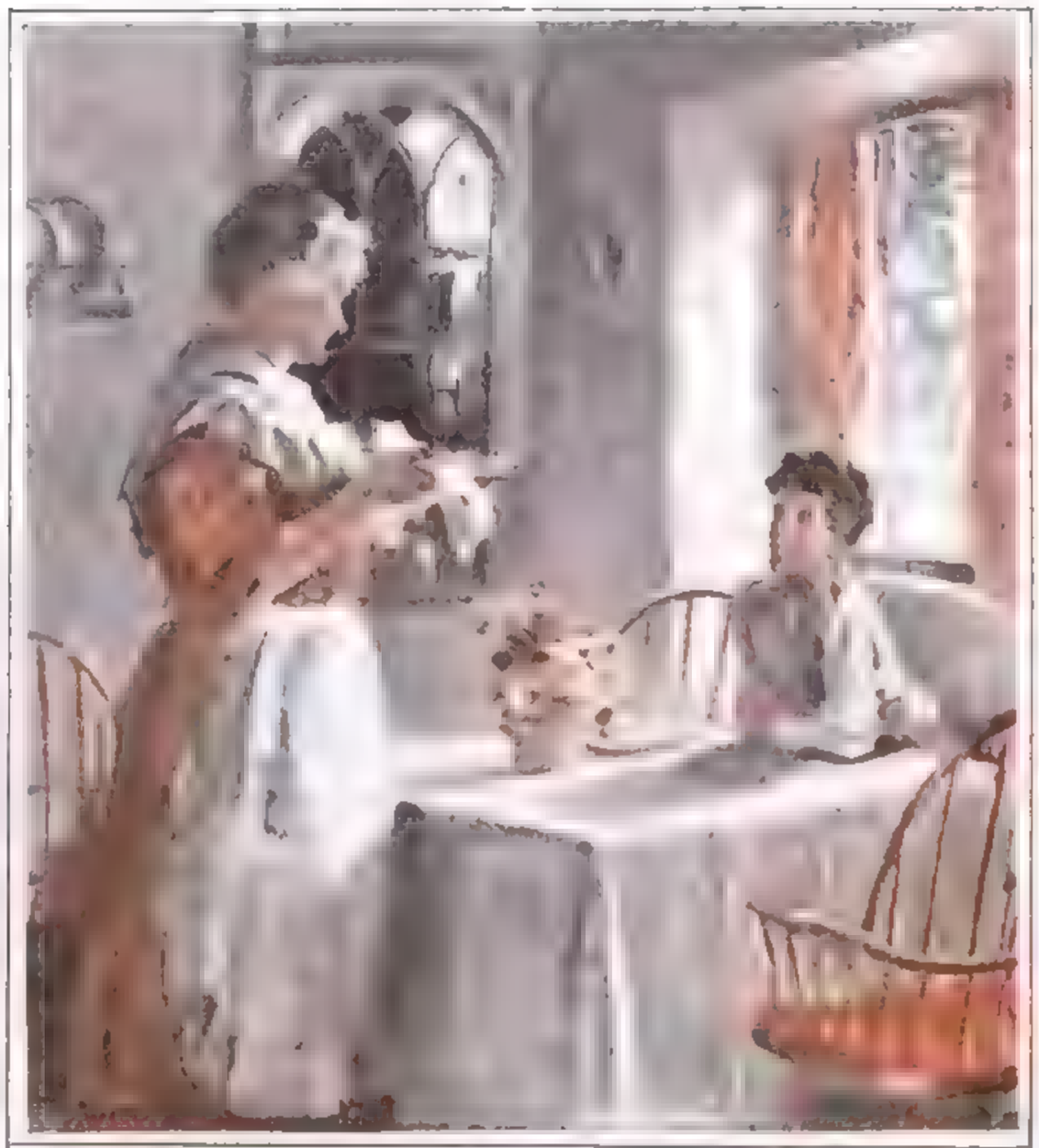

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Size for size, a beautiful Red Star costs no more than the ordinary oil stove. And it is actually *cheaper* to own. The construction is designed for lifetime service. That means a very low cost per year. The "*Lively Heat*" Burner is made of heavy cast iron. It, too, lasts a lifetime. So there is no replacement cost. The gas produced is mostly air. Therefore, fuel cost is very small. And, finally, being a complete unit, there is no expense for piping or outside pressure tanks. This means *real economy*.

There is a size and type of Red Star suited to every home and need—two to six "*Lively Heat*" Burners. There is a price to suit every income. Any Red Star dealer will gladly demonstrate the "*Lively Heat*" Burner, and the stoves. You will usually find him to be the *progressive* man in his locality. If you do not know him, write us. We will send his name and a copy of the Red Star Book *free* of charge. Address Dept. A.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

OIL STOVE

The
STEVENS HOTEL
Chicago Ill.

The World's Greatest Hotel.
3000 Rooms and 3000 Baths.
Over 1000 tons of Byers Pipe used for plumbing and heating.

Architects. Holabird & Roche
General Contractors. Geo. A. Fuller Co.
Plumbing Contractors: John Degnan, Inc.
Heating Contractors. Phillips-Getchow Co.

Byers Pipe was chosen for the World's Largest Hotel

BACK of every plumbing fixture and every radiator, in home or skyscraper, are the life arteries---water supply, drainage, waste and vent lines, heating, gas and other pipes.

Day and night, year in and year out, these pipes must withstand corrosive attack from within and without. Failures are not only annoying, but extremely costly; the cost of replacing pipes which have failed is from ten to twenty times greater than the cost of the pipes themselves.

In your home, pipe failures are disturbing; but when they occur in a giant skyscraper, with its vast network of pipes, they spell disaster. Hence, the selection of pipe for buildings of such monumental importance as the Stevens Hotel, is a task to which owners, architects and engineers give most serious consideration.

Physical strength, permanently tight joints and, above all, *rust resistance,* are essential.

No other pipe combines these qualities so economically as Byers Pipe of genuine wrought iron.

Its claims to superiority rest on practical experience over a period of more than half a century.

The living evidence is found everywhere in old buildings throughout the land where it was installed many decades ago. The service records tell a story of long life and practically repair-free service.

These, then, are the reasons why, after mature consideration, more than a thousand tons of Byers Pipe are being installed in the Stevens---latest and greatest of all hotels, now nearing completion in Chicago, just as it was chosen for the Woolworth Building, the Pennsylvania Hotel, New York City, the General Motors Building, Detroit, and a long list of other buildings of world-wide fame. For the same reasons, YOU should choose Byers for your own home, office, or factory.

Literature on Request

A. M. BYERS COMPANY
Established 1864 PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York Tulsa Rochester Cleveland
Chicago Philadelphia Houston St Louis
Cincinnati Los Angeles Boston Jacksonville

Distributors in all Jobbing Centers

the *Spiral Stripe*
protects you against mistakes and substitution
Also look for name and year rolled in metal

BYERS PIPE
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

FLORIDA DIVERSIONS

(Continued from Page 25

over their shoulders at the streams of automobiles that pour past them, missing them by inches.

The low state to which this grand old diversion has fallen may possibly be more fully grasped when one realizes that a Cosden can venture out in a wheel chair and have almost nobody pay any attention to him, with the exception of flivver drivers, who shave him so closely that they are impelled to shoot black looks at him and urge him to stop thinking he owns the road, or to sell his easy-chair and travel by ambulance. This to a Cosden, who entertained the Prince of Wales!

It is a dreadful exposure of the straits to which exclusiveness has been brought when one realizes that a broken steering gear or an infirm wrist might at any moment result in a Palm Beach Cosden, an East Boston O'Taggerty and a coconut palm being thrown violently and inextricably together without an introduction of any sort.

Back to New York for a Rest

At any rate, the Palm Beach social leader no longer has the opportunities for rest that were so frequent in the old days. She cannot knock off to change her clothes, for excessive garment changing has gone out of style. She cannot sleep until all hours of the morning as she once did, because the streets are alive at daybreak and for some time thereafter with explosive and rackety motors carrying starry-eyed workmen to their day's labors on Palm Beach's new hotels, shops, homes, churches and schools, and with thunderous trucks busily engaged in hastening up and down every street, loaded with nothing at all, and being as noisy and important about it as possible.

Nor can she retire at an early hour with any assurance of finding rest, in as much as bootleggers' automobiles cruise noisily up and down each street until three and four o'clock in the morning, and the occupants of these automobiles descend from them and argue loudly with one another in front of almost every house.

Consequently she has to keep going all the time; and it is no unusual thing nowadays to read in the Palm Beach social columns that Mrs. B. Glucose Slump has left Palm Beach for New York for a week's rest before returning for another wrestle with the social whirl. This bears more than a faint resemblance to seeking surcease from noise in a boiler factory.

The ordinary visitor to Florida not only cannot participate—because of lack of opportunity—in the activities that prevail among the more energetic social aspirants of Palm Beach but he couldn't stand the gaff if he were given the opportunity to participate.

The conscientious seeker after diversion at Palm Beach arises at a fairly early hour, indulges in eighteen holes of golf; hastens to the beach to mingle amiably with the K. Lispendrawl Bunna, the W. Shiver Triplechins and other members of the seven upper circles of Palm Beach society, and to procure an earful of the scandalous developments of the preceding evening; rushes away at 12:30 to join a cocktail party at a private residence; moves directly from the cocktail party to luncheon; hastens to the tennis courts or the golf links immediately after lunch for a light workout; repairs to the home of a friend at 4:30 for a game of bridge; dashes away at six to attend any one of a large series of before-dinner cocktail parties; tears himself away at eight and races home to dress; hurries to dinner at 8:30 and engages in brilliant social conversation at the dinner table as to who such-and-such a person is, and who Mrs. Thus-and-So has been seen with lately; makes a near get-away at ten o'clock and visits the first of a series of after-dinner parties, where he sops up enough highballs to enable him to get his bearings; eases out at eleven and visits a second one; breaks away from the second one at 11:30 and looks in on a third; decides that the second party was the best, so ducks the third party at midnight, returns to the second party and remains there until three or four o'clock in the morning—or even until five or six o'clock, provided that sufficient amusement is provided.

On the following day he gets up and goes through the entire program again; and if, by any mischance, there happens to be a single hour in his day that is not filled with some form of divertisement or distraction, he almost goes mad with boredom and distress.

The Society-Column Blues

It is customary, no doubt, for great big silent men from the mountains of Idaho or the plains of Texas to permit a contemptuous sneer to wreathe their rugged features whenever they make mention of the effeminate loafers who disport themselves on golden beaches beneath the rustling palm fronds. Yet there is little doubt that if one of these great big silent men attempted to follow the leadership of a Palm Beach social favorite for a week, the social favorite would be obliged to excuse himself to one of his many hosts or hostesses along about the middle of the third evening, pick up the great big silent man from the corner where he had fallen in a state of collapse, and tenderly carry him to the hospital for resuscitation and careful nursing.

There are many baffling features to the diversions of Palm Beach society, and these baffling features in themselves provide diversion for many people. Why, for example, have certain wealthy persons achieved prominence in Palm Beach society when they are stupid, dreary and unlovely? And similarly, why have certain other people failed to achieve prominence in the same society when they are mildly entertaining, easy to look at and equally wealthy? It is a problem to make Einstein realize that when he had evolved his theory he had only scratched the surface.

And why, again, are there hundreds of persons who claim to be sickened by the

The Beach and Casino at Palm Beach, Where the Pictures are Taken Reading From Left to Right

Foot-Joy

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"The Shoe that's Different"

IT'S a fact—only 5 people out of a hundred have normal feet. The tired look of the five o'clock crowd testifies to this.

And yet there is absolutely no reason why men and women who are on their feet more or less all day should realize they have feet at 5 o'clock at night. Foot-Joy is the answer—more than a shoe, a service to humanity—a shoe resulting from 40 years of successful shoe-making.

Ask us to send you the Foot-Joy book—a valuable aid to those who would keep their feet in good condition.

FIELD & FLINT CO., BROCKTON, MA

Also makers of

THE BURT & PACKARD "Korrect Shape"

And Anatomic Shoes for Men

WORLD-FAMOUS FOR CORRECTING FOOT DEFECTS

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The Man's Sock that Women like ~

IRON CLADS are favored by women because of their soft silken texture, their smooth snug fit and above all their wonderful resistance to wear.

Iron Clads make the time-old duty of darning almost a thing of the past and take away from women a distasteful and prosaic duty they always dread.

The beautiful appearance of Iron Clad No. 499 will please any man, and the high spliced heel, double sole and extended toe give comfort and long wear

Made of Pure Silk and Rayon twisted, and with a mercerized ribbed top to take care of garter strain.

Colors: Black, White, Grey, African Brown, Navy, French Tan, Champagne and Russian Tan. Sizes 9 to 12.

Ask your dealer for Iron Clad No. 499, but if he cannot supply you, send 50 cents per pair, state color wanted and size, and we will supply you direct and pay the postage.

COOPER WELLS & COMPANY
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Michigan

"Iron Clad"

IF YOU HAVE A SELLING PROBLEM

Don't Fail to Send for a Copy of This

FREE BOOK ON DIRECT-BY-MAIL ADVERTISING

Shows how to increase sales and decrease selling costs.

"*Wonderful Stuff!*" is echoed by all who have read it. "*Recently I invested in a set of business books that cost a lot of money,*" wrote one;—"*But I got more real benefit from your little book than from all of them!*"

And, now, all you have to do to get YOUR COPY is to clip out this advertisement, put it on your regular business letterhead, and mail it to the

ELLIOTT
[illegible]
247 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

KINKADE GARDEN TRACTOR
and Power Lawnmower
A Practical, Proven Power Cultivator for 99 Gardeners, Suburbanites, Truckers, Florists, Nurserymen, Fruit Growers.
American Farm Machine Co.
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SELL GREETING CARDS
UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY to earn $40.00 to $5[illegible] monthly selling BUSINESS GREETING CARDS. Side line or full time. Weekly payment. Samples Free. Selling experience unnecessary. Get details. Dept. A
JOHN A. HERTEL CO., 318 W. Washington St., Chicago

futility and fat-headedness of Palm Beach society, but cannot refrain each morning from reading in the society columns the horrible details of the preceding day's activities? Day after day they read that Mrs. Lipstick Bubblewit's blond beauty was charming in a gown of apricot-colored burlap; that the Princess Glukhose of Ptomania was hostess to an intimate little coterie of friends among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Soapberry, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Wiggleback, J. Bulldoze Gassick and a few others; and that among those seen on the links yesterday were the Countess Blorp—whose father was L. Bunner Sreek—Muddicome F. Mattress—nephew of John D. Rockpile. His Grace the Duke of Clutterfloor, Mr. and Mrs. S. Melton Punk and D. Fillup Gudgeon.

They see these names each day in the social columns. Each name, as it reappears, fills them with pain and rage. Yet they read on, day after day. Why do they do it? Why do they care where the Princess Glukhose was seen or how Mrs. Lipstick Bubblewit's blond beauty was arrayed? Why does anybody care? It is more baffling than the reasons that cause a donkey to bray.

A determined effort has been made in every part of Florida to provide a sufficient number of diversions to distract the minds of those who come to Florida, because they haven't anything else to do. Bands play in open-air parks; and in the shadow of the band stands there are large numbers of tables at which friends and casual acquaintances, at all hours of the morning, afternoon and evening, engage in prolonged games of cribbage, euchre, high-low-jack, hearts, whist and other innocuous pastimes with packs of cards that are invariably limp with age and inexpressibly foul from frequent contact with grimy surfaces.

From Checkers to Roulette

Likewise there are violent checker games in progress, and ruminative chess games in which the contestants sit so still for such protracted periods that their hands swell and birds roost on their shoulders. Contestants sit for hours over fierce domino contests; and there are even tables at which one can in a measure renew the delights of youth by indulging in a game of tiddledywinks.

Elsewhere there are horseshoe pitches, together with small kiosks where the broad and polished shoe of the horseshoe-pitching world may be obtained by the earnest horseshoe pitcher. From early morn until ten o'clock at night, when the lights are put out in the city parks, the dull clank of horseshoes hitting the iron stakes resounds above the din of traffic that in the past year has almost overwhelmed every Florida city and town.

In the greater centers of population there is polo, which is as meaningless and befuddling to the average spectator as the proceedings in a Turkish law court.

Likewise there are baseball and football in season, and fine golf links sprinkled over the state with as much lavishness as many other states displayed in the sprinkling of saloons a few years ago. There are automobile racing and boat racing and horse racing, if one cannot get along without these diversions; and highly exciting dog racing, in which excessively active greyhounds race industriously after a real or an artificial rabbit; while maddened dog-racing enthusiasts place heavy wagers on their favorite dogs and fall out of their seats in the grand stands when their favorites get in the money

And there is gambling of all sorts, from Bradley's at Palm Beach, where the millionaires go each night to dally for a few careless moments with the little white pill in the roulette wheel and perchance to permit themselves to be nicked for a mere five or ten thousand dollars, down to the phony wheels and games of Miami and Tampa and Jacksonville and other Florida resorts operated by one of the ripest assortments of thugs, con artists and gunmen that was ever concentrated in any state in the Union.

Vivacious Vacations

The sudden rush to Florida of large numbers of persons intent on making commodious fortunes out of two and three thousand dollar capitals has been eminently successful in causing the crooks to make an attempt to get in on as much of this easy money as possible. Consequently if one is so foolish as to pick up a pocketbook that has been left in a Florida hotel lobby by a young and beautiful lady, he will be more than likely to find -when he returns the pocketbook to the address that has been carefully left in it—that the young lady has a handsome old Southern father, suh, who is deeply grateful for the chivalry displayed by the finder of the pocketbook, suh, and who displays his gratitude by taking the pocketbook finder to the races, suh, and deftly separating him from his bank roll.

If he is such a total blank as to reply to a note left in his hotel box by a young and seemingly cultured lady—a note in which the young lady explains that she is staying at the hotel and comes from Oshkosh, too, and is consequently taking the liberty of writing, for she is homesick for Oshkosh, and so on and so forth -if he fails, we repeat, for this note and takes the young lady to dinner, the chances are ten to one that he will be back in Oshkosh in about ten days with a heavily depleted bank roll, a working knowledge of the badger game and a strong determination to confine all future Florida dealings to restaurants and genuine real-estate salesmen.

The interest in ordinary manufactured diversions like horseshoe pitching and roulette, and so on, however, does not increase with the same passionate vigor with which other things in Florida are increasing. Visitors to Florida are no longer satisfied with the restful diversions of other days. They want action, tumult, speed.

A man who would consider a fifty-dollar bet on a horse race or a ten-dollar bet on a roulette wheel to be the height of reckless folly will gayly pay ten thousand dollars for a piece of so-called business property that—when it is cleared and leveled off—will be only seven miles from the nearest existing city. He isn't content to talk 30 or 50 per cent profit. He wants from 200 to 500 per cent on his investment.

A clergyman who came to an east-coast community a few years ago to bask in the sun and raise oranges is now tearing around like a wild man and raising money for a community church with a swimming pool and bowling alley attached. A druggist made a comfortable fortune, retired and came to a South Florida city three years ago to sit on the bay shore and catch fish. Unfortunately for his fishing aspirations, he saw a crying need for a drug store in his community, so he built one. The crowds promptly entered his store, and he was never able to get them out sufficiently early to permit him to go fishing. He has accumulated another fortune and is about to retire again, but there is grave doubt that he will be able to stay retired.

A prominent real-estate dealer, two years ago, decided that prices had reached the peak, that he was tired of working, and that it was time for him to convert his holdings into cash and settle down to horseshoe pitching. He did this; but as soon as the last piece of his real estate had been sold, he became panic-stricken, rushed into the market and bought about three times as much as he had before he began to sell.

A man who has been active and successful all his life, no matter in what field of endeavor, finds it as difficult to keep his fingers out of the growth of Florida as it is for a fox to keep out of a henhouse.

One of the most popular and most easily observed diversions in the southern portion of Florida is that of getting accustomed to the real-estate prices. In certain respects it resembles the diversion, so popular among European travelers after the war, of becoming familiar with depreciated currency. The tourist, for example, would arrive in a country whose currency had slipped rapidly down the toboggan and inquire the price, let us say, of a felt hat.

"That hat," the salesman would reply, "is a good hat, and the only hat of its kind that we have left. The price is seven million crowns."

"Thunder-weather!" the tourist would remark with some violence. "There is nothing in the world that is worth seven million of anything! I will not take it!" Then he would go away and think it over and decide that maybe the hat was worth seven million crowns after all; so on the following day he would return for the hat and find that it had been sold. Then, in disgust, he would go down the street and purchase a worse hat for nine million crowns.

The person who has newly arrived in Florida ventures into a real-estate office and inquires the price of a pleasantly situated piece of real estate that has caught his fancy.

Exciting Guessing Games

"That is a fine piece of property," the salesman tells him. "I know who owns it, and I think I can get it for you for forty thousand dollars. At that price it is a steal!"

"Good night!" screams the newcomer. "That is a terrible price! Why, I can buy a piece of land just that size on the outskirts of Cincinnati, Ohio, for seven thousand dollars! You've got a nerve to ask forty thousand dollars for that!"

But after he has thought the matter over he decides that possibly he gets certain climatic conditions in Florida that he couldn't have in Cincinnati, Ohio, and that the piece of land is a pretty good piece of land, and that maybe it would be a pretty good idea for him to buy it if he can persuade the salesman to take four or five thousand dollars off the price. So he returns to the salesman and starts to open negotiations, whereupon the salesman looks at him sourly and says, "That piece of land sold an hour after you left the office yesterday. That was a steal!"

(Continued on Page 145)

They pass the word along

THERE is something universal about the good word for General Cords. Certainly no other tire has given its users the satisfaction from which such comment springs.

General has so many "talkable" advantages that stand out in the user's daily experiences. He is not called upon to seek his enthusiasm in the hidden technicalities of manufacture. You can look at a General Cord and see the extra thickness. Take hold of it and you feel the same thing.

As you mix the way with good roads and bad you experience the *full meaning* of low pressure.

You soon notice that the gasoline saving and added motor power are considerable items. And the protection of the mechanical parts of your car, due to General's low-pressure features, tells its own story in longer car life.

These are some of the advantages that have made the good word for General so universal. These are the things that have brought General into such popular demand because these, *together with almost unbelievable mileage,* are advantages the user can actually see and feel.

The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

The Mark of Leading Tire Values Everywhere

The GENERAL CORD

— GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

big

in everything but Price!

THE more careful the buyer, the more apt he is to buy a Cleveland Six—this year of all years!

The careful buyer, of course, is the one who looks at many cars in choosing one—who exercises both his good eyesight and good judgment—who pits one car against another in comparisons of power, smoothness, comfort, steering, brakes, etc.

It Thrives on Comparisons

Careful buyers are multiplying all the time. So are Cleveland Six sales. The more comparisons are made in the Cleveland Six price class, and the more closely people make them, the more Cleveland Sixes come into their own.

For a big money's worth, just look at this new Model 31 Four-Door Sedan. Mark well the size of it, the lines of it, the finish of it. Then drive it. Head for the nearest hill. Sense the great power of the car, the smoothness of it, the complete comfort of it.

New Model 31
4-Door Sedan
$1090
f. o. b. Cleveland

"One Shot" Lubrication System

You'll notice a plunger in the floor-board. Press it once with your foot and—presto!—you lubricate the entire chassis instantly.

That's the famous Bowen-patented "One Shot" Lubrication System. Outside of Cleveland Six, the only cars that possess the advantage of centralized chassis lubrication are higher priced cars such as Marmon, Packard, Stutz and Chandler!

All Cleveland Six models have "One Shot." *All* have low prices.

The new Model 31 Coupe is $1035; the new Model 43 Special Coupe $1225; the new Model 43 Special Sedan (4 doors) $1345; prices f. o. b. Cleveland. Compare.

CLEVELAND AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, CLEVELAND; Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City

CLEVELAND SIX

(Continued from Page 142

A few hours later the newcomer to Florida may be heard telling his friends of the great chance that he had to buy a wonderful piece of property dirt cheap for only forty thousand dollars, in fact.

Owing to the sudden rush of Northerners to Florida, there are a number of diversions hinging on automobiling that have cut deeply into the simpler diversions of an earlier day. Chief among these is hunting a place to park in the leading Florida cities, and it may be said without fear of contradiction that no Florida diversion requires a keener eye or greater patience.

An experienced Floridian can create a parking space where no parking space exists by inserting his front wheels behind a parked car and nosing it along until its mud guards and the mud guards of several automobiles in front of it have been thoroughly crumpled. For this reason an automobile in a Florida city without at least one crumpled mud guard is such an unusual sight that it is thought to be worth front-page mention in almost any enterprising Florida newspaper. The newcomer to Florida, however, feels a certain reluctance about being so free with mud guards belonging to persons with whom he isn't acquainted; so he usually parks his car in a space where parking has been secretly forbidden by the police.

Relatives Found in Florida

Since the Florida police have discovered that it is useless to leave notices in visiting automobiles requesting the owners to call at the police station to be fined, they deal with transgressing automobiles by removing their cushions and sending them to the police station, and this gives rise to another more or less popular diversion—that of hunting automobile cushions.

There are, of course, many other Florida diversions, such as eating the pompano, that king of all salt-water fish—barring the delicate sand dab; hunting for bedside lights in Florida hotels; matching the millionaires of one resort against the millionaires of another resort; having one's photograph taken with a fish that was caught by somebody else; watching refined society favorites industriously scratching the mosquito bites on first one leg and then the other leg while exerting all their charm of manner at an outdoor luncheon; hunting a garage whose employes know anything about automobiles; and attempting to fight off the Northern relatives who have recently discovered the lure of Florida.

There has been some talk in recent years of the disintegration and decay of American family life; but if the gentlemen who have been doing the talking along these lines were sufficiently interested in their subject to rent, build or borrow houses in any part of Florida for a winter, they would instantly discover that the only way to disintegrate American family life is to blow it up with trinitrotoluol or something equally shattering.

By the mere act of taking a house in Florida, any individual can uncover the existence of long-quiescent relatives in all parts of the United States, and all of them will be on the verge of coming to Florida.

Most of them, it may be remarked in passing, will not long remain on the verge of coming, but will definitely and emphatically come; and in coming they will invariably stop to see their dear old relatives, though they have got along for years without seeing them. What is more, they will accept all invitations, no matter how carelessly or half-heartedly they may be extended; and all attempts to disintegrate American family life, so far as they are concerned, would discourage such professional disintegraters as a rock crusher or an ice breaker.

For true, infallible and hair-raising diversion, however, the old Floridian and the new Floridian still look to the ancient and noble pastime of fishing. It may be that there is keen and unalloyed delight in wading the brawling trout brooks of Maine and New Hampshire and Vermont, and returning at evensong with the ears symmetrically puffed up from the gentle attentions of the black flies and midges, and with upwards of six speckled beauties reposing in the bottom of the fishing creel—each one of them a sturdy fighter seven inches in length and so powerful that his rush at the fly-decked hook was made with all the force and violence of a napkin falling on the floor.

There may be unalloyed bliss in this, but for my part I prefer to set out from Miami Beach or Fort Lauderdale or Palm Beach or any one of a score of different places along the Florida east coast, and cruise out of the inlet toward the blue river of the Gulf Stream, and let out about a hundred yards of line with a cunningly carved strip of kingfish belly cleverly attached to the hook, and wait for a sailfish to tap the bait with his bayonetlike bill and then fall on it with all the vigor of a horse plunging from the top of the Washington Monument.

Florida fishermen are beginning to learn a lot of things about the sailfish that they didn't know until recently—that he doesn't like calm weather because he likes to play in the waves; that he doesn't like chilly weather; that he likes his strip of kingfish bait carved in a certain way; and that he is a very temperamental and wily fish, of strong passions, violent and sustained love affairs and pronounced dislikes. But the first man that caught a sailfish was immediately made acquainted with his outstanding characteristic, which is his willingness to fight anyone to a finish under any and all circumstances.

Fishing That is Fishing

There are a great many fishermen who think that they have been everywhere and seen everything; but unless they have hooked a sailfish on the edge of the Gulf Stream on a bright, warm winter morning when the porpoise are rolling sensuously on every side, and the big loggerhead turtles are floating around here and there, and the little lavender Portuguese men-of-war are sailing happily along with the wind—unless they have hooked a sailfish, and felt him start out with a rush that threatened to pull the rod wielder out through the stern boards of the launch and into the water, and seen that six or seven or eight foot blue and purple and silver torpedo come shooting up out of the water until he looked as tall and imposing as an Egyptian obelisk, and stand on his tail with an angry eye fixed on the occupants of the boat, and wag his head back and forth to shake the hook out of his mouth while his mate whizzed back and forth beneath him in a twitter of apprehension—unless they have done all this, they have been nowhere and they have seen nothing.

Not many Florida fishermen keep their sailfish. When they have licked him after half an hour or an hour of steady fighting, they haul him in by the bill to get an idea of his length and weight, take the hook out of his mouth and slip him back in the water to join his waiting mate.

"It's no use to put him back," say some. "The blood has been drawn and the sharks will get him."

"Heave him back and give him a chance," say the others, working the numbness out of their left hands and tenderly feeling the blisters on their thumbs. "He nearly licked me, and he ought to be able to get away from a shark."

Over on the west coast of Florida, however, the carefree fishermen expectorate sourly in the water when the subject of sailfish is introduced and speak with hoarse admiration of the silvery tarpon, grandfather of all the herring; a fish so large that when he jumps in a rowboat—as he often does—he fills it from stem to stern; a fish so game that the strongest novice in the world cannot stop his mad rush for freedom; a fish so strong that the swift beat of his tail flukes in the shallow water in which he likes to feed sounds like the thud of a distant gunshot.

Florida, the Flapper

Hook a tarpon on a fine spring morning and he leaps straight out of the water—a monster herring, five feet, six feet, eight feet long, with enormous silver scales—and shakes his head to rid himself of the hook and glowers meanly at his tormentor with a huge and staring eye that fills the fisherman with an ardent hope that when this great big rhinoceros of a fish takes it into his big fat head to jump again he will do his jumping far, far away.

I know the lure of the great North Woods from the inside, having slid down many a log chute into trout pools in which the trout were so young and inexperienced that they didn't know enough to be frightened to death. For those who like it, it is doubtless a thrilling and exciting sport; but if I can fish when, where and how I please, it will be out of Sarasota on a bright May morning, with the tarpon rolling in the passes.

In Florida, anybody, no matter what his tastes, can find something to do that will keep him awake at nights. Northerners like to say that there is too much play in Florida—too much to do. It doubtless is true that to Florida's playfulness—and youth and recklessness—is due the sour looks that are so often turned in her direction by the Northern states. Ancient Europe views young, wealthy careless and noisy America with a jaundiced eye for the same reason. Florida is too young and fresh and active for these old and ancient Northern states, and she fills them with suspicion and distrust. They are certain that she will come to no good end, drat her!

See her play! What right has she got to play? Look at her bare knees! She doesn't wear corsets! Young people didn't act like that in the days when we were boys! See her shake down the suckers for their bank rolls! See the shamelessness of her! She not only gets their money but she makes them like it! The hussy! Keep away from her or you'll get into trouble!

Fortunately—or unfortunately, depending on one's point of view—reckless young folk have a habit of growing up and settling down and going to work and supporting the old folks in their old age; so there's hope for Florida.

The Bristles can't come out. They are held forever in a grip of Vulcanized hard Rubber

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Sterilized ~ Guaranteed
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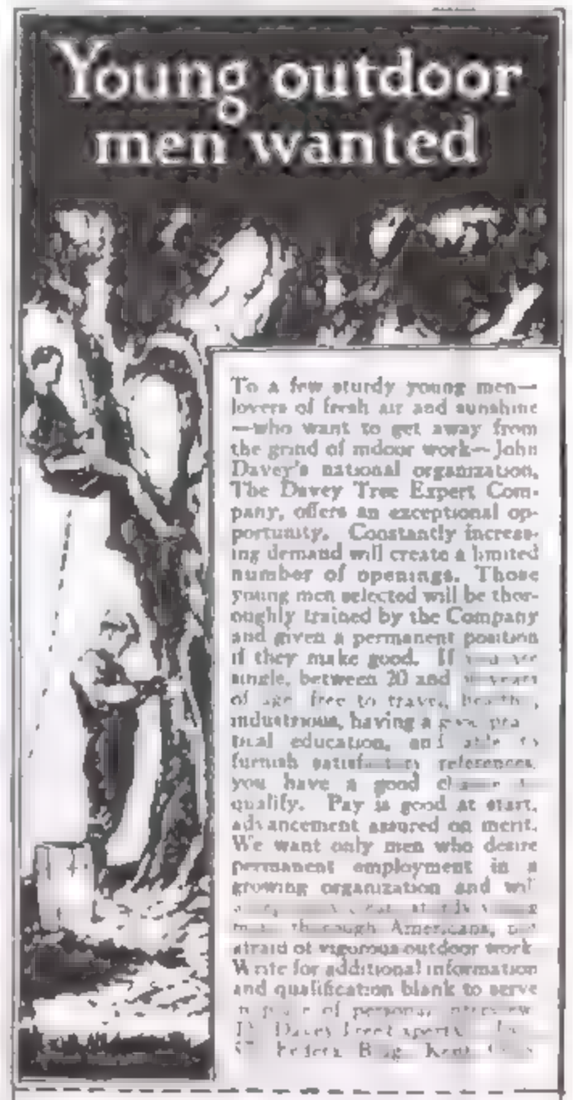
Young outdoor men wanted
To a few sturdy young men—lovers of fresh air and sunshine—who want to get away from the grind of indoor work—John Davey's national organization, The Davey Tree Expert Company, offers an exceptional opportunity. Constantly increasing demand will create a limited number of openings. Those young men selected will be thoroughly trained by the Company and given a permanent position if they make good. If you are single, between 20 and [illegible] years of age, free to travel, healthy, industrious, having a good practical education, and able to furnish satisfactory references, you have a good chance to qualify. Pay is good at start, advancement assured on merit. We want only men who desire permanent employment in a growing organization and will [illegible] through Americans, not afraid of vigorous outdoor work. Write for additional information and qualification blank to serve in place of personal interview. The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc. [illegible] Federal Bldg., Kent, Ohio
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I believe I am qualified for employment as a member of the Davey Organization in the profession of Tree Surgery. Please send me, without any obligation, a qualification blank to serve in place of a personal interview.
Name
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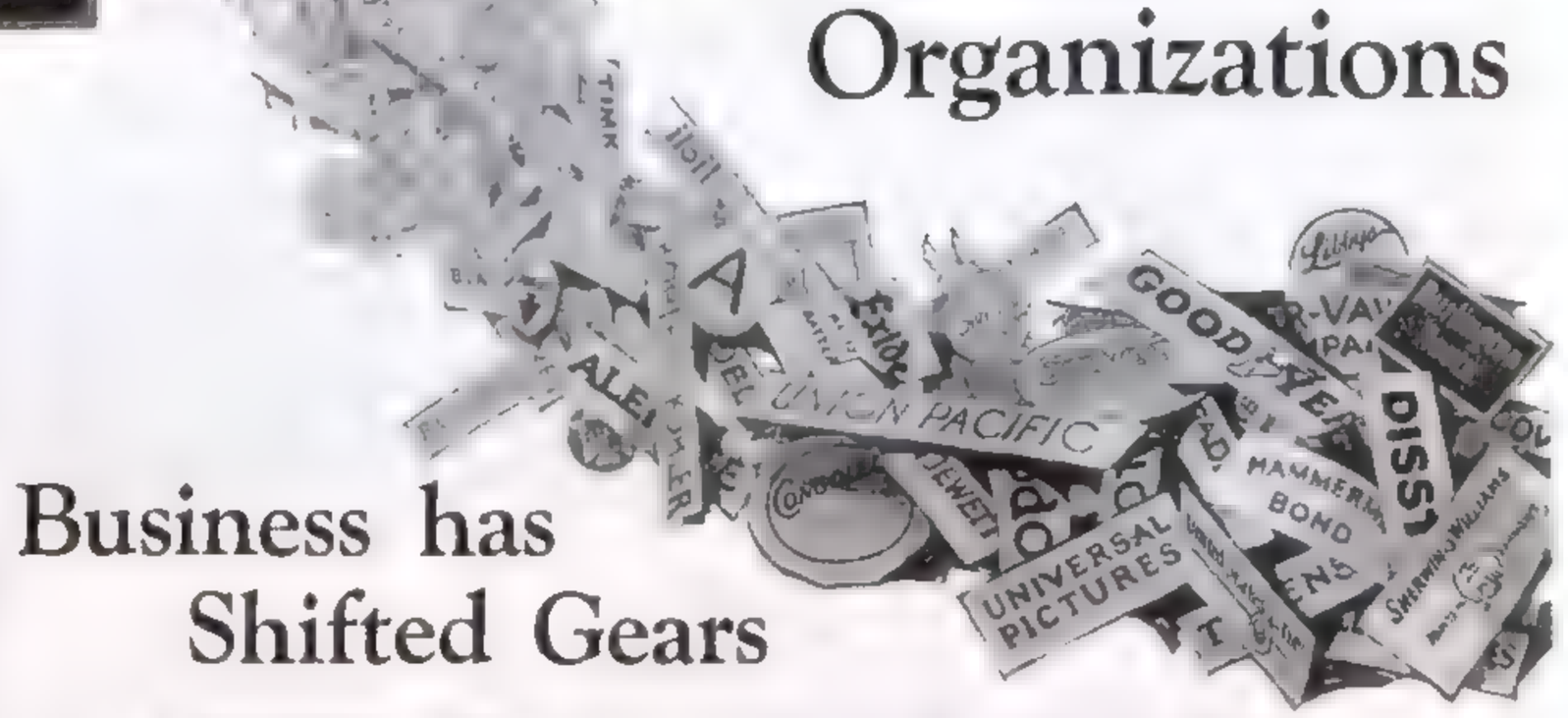
Why did they all

these 560 outstanding Business Organizations



Business has Shifted Gears

A GREAT CHANGE has come over business. Forward-looking executives have provided for it, and are ready. Others are hastening to gear their organizations to the new speed. Those who do not will be left behind.

The time has passed when this country can be served from some one point, no matter how central—however fortunately located. Goods today are demanded "by wire." Overnight shipments must be made—and the business unable to match strides with these new requirements of marketing must fall by the wayside, inevitably.

In Atlanta, 560 of the great names of American business have already established branch organizations, and from here are serving the South—the fastest growing section of the United States. It is significant that these 560 leaders have all chosen the *same* city.

Scientifically Selected

No matter how casual and accidental may have been the origin of its home locations, big business chooses its branch plant and distribution centers with scientific precision, based on careful surveys and detailed comparison.

In 560 cases Atlanta has been selected—and the movement is only in its beginning.

Why is this true? Why is Atlanta so ideal as a distributing point? Why do Atlanta offices stand so high in their organizations? Why do Atlanta selling organizations far exceed their quotas—"Leading the field" . . . "120%" . . . "200%" . . . as they have reported?

The amazing growth of the South—a development which has startled economists and broken through the topmost figures of the most optimistic forecasts—is but one reason why America's business leaders have invested millions here in branch plants and offices.

Diversified Industry

They found Atlanta occupying a strategic position as the cross-roads of the South, with excellent transportation furnished by eight great railroad systems, desirable industrial sites at moderate prices, and ample warehouse accommodations.

They found a well-balanced city within whose limits more than 1500 different commodities are manufactured at exceptionally low costs—due to a labor situation free from the factors which hamper production in other sections, proximity of raw materials, abundant hydro-electric power at a cost second lowest in the country. In fact, many corporations who began here with only a branch office now have

Atlanta Offers You

TRANSPORTATION—Eight strong rail road systems with lines radiating in all directions. A semi-circle of ports whose excellent facilities have attracted adequate coast-wise and export shipping. "The Cross-roads of the South."

LABOR—Intelligent, adaptable Anglo-Saxon people, free from the unreasonable attitude which elsewhere has so seriously hampered production and raised costs.

RAW MATERIAL—Atlanta is surrounded by a section rich in minerals and containing 25 of the 26 industrial minerals in commercial quantity. Cotton, Lumber and other important materials are close by.

POWER—Hydro-electric lines serving the area at rates lower, with one exception, than any other part of the United States.

FUEL—Coal, fuel oils, and wood are to be had in good supply at moderate prices. Within the metropolitan area, Gas is in excellent supply.

WATER—Soft, and useful in its natural state in many industries. Full reports available, from numerous analyses.

SITES—Plentiful locations on railroads are available at low prices, accessible to Labor, Power, Water, etc.

WAREHOUSING—Adequate space, with the type of break-bulk service required by the merchandising producer, in modern fire-proof buildings well located for reshipment or city delivery activity.

FINANCIAL RESOURCES—Headquarters for the Sixth Federal Reserve District. 23 Banks and Trust Companies whose resources total more than two hundred millions. Atlanta—33rd in Population, stands 14th in bank clearings in the United States.

COST OF LIVING—Estimated by National Industrial Conference Board 7.5% below average for the country. One of the seven low cities in this respect.

SOCIAL ASPECTS—Schools, churches, hospitals, parks, playgrounds and all recreation, excellent. Famous as a sport center. City of attractive homes, trees, lawns and open spaces.

CLIMATE Altitude of 1050 above Sea Level makes for health. Experiments have proven stimulation of climate on workers, improvement of health of new citizens. No extremes of heat or cold.

No State Inheritance Tax
No State Income Tax

INDUSTRIAL HEAD-

choose the SAME CITY?

expanded to branch factories and assembly plants, highly profitable because of production economies.

And they found a great, modern city, known far and wide as the leading business city of the New South. A beautiful city with large parks, the finest of schools, excellent golf courses, athletic fields and swimming pools—plenty of recreation always. A city known the country over for its hospitality—"as fine a place to live in as it is to do business in."

And so they came to Atlanta, investing their money on the basis of cold and intelligent analysis.

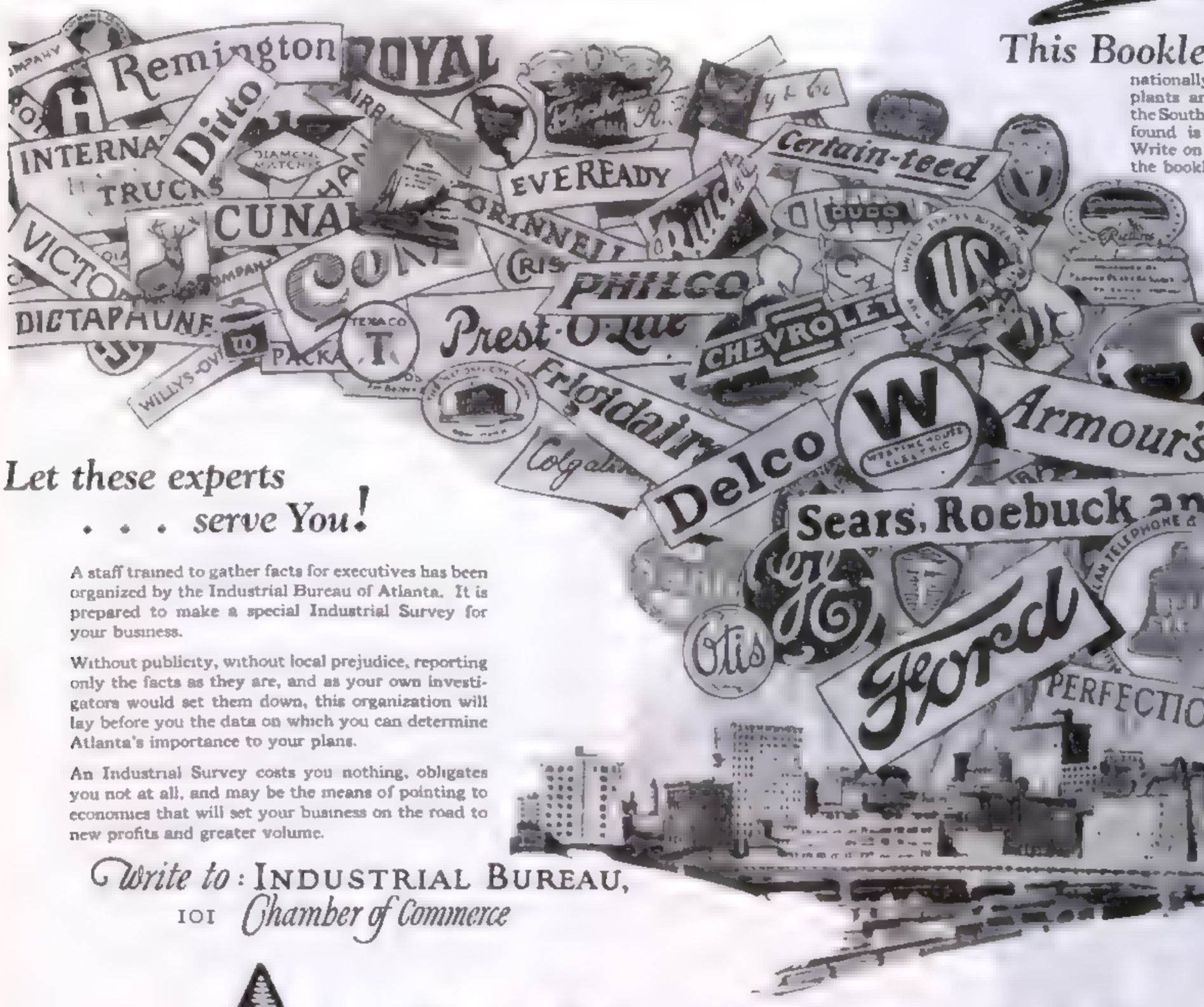
Get the Full Facts

Who among the manufacturers of America can afford not to know every detail of the opportunities Atlanta offers? Who is so secure in his place as to scorn production economies, distribution advantages, and the good-will of the fastest growing section of the United States? To him the facts about Atlanta may not be important. But to all the rest they are vital.

Get the information for *your* business. A resumé of the experiences of big companies now located here, and an outline of the advantages of the city's Industrial Area are set down for executives in a booklet—"Why We Chose Atlanta." A note on your letterhead will bring it promptly.

This Booklet

Contains the actual experiences of some of the 560 nationally known concerns whose branch plants and selling organizations serve the South from Atlanta. What they have found is of vital importance to you. Write on your business letterhead, and the booklet will be sent you promptly.



Let these experts . . . serve You!

A staff trained to gather facts for executives has been organized by the Industrial Bureau of Atlanta. It is prepared to make a special Industrial Survey for your business.

Without publicity, without local prejudice, reporting only the facts as they are, and as your own investigators would set them down, this organization will lay before you the data on which you can determine Atlanta's importance to your plans.

An Industrial Survey costs you nothing, obligates you not at all, and may be the means of pointing to economies that will set your business on the road to new profits and greater volume.

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ATLANTA

QUARTERS OF THE SOUTH

Who is this man?

HE IS a man you will want to know. He is ambitious and successful. He lives around the corner from you. A respected citizen. A voter and a taxpayer.

He believes in the modern method of selling direct from the manufacturer to the home—The Noe-Equl Way. He believes in it, because he and hundreds of others are prospering with the amazing success of this business. He has seen the Noe-Equl Textile Mills grow, in three short years, from a modest start to their present great size. That is proof positive that people appreciate the remarkable Noe-Equl values and the pleasure of buying at home.

When he calls upon you, see him. He is the representative of the Noe-Equl Textile Mills, Inc., Reading, Pennsylvania, manufacturers of the longer-wearing Noe-Equl pure silk lingerie and pure silk full-fashioned hosiery.

He is worthy of your confidence and interest, for he "Walks, Talks and Tells the Truth."

Noe-Equl
HOSIERY & LINGERIE
REG

A PARTY OF BACCARAT

(Continued from Page 27)

slot. He looked inquiringly at Dariano. Dariano paid no attention.

"A bank of a million francs!" announced the croupier again. "Gentlemen, to your game!"

A sort of madness seemed to come on the crowd. They attacked Dariano's bank recklessly. They had come from afar to gamble. The bundles of thousand-franc notes in front of the croupier, ranged like a huge cube, seemed to fascinate them. They piled their own thousands on the green cloth until the bank notes from such a plethora of them seemed meaningless, only pink slips of paper in a child's game. Occasionally somebody elbowed his way angrily through the crowd. Attendants moved around with books of blank checks and paper and ink. Three times Angela signed checks.

"He must go down!" she told herself feverishly. "He must lose!"

She put up a thousand twice and then madly put up ten. She lost. She half rose in her chair, sat down again.

"Will you take a check on an American bank?" she asked.

"We will take a check on a Chinese bank," smiled the cashier. Only when utterly down and out, the Casino's shrewd philosophy went, would a player give a worthless check. When he was utterly down, the Casino had no more use for him, and it was a cheap way of getting rid of him. It wrote off 2 per cent against bad checks.

"Two thousand dollars, *ça fait*, thirty-three thousand francs."

She began betting badly—winning with small coups, losing on big ones. Where the minimum bet was a thousand, the pink slips vanished with inexplicable rapidity. She was down to her last three.

"I can't leave now," she said. "I can't leave now! I must cash another check."

But still she lost. And then suddenly she felt that the bank was about to lose. Now the bank's run was over. Four daring coups and she would be back where she started.

Those players who still had money left were piling it on. Dariano's hand was stretched out for the cards. Now for their innings.

Dariano looked around the table coolly, deliberately; thought for an instant; withdrew the hand stretched out toward the shoe; stood up.

"Gentlemen, the game is finished," said the croupier.

XV

IT SEEMED to her in these days of losing that she went around in the sunshine like one who is dead. She was surprised that the ordinary functions of existence carried on at all, that she ate, that she walked, that she smiled. Mechanically, one portion of her brain operated, directing the business of life, while another portion of it went around like a squirrel in a toy treadmill, asking, "Did I do this mad thing? Did I sign those checks? Did I gamble as crazily as all that? It's just a mad dream!" But it wasn't, she knew. And then she would say to herself, "I must get this back! But how? The luck must change! It must change!"

She gave up going there in the afternoons when the *chemin de fer* was on. It seemed to her paltry, this *chemin de fer*, compared to the state and drama of the big baccarat game, the hush and tension. Outside, but for a *guinguette* or so open for chauffeurs and night workers, and a foul cabaret or two in the evil quarters of the town, Var slept.

The moon sped westward above the Mediterranean Sea. Only the monks of St.-Honorat were awake. The battlements of the old Provençal town took on power and majesty in the night, in the moonlight. From the ancient tower the ancient bell rang out, one brazen vibrating note, one of the morning.

And on that stroke the Greeks, with their faces brown as rocks, hard as rocks, came down the aisle of the Casino.

"A bank of a million francs"—the croupier's ritual. "Gentlemen, make your bets."

All day long she would be numb, as dead, unliving. But once dinner was over, the losses of yesternight faded and the possibilities of the coming evening took shape and color. At baccarat, miracles were always happening. A young Moslem prince at Deauville this year pawned his last ring and placed a thousand-franc note on the table; the bank on that side went down three times running. He had eight thousand francs. He placed the eight on the other side and won twice. He had thirty-two thousand. He returned to the first side he bet on. He ran it twice there. He had now one hundred and twenty-eight thousand francs. In three days he had broken the Italian syndicate that was running the bank. A dozen people who were at Var this minute had seen it

There was also the case at Nice a week ago of the Russian lady who played five thousand francs against the bank held by an American. She half fainted in the crush about her and did not know what was going on. The bank went down four times in succession and her money, lying on the table, in less than ten minutes amounted to eighty thousand francs. Only when she was afraid of collapsing altogether did she rise. The croupier had called to her, "*Prenez votre mise, madame!*"—Take your stake. And only then did she know what had happened. Things like these were always occurring.

If she plunged once with ten thousand francs, with a bad streak of the bank, and let it ride five times she would have three hundred and twenty thousand francs. And ten thousand francs was only six hundred dollars! Six hundred dollars to win nearly eighteen thousand—more, nearly twenty thousand. It was a dreadful risk, but—but the luck must turn.

It was no use starting gently, for when the luck was in favor of the bank at first the Darianos had the knack—the baccarat sense, folk called it—of quitting before the luck turned.

So after dinner she danced a little, or talked with this one or that one, or sat by and watched while her mother played her excellent game of bridge. Later on she would go down to the Casino by the late bus. The late bus carried down all the real gamesters. They would check their coats and stroll in perhaps for a while of the opera, or walk around talking to friends, or risk twenty-franc pieces at the neutralized roulette known as *boule*. It was so amusing to watch the French people play for franc pieces. All this time Angela would be keen as a knife, cold, a very different person from the terrified girl of the morning. And then the opera would be over, the tourists go home from their mild game of chemney, and as the hour approached one, the heavy gamblers would gather like communicants of some esoteric faith about to celebrate their ritual.

"Gentlemen, a bank of a million francs. Make your bets!"

And when she sat down the cool feeling left Angela. A sort of fever came on her. The hour or so the big game lasted passed without her taking note of time. Checks she cashed she lost count of. The only thing she knew was that she would not get up. The more she lost, the more she tried to convince herself that the luck would change.

The faces about her at the table were new faces now; the old ones had gone. Folk had won or lost and gone. But still she stayed on.

"Gentlemen, the game is finished."

She had felt at first that luck would change immediately, but now she knew she would have to wait. She was as certain as ever that her lucky week was coming. But she would have to arrange affairs. Now that she was taking care of the family money, there was no difficulty. She wrote to their bank in Stamford that she and her mother had been making purchases which called for the outlay of a good deal of money, and borrowed against their holdings. A little later she wrote instructing the bank to sell out a quantity of war-loan bonds. It was just a little difficulty, she told herself, that would be adjusted easily.

If it didn't adjust itself here, it would adjust itself at Le Touquet, where they were going for the summer. At the Casino de la Forêt there was tremendously heavy gambling, and now she knew baccarat and chemney, she would not make beginners' mistakes.

Yes, all one had to do was to keep one's nerve. She had just wandered into something she hadn't known anything about, and got into difficulties. A fool would get out at once and cut the losses, and maybe that would be the proper thing to do. But she couldn't afford to do it. She would have to stay on and make the best of it. It was only a question of waiting until the good luck evened up with the bad, and——

And once out of it, she swore, never again!

XVI

AT LE TOUQUET the luck was worse than ever. At a couple of *chemin-de-fer* games she got cleared out pretty badly. A Swedish countess, a great blond woman with the most insolent manner on earth, strolled to a table she was playing at and bought a passed bank. The Swedish woman smoked a cigarette in a long turquoise holder and had a train of admirers, young Frenchmen, young Poles, who followed her around the gambling rooms. She put up a bank of three thousand francs.

"Banco!" said Angela.

The Swedish woman dealt the cards without looking at her, talking to her little court all the time. The Swedish woman won.

"Banco!" Angela called again. The woman's indifference irritated her. Had she no manners at all?

She had not. Again she dealt, stopping in the middle of the deal to laugh at some joke a boy had made. Again she won. She swept the table with a haughty, aloof look. She looked through Angela. For the first time in her gambling experience Angela lost herself in fury.

Already nine thousand francs had gone by the board.

"*Banco toujours!*" she called. "Again I banco!"

At any rate, thought Angela, it is the third coup, and this time the bank will go down. She put up twelve thousand francs. A murmur went about the table. Ah, she had courage, the American miss!

"*Regarde, Pierre,*" the Swedish woman said to a dark effeminate boy, "*je gagne toujours*"—look, Peter, I always win.

And she did!

Within three minutes Angela had lost twenty-one thousand francs, between one thousand and fifteen hundred dollars. "And not by bad luck," she reminded herself. "You can't call that bad luck, Angie! You let the woman get your goat." Lord, she asked herself with a shiver, how much was she in the hole now? She didn't dare think. At any rate, one thing she mustn't do was to lose her nerve. She must sit tight and think about it.

After lunch she went to find her mother. She would have to make some more financial changes. She found Mrs. Turnbull in the great hotel lounge talking to a red-headed Irishwoman, a Lady Gilligan, spouse of one Sir Michael Gilligan. Lady Gilligan was what is described in Ireland as a grand rounded woman. She was a year or two above fifty and the speech of Cork flowed from her tongue like rich cream. Sir Michael Gilligan had achieved riches and

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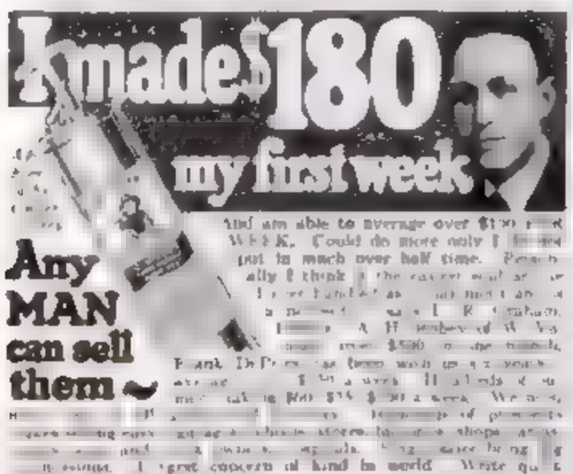

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honors by supplying the English Army with woolen blankets during the war.

"Mother—How d'you do, Lady Gilligan?" Angela said—"may I speak to you for an instant?"

"My dear child, what is it?"

"It's a little private matter, mother, about money."

"But, honey chil'"—Mrs. Howard-Turnbull was very Southern this summer; old Maryland aristocracy, to wit; and her accent was negroid—"the' ain't anything private about money."

"It's just this: I want to change a couple of investments at the bank."

"Honey," said Mrs. Turnbull, "you know I know nothing about money. You do what you wish. Why, Lady Gilligan, we Southe'ners are mos' awful about money. Hif I didn't have this shrewd Yankee daughter, I'd be in the poorhouse, I sure would, Lady Gilligan."

"But sure I thought all Americans were grand about money, Mrs. Howard-Turnbull."

"Lady Gilligan, you don't know the Southe'n aristocracy. We haven't any conception of money."

"'Tis the same wid us Irish aristocracy, ma'am. Myself, I'm a MacCarthy of Desmond, and when I married Mick Gilligan, I said, 'Mick, you wee thrawneen of a tailorin' fella, do you know what you're getting? You're getting a MacCarthy of Desmond. Up now, my lad, and show what you're made of. I've got the gentility. Let you be getting the money,' says I."

"We Howards of Baltimore," said Mrs. Howard-Turnbull, "we're under a double handicap. Besides our Southern lethargy, our descent from our ancient English family unfits us for economy. We Howards are a cadet branch of the family of which the Duke of Norfolk is head."

"Aw, begob! Him with the whiskers!" said Lady Gilligan.

"And yet I often think," said Mrs. Howard-Turnbull, "that my influence helped my husband toward success."

"Sure I know it! I know it!" said Lady Gilligan. "Didn't Mick—Sir Michael, I mane—often say to me, 'Look at ye now, rowin' in a feather bed, one of the ladies o' the land.' 'Begob, Mick,' says I, 'my delicate consumptive fella, if you hadn't me behind you, leatherin' stones at you, you'd never have taken the leps.'"

"Isn't Lady Gilligan delicious, Angela?" Mrs. Howard-Turnbull purred. "So naive! So Irish!" But Angela had fled. "If you'd stayed much longer there, Angela my girl," she told herself, "you'd have certainly proved you were an imperfect lady."

XVII

AS THE season at Le Touquet went on and her losses grew, Angela began to get frightened. She had explained that she wanted this mortgage called in, those bonds sold, to the manager of her Connecticut bank, for the purpose of investing in properties in France, now that the dollar was mounting in value against the franc. The manager, an old friend of her father's, wrote, warning against foreign properties, and to avoid discussion she had answered rather huffily. One morning she noticed a letter from the bank to her mother, and as she was always first in the sitting room for coffee and rolls, she impounded it. This action gave her the first dreadful feeling of crime. It was a letter of protest against selling out American securities of standing for foreign ones of dubious value. Her mother never saw that letter. Angela, in her capacity as secretary, answered it in so haughty a manner that the man at home bothered no more. It cost her a lot of heartburning to write in such a tone to one who had always been so considerate to her, but it had to be done.

When she saw how much of the family money she had lost she began to feel that it was impossible to win it back. It would take phenomenal luck. And her nerve was going back on her. Even if the luck did come now she wouldn't have courage to follow it.

It was often in her mind, so honest really was she at heart, to make a clean breast of the whole matter. Had her father been alive she would not have hesitated an instant; but had her father been alive this would never have occurred. Nobody in America would understand—if Morrie Sullivan were here to talk to he might understand. Whether he understood or not, he would buckle down to see what was the best thing to be done under the circumstances. But Morrie wasn't here, and one couldn't write that sort of thing: "Dear Morrie: I am in an awful fix. I have lost thousands of dollars gambling at baccarat ——" Morrie would think she had suddenly gone mad. Angela, the little girl he said good-by to, in all her clean New England innocence, to be caught in the third circle of a gambling hell! No, it couldn't be put on paper.

About Le Touquet the pine forests are fragrant. A little breeze wanders down through Belgium from the Baltic and sets the trees a-murmur, and there are dunes where the sea thrift flares in swaths of pink. The sands are golden in the evening sun and in the distance one can see faintly the quiet land of England hover over the green sea water. Here, as at Var, was a paradise. Here one could be at peace, wandering by the foreshore, wandering among the dunes bright with sea flowers, making little songs in one's heart. Here out of one the best could arise as out of the ground flowers rise.

But here, as at Var, lest one should achieve too much simplicity and holiness, in which there is no profit for the resort keeper, the intelligent French people had placed the Casino, with harmless *boule* for the natives, and baccarat, charged with dynamite, for the foreigner.

A great nostalgia for New Canaan shook Angela. Also she felt that once she was there, she would find friends to whom she could tell her troubles and who would stand by her against her mother. For she needed somebody to stand by her. When Mrs. Turnbull should hear of the losses incurred at baccarat she would go all but crazy. What she would do, what she would say would be impossible to conceive. She had heard nothing as yet, for it was one of the phenomena of baccarat that everyone sees you when you are winning; the good news flies apace and folk whom you hardly know are your beaming friends; but when luck is against you none notice your gallant stand against the imminent deadly luck. There is none to applaud your challenge to the Armenian Wolf, or to admire your courteous smile and bow when you get it in the neck. But this phenomenon, I find cynics to say, is not peculiar to baccarat, but to every department of human endeavor.

She tackled her mother one morning after *petit déjeuner*. Mrs. Turnbull had been writing to Var to arrange for rooms for the winter.

"Mother, when are we going back to America?"

"Oh, some day, Angie."

"Mother, that is not definite enough. When are we going?"

"As for me," said Mrs. Turnbull, "I don't care if I never see the place again."

"Mother," Angela said softly, "I've never asked you for very much before, but—please let us go back. Let us go back now."

"I should think not!" said Mrs. Turnbull decidedly. "What? Go back to where everything is dull as ditch water, where there are no smart people except in places where unless you've got millions they won't let you in? Angela, you're crazy!"

"I m not crazy, mother; I want to go back."

"You'd hate it, Angela. Take it from me, kiddie, you'd loathe it. Listen, you know what you pay for your dresses here—well, you'd pay three times that in New York; and perfumes, and all the little things that make life worth living. They're ordinary things here. In New York they're luxuries. I tell you what, kiddie, you don't know when you're well off."

"All those things don't count, mother."

"You can bet your life they count with me!"

"Mother, I want to go back—I must go back."

"Why?" Mrs. Turnbull's voice began to take an edge on. Her sloe-black eyes fired up threateningly.

"I can't exactly say why."

"Well, I can," Mrs. Turnbull said. "You see me enjoying myself, you see me dancing, you see me having nice partners, you see people being pleasant to me—and you can't stand it. I'll tell you what you are, Angie, you're a kill-joy. Oh, I guess America's the place for you."

"Well, let me go back alone."

"Where to? You ain't got any relatives there to put you up for a long visit. Anyways, you'd be back here in a month. Waste all that car fare just for an idea? No, sir, you don't!"

"I want to go back and get a job."

"At what?" laughed Mrs. Turnbull. "And even if you did land a job, do you think I'm going to let all the crowd I knew go around and say, 'Jessie Turnbull's alone in France now, with her husband's money, and carrying on so that sweet little Angie couldn't stand it'? My stars! Have 'em backbiting me and gossiping about me when their tongues are just hanging out with envy! No, indeed, young lady; you don't stick any play like that onto me. You stay right here by momma. When you want to get rid of me, you go and get you a man.

"Why lookahere," said Mrs. Turnbull, "you've got everything in the world here. You got tennis. You've got swimming. You can play that fool game of yours, baccarat, to your heart's content. I ain't kicking. Go and enjoy yourself. It ain't my fault if you can't loosen up. You're just like your old man. He'd got stiffness of the moral fibers ——"

"I don't wish to hear anything said against my father!"

"Well, I'm not saying anything against your father, though there's a pile I could; but I hope I know enough to show I'm a lady without your telling me. America! Say, you ought to go around dressed as Hail, Columbia!"

"Well," thought Angela, "that's that! That's that!" said she with a mental gesture of weariness. "No matter what happens, there is no understanding or sympathy to be had in that quarter." She smiled wryly as she thought of songs about "dear old mother." These song writers, she opined, must have been away from home a long time, and of course they were men. If they were women always in company with an ultramodern mother

She became hard—she became cold and hard. Of the money her father had left, did not half belong to her? If her father had been asked, he would certainly have said half belonged to her. Very well, half she would have.

When her half was spent, then was the time to worry. In the meanwhile, there was Var again in the winter. Some day, somehow, her luck must change. But at any rate, she must fight her own fight. There was no sympathy, no love, no help for her in the small selfish bosom of the woman who had borne her.

XVIII

IT SEEMED to her so unfair, when she had such little time to live, that the earth should suddenly have exploded into glory. Never had the moon such vast goldness. The minute twitter of the tree frogs had a strange beauty in the perfumed Provençal dusk. The small dark Italian bees played their bassoonlike music, fluttering from the soft blossoms of the peach tree to the delicate flower of the orange. And the Mediterranean, treacherous as a cat, put on its cloak of finest azure. Soon the mulberry trees of Var would be a canopy of glory.

She would have to leave it all. For she could not marry Dariano now. Since the

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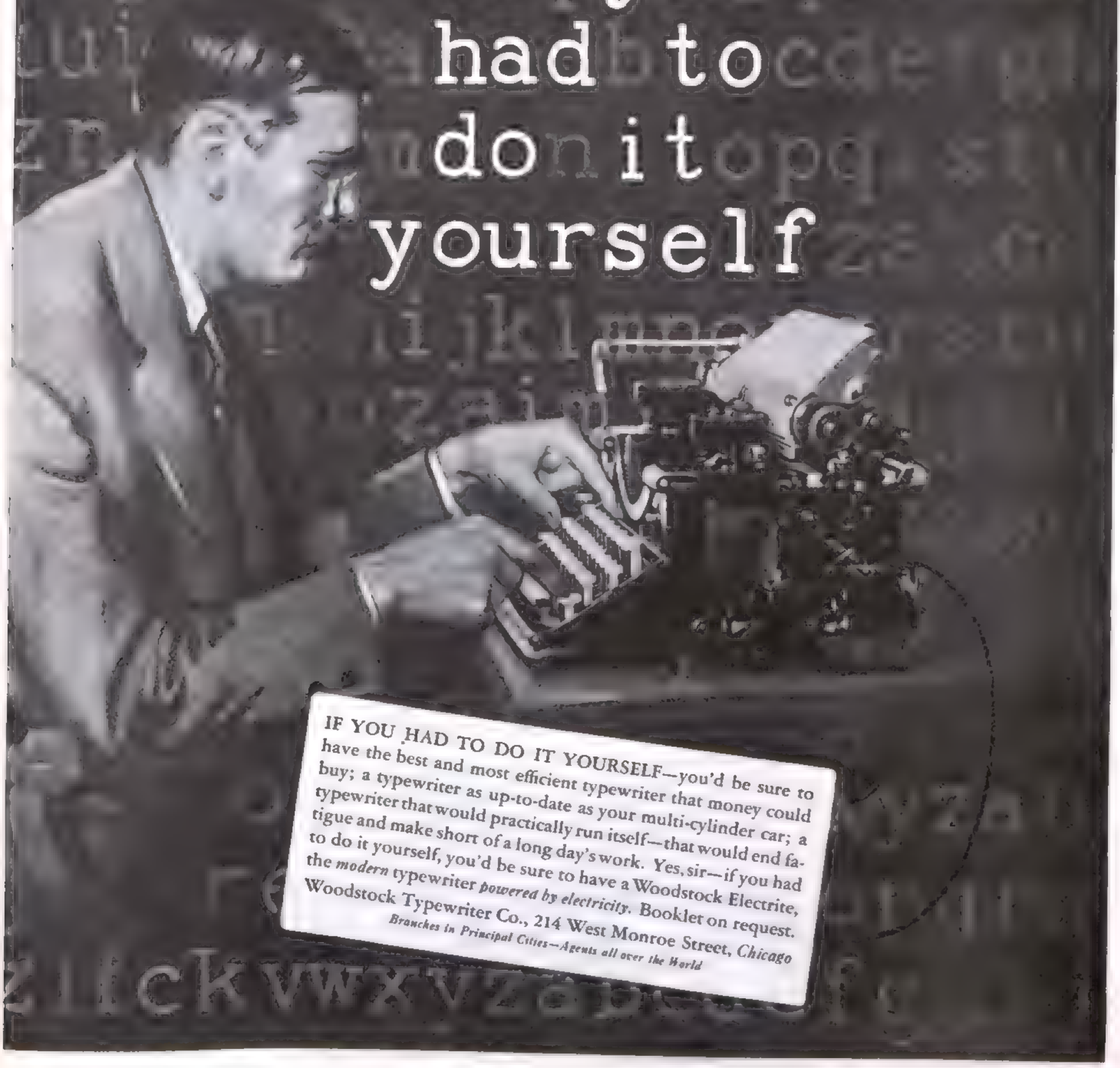

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night the young Pole had killed himself under her eyes she had not been able to touch a card. She had not been able to look at Dariano.

He had been so young, so fine. She could not get out of her mind the clean-cut face; the graceful, almost royal manner of him, the beautiful powerful hands. She remembered his bow—"*Messieurs, mesdames*"—as he said good-by. She had heard since that he was the last of his house, and the pride of it. No swordsman in Europe was his better. And now he was dead shamefully. The foul-handed Casino attendants had dragged the young aristocrat away, his coat over his head. And Dariano, whose luck had killed the boy, had never fluttered an eyelid. She remembered that Dariano had been smoking one of his heavy Egyptian cigarettes. It had been smoked halfway, but the ash still remained on it, half cigarette and half ash. When the young Pole killed himself the ash still remained on his cigarette, so little of tremor did the suicide occasion him. She could not get over that—that the ash from his cigarette did not fall.

No, she could never marry Dariano. In the Venetian palace she would see the Pole's haggard, handsome face. Above the gondolier's cry she would hear his "*Messieurs, mesdames*," taking farewell of folk and life and gambling. She would see him in the vineyards of Greece. And every time she saw Dariano she would see the unbroken ash of his cigarette.

Besides, her place was, in fellowship, with the young Pole, with the anonymous host who had died ungallantly, for had she not gone through the agonies they knew, must have known? She knew the feverish hope, later the sleepless nights. Had she not gone down to the foreshore as they must have gone, and called loudly upon God? "God, can't You hear me? God, I've never done anything terribly wrong for You to desert me now. God, You can help me. Won't You?" They must have gone there, as she had, and implored, until they were nothing but a voice and a troubled heart. They must have known the agony by the sea. They must have listened, half crazy for an answer. They must have heard, as she had heard, the chill, the tremendous silence. No, her place was with the young Pole and the other deserted ungallant dead. Not with Dariano!

And as the world had never before seemed so lovely to her, so never before had Morrie Sullivan seemed so sane, so brown, so handsome. She wished he had never come to Var! It would be so easy if he had never come. He was standing above her now, bringing her out to dance.

"We sail next week, Angie." She shook her head. "Shake the old bean as much as you like, Angie, but you come all the same. . . . C'mon, let's dance."

They swung through the great ornate room to the patter of the drum and the moaning of the wind instruments. His step was long and free, proud and free. She said to herself, "He is unshackled, unbroken. He has not to pretend. He is powerful and free."

"Morrie," she asked suddenly, "when you get across, will you do something for me? When you see the dogwood of New England, and the apple blossoms and the laurel and the rhododendrons in flower, and the moon coming up over the Sound, and the white boats on it, will you remember me to them? Just think of me, and the trees will know."

"Do it yourself, Angie. In less than three weeks you'll be there. You can say, 'Good morning, Connecticut. How are you? How 'a' you been?'"

She shook her head, turned her face quickly away.

"That's sure one bad habit you picked up in Europe, Angie—shaking your head"

XIX

NOW that she was about to leave the red-and-golden and of dreams for the blue spaces of death, she set about her preparations carefully, coldly, setting in order all she could. She would tell Dariano she could not marry him, and she would see that Morrie Sullivan went back to New England; and then one afternoon, having removed all identification marks from clothing, at Nice she would board the boat for Corsica, and in the night, when the stars were out, in the blue half light of the stars, when Monte Carlo had dropped astern behind the dark Mediterranean Sea, she would slip overboard, as many and many a one had done before her, for the anonymous cemetery below La Turbie does not contain all the ruined folk of Monaco. The deep Mediterranean is dark with secrets.

She smiled acidly as she thought what comments her disappearance would bring forth. Her mother would note the loss of half the fortune and believe she had gone to make a career for herself, and purse her lips, and say something biting about American ideals. "Grab and get out!" And Dariano would believe she had gone after Morrie Sullivan, and Morrie Sullivan would not know what to make of it. He would ponder at night in the New England farmhouse and think, "She would never come back with me. She would never say why." And he, too, would be constrained to imagine an intrigue. "She was in love with somebody, poor Angie," he would say. "Well, if she ever needs a friend, or shelter ——" And he would always be on the lookout for news of her. And the police officers would shrug their shoulders and make their all-embracing gesture of an arm crooked like an elephant's trunk. "*Affaire de jeune femme*"—a young woman's business—meaning she might have gone away with a waiter or a prince. Her mother would not pursue inquiries very far, for she would be certain of her own theory: "I guess you'll find Angie in America somewhere, following a career of some kind, battening on my money. Well rid of her anyway!" She would miss the *dame de compagnie* she could not now employ more than she would miss her daughter!

And none would ever fancy she was in the Mediteranean's deep bosom!

She sought Dariano out. It was not a difficult matter. The big gambler was always driving to and from the Estérels or sitting in front of the Café des Allées, sipping grenadine sirup charged with soda.

"May I sit down, Dariano?" He rose with surprising alacrity for so great a body, pulled a chair up for her. "You remember asking me twice to marry you, Dariano?" She smiled at the fatuousness of her own question. As though one forgot!

"Yes," he said calmly.

"I'm sorry, Dariano," was all she told him.

"I suppose," he began, after a minute's silence, "it was the young Pole."

"It was."

"You know," he said, "people kill themselves on failure in business more often, indeed, than is ever reported. You know that."

"I do."

"Your father was on the stock exchange in New York. My dear, people kill themselves there."

"I know that," Angela said. "I know, too, that business in the main is, as you say, baccarat without the frills. But I'm afraid the frills are necessary to me, Dariano, to hide the ugliness of it. You may be right, Dariano. I don't know what right or wrong is, they are so involved. But—if I were to marry you, Dariano, the face of the young Pole would be between me and you all the time. What is ordinary routine of life to you, Dariano, is to me terrible. At least this instance of it."

"Don't think me too callous, Angela," the Greek told her. "I don't want to justify myself or to appear decent in your eyes, but I did all I could. I offered to reimburse his mother and sister all he had lost, but they would have none of it. He was of my own religion, and I had services said for him. I am not so callous as you think, Angela."

"Will the services put a foil in his hand again, contesting for his country's honor? Will the services give some young woman the handsome lover and husband she is hungry for? Will the services procreate strong fine children? Forgive me, Dariano," she apologized. "I am a beast to hurt you, who have been so kind to me. But the thing unnerved me. I have not been able to touch a card since, nor ever will again. I am sorry I hurt you, Dariano, but it is a terribly vivid tragedy to me, how the young Pole died. I am a beast and a fool perhaps. You are as well rid of me, Dariano."

"It is because you say things like that, Angela, that I realize how much I have missed. It is because you feel like that that I love you. But no more than you can change can I, young Angela. Fools have killed themselves before, playing baccarat or racing for wealth in other spheres, and fools and weak folk will do it again. I had thought you would never see this side of things, but—ah, well ——"

"I will put the young Pole out of my mind, Dariano, and always remember you as a fine straight fighter. I shall always be"—she stopped suddenly; "always" would be such a short time now—"your friend, Dariano. Please forgive me for keeping you so long waiting for an answer and for refusing in the end. But I am touchy about suicides at baccarat."

"Since you are not going to touch a card again, and since I have most of your money, let that be a washout too. It's about a million francs, isn't it?" He put his hand in his inside breast pocket, where he carried his check book.

For an instant Angela knew what terrible temptation was. If she accepted his offer she would be free again. But an inner voice said, "No, Angie, you can't fool yourself. You can't take it as a loan. You could never pay it back. You know now, and you could never look Dariano in the face again—no, nor yourself either. Better go down to death with your chin high!"

So she said, "Put up your check book, Dariano. Of course I've lost more than I should have, more than I can afford. But I'd be a poor creature, wouldn't I, Dariano"—she smiled—"if I had the game and the chance and then slid out without paying. You mean tremendously well, but I'm not that kind of sportsman."

He rose.

"You are a great lady, Angela, and it's good to have known you. I may still call you Angela, may I not?"

"I wish you always to call me Angela and to think of me as Angela," she said. "Good-by, Dariano, and thank you. And—it sounds foolish, does it not?—but God bless you, Dariano!"

The Greek said nothing, but raised her firm white hand to his lips and walked away. For the first time in her knowledge of him he walked quickly.

XX

SO THAT she could go easily on her last journey, down the twilit yew-bordered alleys of death, chance seemed to favor her. Her mother had received an invitation to go to Bordighera for a week's dancing and bridge, and she left Var and Angela.

"My big girl," she said, "can take care of herself, can't she? My big sensible girl!" Angela felt she was being described as a Polish servant girl might be described. "And when I come back," twittered Mrs. Howard-Turnbull—twittering was a new accomplishment—"there may be some news for me of my big girl."

"I think there will be," said Angela grimly. Mrs. Howard-Turnbull was thinking of Dariano, but Angela's thoughts were elsewhere.

"I do wish that provoking Morrie Sullivan would go home," said Mrs. Turnbull.

"Don't worry, mother. I'll find a way to send him home."

"Oh, darling, will you?" Mrs. Turnbull fluttered. "Good-by, darling. See you in a week or ten days."

"Good-by, mother," said Angela crisply. She never expected to see Mrs. Turnbull again.

She had told herself that the only way to get rid of Morrie was to agree to marry him on condition he would leave immediately for the States, before her mother came back. Morrie knew that the only bar to Angela's returning was Mrs. Turnbull. Angela had never said so, but Morrie, in his deadly intuitive way, knew. She would tell Morrie she would follow, whether or not her mother approved, in a month or so.

It was the only way to get rid of Morrie, she told herself: it was for his own good. When he was gone she would write him a letter saying that though she loved him, she could never give up the bright life of the Riviera and of the beaches of Normandy; that after the baccarat tables, the quiet New England bridge games would be impossible. And she would confess she had fooled him, and that he must not write, must never think of her again. Then Morrie's caring, she thought, would turn to hatred and, putting her out of his mind, he would marry some decent New England girl who would be a helpmate for him. . . . Her eyes were bathed in tears.

And then she said: "Can't you be honest, Angela? You do love him. It's impossible to marry, but what you want is his arms around you for a day or two, the caring of some half hundred hours before you go through the surface of the earth to where, God knows, the old-fashioned New England hell may await you. A gambler and a suicide—on such as these, say old theologies, the gates of mercy are eternally locked. And in your bones you feel it, Angela. And what you want is to rise up early some morning and go with Morrie up the Alpine gorges, seeing the little Alpine rivers rushing busily to the sea; watch the trout in the unbelievably clear water, lunch among the flowers, and then farther upward to towns like Gourdon, which seems to stretch to heaven—and that will be as near heaven as ever you'll get, Angela—and then downward through the terraces of orange blossom to the shore, while the sun goes down in scarlet and purple near Marseilles, and then all night dancing.

"And another day at Nice, wandering through the flower market, and sitting under awnings, sipping *apéritifs* and watching the play of sunlight and shadow on the streets, and the funny Provençal people and the strange Arabs from across the sea. And then home through Cagnes and St.-Paul, and by Antibes, and dancing until morning. And a little love and forgetfulness and farewell kisses at night. Isn't that what you want, Angela?"

And she answered herself sullenly, "It is."

And she asked herself, "Is it fair to Morrie? Is it a decent thing to do?" And the answer from herself came, "No!"

"Then are you going to do it, Angela?" And she raised her head and looked herself straight in the eye, and said, "Yes, I'm going to do it. I'm a thief and a liar and a gambler. Well, I'm going to be a cheap coquette too. And they can put on another bushel of coal in hell for me for that," she said.

She had not been down to the Casino since the night of the young Pole's death; but looking for Morrie after dinner, someone told her he had gone down early to the baccarat rooms. She was puzzled. What Morrie had to do with the baccarat rooms she couldn't understand. Could it be possible, she wondered, that one of those

(Continued on Page 157)

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"For Viko seems to fit right in with my way of doing things—with the standards I set for my store.

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"I want my store to be a place where anybody can buy *on my say-so* and be sure of getting his money's worth.

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(Continued from Page 152)

French hussies had succeeded in interesting Morrie? She herself had been so cold to him, and there were hundreds of women who had thrown interested glances at the tall, athletic figure with the bronzed face and quiet smile. Could it be possible? She said, "No!"

But she went down to the Casino.

At the entrance to the Nuncios Restaurant she ran into the Kahns. They were a pleasant little American couple whom everybody liked. Dark, small, after fifteen years of marriage, they were the most devoted lovers in Var. They had big, kind hearts and no pretensions. They spoke no French. They spoke little English. They used a dialect which they called straight New York. She always spoke of him as "husband," and he referred to her flippantly as "the wiff." When either lost at baccarat the other was broken-hearted.

"That poor goil," husband would say, "was sure born on Friday the t'oiteenth."

"Poor husband," Mrs. Kahn would say. "Is that poor man losing again? I must go over and see if I can't change his luck."

They descended on Angela as she entered, their eyes shining with excitement.

"Say, kid," husband announced, "you sure let a bearcat loose on the Casino."

"Oh, Angie," the wiff added, "that boy of yours is soitenly cleaning up!"

"Morrie Sullivan? Is he playing?"

"Is he playing? It ain't play. It's murder. And listen, kid, I started him. Me, that's got the luck of a Yid in a Scotch village! I started him."

"Oh, how could you?" Angela was broken-hearted.

"How could I? And him socking 'em around the ring, hey? What's eatin' you? Say, listen, that guy was out playing golf with me this afternoon, and he slices his ball into the woods, and he goes in after it, and he finds it all tied up, and beside it—what do you t'ink? A swastikky! You know, one o' them good-luck things that looks like a cross all cock-eyed. But that was not'in'!"

"Listen, dearie, listen to husband!"

"At the t'oiteenth hole, you know, the mashie pitch, he holes his tee shot. What do you know about that? But that was not'in'!"

"Wait till husband tells you, dearie."

"At the clubhouse a black cat comes up to where he's sittin' ruinin' a cocktail. And it walks around him three times, left to right"

"Left to right, Angie."

"And then—what do you know?—it jumps up onto his knees and begins singing. And I says, 'If you don't go down and take a crack at that baccarat you're a sucker. You're worse than a sucker,' I says, 'you're yellow.'

"He says, 'Do you t'ink so?'

"I says, 'Don't make me sick!'"

"He comes up to husband tonight ——" said Mrs. Kahn.

"Here, who's telling this, wiff, you or me? He comes up to me tonight and he says, 'I got five hundred plunks I don't care if I lose,' he says. 'Do you t'ink I ought to go it?'

"I say, 'Go it! They's only one pig in the race and you're he.'

"And he sits down at the big table and he puts up a bank of ten thousand francs. Ten French grand!"

"Ten thousand francs!" Angela nearly screamed. Morrie to go plunging like that!

"And Dariano says, 'Banco!' And the kid gives Dariano baccarat.

"And he pulls it three times with a thirty-thousand-franc limit. He ain't got nothing in his mitt but nines. The funny thing about it is, he's got Dariano's number and he's got Dariano's goat.

"And, say, wait a minute," husband called as she moved away, "do you know what that guy's done now? He says he wants air, and they've pulled out the big baccarat table and he's running the bank.

"Me, I'd go in wit' you, but I got a bum heart, and what that pal o' yours is doing ain't no rest cure."

When she went through the doors she noticed at once that the *chemin-de-fer* tables were abandoned and that in the inner room, where the big baccarat game was wont to be, a crowd was standing about a table. As she went up to it she noticed they were on their feet, agog with excitement. The old sign was hung out, "Minimum punt, a thousand francs," and the croupier was calling out:

"*Banque de deux cent milles francs*"—a bank of two hundred thousand francs. "Gentlemen, to your game!"

And then a second later, while she was trying to edge her way, before she could see:

"A card for the right! A card for the left!"

And then: "*Huit à la banque*"—the bank has eight.

Was it Morrie, or was it Dariano? She asked herself with sick wonder. Perhaps in a coup or two Dariano had cleaned him out and was sitting victoriously in his place. She felt afraid and nervous, as she had never felt when gambling herself. She had a mad desire to rush in and pluck him from the game. He didn't know how terrible a game it was, how insidious. He must have won three hundred thousand and more by now—sixteen, seventeen thousand dollars. Could he not stop? If it were he at all, and not Dariano —

Suddenly a player got up from the table and left, and as he went through, a lane was made and she slipped to the edge of the table. Her heart gave a throb of relief. Yes, it was Morrie who was banker. About him, around the table, were the rear guard of the season's gamblers—Italians, Frenchmen, an occasional Englishman, a woman or two. Opposite him, beside the croupier, Dariano sat, his olive face as granitelike as ever. A mob—there was no word to describe them by but "mob"—of people stood back of the table, their faces, in Angela's sight, a furry white jungle, with eyes staring out of them like wild animals, like animals hungry for the great pile of notes in front of the croupier. And Morrie, calm and brown-faced, sat in front of the shoe. There was a deprecatory smile as though he were sorry to take so much money from all about him. The croupier had finished counting the bank.

"A bank of three hundred and seventy-thousand francs!" he announced. "Gentlemen, play!"

A pock-marked Egyptian with a drooping left eye put up ten bundles of ten thousand francs each.

"Monsieur accepts?" There was a sort of sneer in his tones.

"I'll accept your shoes," Morrie laughed.

Dariano slung in a bundle of notes carelessly.

From the mob behind, the pink slips of bank notes showered like rose petals.

"*Carte à droit! Gauche, non*"—a card for the right. Left hand stands.

"The bank has seven."

"Right, four. Left, six. The bank wins."

The table, the onlookers had started with a feeling of good will toward Morrie. They liked a good sport, a man who gave them a run for their money. Also it was one of the miracles of the Riviera, this gigantic run of luck, which gave them something to talk over in the summer and to dream about, fancying it as happening to themselves. But this was going a bit too far. Angela could feel the enmity of the room focusing on Morrie, like the sun's rays through a burning glass. Frenchmen were muttering about "dirty Americans," and the Egyptian was gazing at the boy with the dull stare of an asp.

"A bank of six hundred and twenty-two thousand francs," the croupier announced. "Gentlemen ——"

Dariano had put out his broad brown hand and was patting the table. The croupier looked at him inquiringly.

"Banco!" said Dariano.

"*Tout seul?*"—all alone?

"All alone!"

Some of the table scowled and some of the table grinned. They knew what Dariano was about. He was trying to scare the boy out of his bank. Sullivan would pass the bank and his own good luck, and Dariano would take it and go ahead making money. Possibly, too, the youngster would begin betting against the lucky bank and so lose all he had won. The history of the season was full of such episodes, of beginners passing a gold mine and then bucking it. Certainly the lad would never accept Dariano's challenge.

But Morrie looked across at the Greek and "I'll go you!" he said.

Angela's heart grew cold. Her breast grew cold. She was cold from her feet to where her hair stood from her scalp. The table smiled. Ah, Dariano was caught in his own device! Quickly Morrie dealt the cards.

"I'll draw," said Dariano.

Morrie turned up his cards. He had two queens.

"They're pretty," he said. "They're nice girls, but they sure let me down." And he gave Dariano a six. "That gums it!" he said. And he drew a two.

"Well," he smiled, "I had a good run for my money." And he rose to go. But Dariano threw his hand down. He had drawn on a five.

"You win by a pip," the Greek told him. "You'd have won anyway. You'd have drawn the six." He scrawled a check and gave it to the croupier.

"Thanks for the game," he said. He rose and went off.

"A bank of a million, two hundred and eighty-one thousand francs! A bank of sixty-four thousand louis!" called the croupier. "Gentlemen ——"

"Nix, guy, nix!" Morrie got up. "I'm through!"

"Messieurs, mesdames," the croupier translated with exquisite courtesy, "the game is over!"

XXI

HE BROUGHT Angela to a table in the Nuncios Restaurant. Before them on the table rested a pile of checks caught with a rubber band—more than a million and a quarter of francs.

"Well, that gets me out of a bit of a hole," he said.

"Oh, Morrie," Angela cried out, "you haven't been poor, have you? You haven't lost your farm, have you?"

"Nary a blade of grass," he told her. "Nary a hog. But I don't like your mother, Angie. And to have to go and tell that hard-boiled old girl that you had blown half the family kitty at the tables, and ask her what she was going to do about it—well, it isn't a party. Now I don't have to."

The blood left her face slowly and she looked down at the tablecloth. For an instant she was tempted to say, "I don't understand." But she looked up bravely and met his eyes.

"Morrie, how did you know?"

"Listen, Angela, because your mother hasn't a friend in the world don't think you haven't. Angie, you didn't think you were going to get away with all that New Canaan coin and not have us wonder where it went? I'm a director in that bank, kid. You've been away too long.

"Now, listen to me, Angela"—his voice got commanding and sharp—"you put back that money tomorrow."

"But, Morrie, I can't ever pay it back."

"Oh, yes, you can," he laughed. "When you've worked twenty-five years as a farmer's wife, you'll have paid it back."

"But, Morrie ——"

"There are no buts. Just listen to me."

"Yes, Morrie."

"Tomorrow evening there's a rubber-neck boat leaving for home from Monte. You can make that if you have to."

"Yes, Morrie."

"Well, you have to that's all. We can be married on board when we're three miles out. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Morrie. But, Morrie, my mother ——"

"Listen, Angela!"

"Yes, Morrie."

"To —— with your mother!"

THE END

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SANFORD'S PASTE

Dries Quick
Sticks Tight
Never Stains

CAPITAL SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 12)

which can be turned into a good story to enliven the next dinner party.

This period of probation resembles the similar activity of an exclusive club in regard to people who are proposed for membership. Sometimes the newcomers are taken in at once, ahead of their waiting list; sometimes their names are quickly dropped from discussion, but in the average case there is a fairly long delay while the applicants are being considered from every point of view.

Because of the mere geographical hugeness of the United States, it is impossible that there should be nation-wide information about people who have never been in the public eye. To the new official and his family, however, who may in their local community occupy a place of distinction, it is irritating to find when they reach the capital that they are treated very much like the late arrival at a girls' boarding school.

Washington's Society Bubbles

"They've rented the —— house! They must have a good deal of money," one of the observant residents will say.

"Yes, I hear she has a comfortable fortune."

"No, I believe he's made it all himself. I know someone whose cousin comes from their home town, and she said that he was the lawyer who defended —— in that trial, and got such a huge retainer."

In the course of time the general curiosity is satisfied about the size and source of the newcomers' income, as well as about other details of their ménage and personalities. When this point has been reached, the strangers are no longer strangers, and probably have been accepted into some particular coterie, from which vantage point they begin to watch later comers arrive and be put upon probation. During the period when Washington is scrutinizing the stranger who has been sent to its gates, the stranger is probably in his turn trying to analyze Washington and its bewildering number of interlocking little groups, alignments, enmities and friendships.

A woman who has lived there for many years declared, "The only thing comparable to Washington society is a great mass of iridescent soap bubbles which some vigorous child has blown through a new wooden pipe. There is always one large bubble which may be termed the society which centers around the White House, the cabinet and the most important officials. But dependent upon this large one are dozens and dozens of other bubbles, which grow large or small even as one watches them, each of them seeming to be separate, but each joined to the other. It is even impossible to make sure where one begins and the other ends."

To most individuals, of course, one particular bubble seems much brighter and more attractive than the others. Some residents, for instance, declare that the presence of great numbers of foreign diplomats gathered from all corners of the world makes Washington the most desirable place to live in America. There are even a few hostesses who entertain no Americans at all if they can avoid it. But to a great many other residents, the embassies and legations form at most only a pleasant background for an occasional party at which they will meet their own group.

Social Diplomacy

The new diplomat may come to Washington believing that because he is in a democratic country he will avoid the social intricacies of a European capital; before long he begins to realize that in some ways it is the most bewildering society in the world. Sometimes before his boat has even arrived in America, he will receive wireless messages from people unknown to him, inviting him to various dinners dated weeks ahead. If he has no experienced person with him he is apt to accept these evidences of hospitality at face value. Sometimes he finds himself committed to engagements which for one reason or another are not in accordance with the policy he wishes to carry out in his new post.

In order to avoid complications of this sort, most new diplomats, as well as many of our own officials, now engage competent social secretaries to advise them. The importance of having this position well filled is sometimes only learned after it has been improperly done. For not only must the perfect secretary know Washington society thoroughly, but it is essential that her own personal affiliations with any one group shall not obscure her judgment. Often women who are excellently fitted for the post in every other way lack this necessary perspective.

One ambassadress of a foreign country, for instance, who had never been in the United States before, engaged a charming and well-bred Washington girl to act as her social secretary. During the first few months, while she was adjusting herself to her new surroundings, the diplomat's wife turned over for solution to her secretary all problems connected with invitations to be accepted, and the even more difficult one of those to be declined.

In due course the embassy gave dinners to return the hospitality showered upon it. To one of these the hostess invited on her own initiative some American friends she had known at a previous post in Europe, and who had just arrived in Washington.

They stayed until after the other guests had gone, and then began to expostulate with her about her choice of guests.

"There is nothing wrong with any of them," they said in substance, "but they simply don't count! At your first embassy dinners you certainly should have had So-and-So and So-and-So. And do tell us why you refused to dine with Mrs. ——? She gives the most amusing dinners in Washington and she was awfully offended because you've refused her invitations."

(Continued on Page 163)

"There is No Place Left in the World Today Where People Entertain So Much and So Delightfully"

Their Favorite Guest wore Feathers

"You've taught us how to be happy and content," she said.

WHEN Bruce and Nancy were married they agreed upon one thing.

"Guests will always be welcome in our house," they said.

"Especially anyone who is lonely and needs cheering up," suggested Nancy.

"We'll show them what a real home is like," boasted Bruce.

"A place where there is always joy, and peace, and harmony," added Nancy, as though she were making up a ritual for their life

Bruce had trouble in his business.

together. At first there was more than enough love and happiness to share with all their guests.

Then dark days came.

Bruce had trouble in his business. A great sorrow muted the laughter in Nancy's voice.

Only the little house remembered its promise of hospitality when Nancy was a bride, and faithfully flung wide its doors in welcome to its guests. Admiring voices still exclaimed about its beauty, its charm. Yet an intangible something had gone out of it—something too rarely found in this troubled world.

One day an old friend came to Nancy. "I wish you would enter-

"I wish you would entertain a little guest of mine."

tain a little guest of mine while I go away on a long journey," she said. "You'll find him the least trouble of any guest you've ever had, and in return for his care he'll teach you how to be happy again.

The feathered guest arrives

Never did a guest exert himself so to please. He sang an anthem of praise over his simple fare of seeds, and went into an ecstasy of joy over a sunbeam.

"You are a Gay Pretender," Nancy told him one day. "No one could really be so happy as you think you are!" But before long she was singing with him as she went about her work and the little house began to feel quite gay again.

In the evenings Bruce forgot to worry about stocks and bonds and notes at the bank while he whistled and played with his little Feathered Guest. So old Dame Fortune, seeing him so hopeful and courageous, began to smile on him again.

"You've brought us luck," said Bruce, "and you certainly are the most welcome guest we've ever had."

But the little bird liked the words of his hostess best.

"You've taught us how to be thankful, and happy, and content," she said.

For that was exactly what he had tried to do, and what any feathered guest will try to do for

"You are a Gay Pretender," she told him one day.

you if you will invite one into your home.

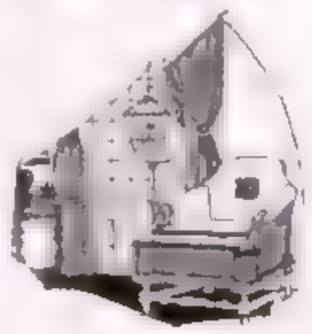
House your feathered guests in a Hendryx bird home

For more than half a century The Andrew B. Hendryx Company have built the finest and best homes for these little feathered guests. They have created a variety of smartly decorative designs to suit every individual taste, every type of home.

A Hendryx Bird Home adds a smart decorative color note

Color plays an important role in the newest bird home, just as it does in our own homes. For the Feathered Aristocrat there are lovely Pyralin homes in green and ivory, or orange and black for the sun room; in smart black and white effects or delicate pastel tints for formal rooms.

For bird guests of simpler tastes there are the beautiful new Duco finished homes in equally attractive colors and quite inexpensive.



The Hendryx Bird Home adds a smart decorative color note to your home.

Just be sure the name Hendryx appears on the Bird Home you buy. It assures you that you are getting the best from the standpoint of bird comfort, bird health, and decorative design. They are priced from $2.00 to $150.00—stands from $2.50 to $25.00.

In the Bird Store

Two little canaries were overheard talking in a bird store where they were waiting for someone to buy them. "I do hope that someone will take me who will love me a lot, and will like to hear me sing," twittered the Littlest Bird wistfully. "And I hope the one who takes me will buy me a Hendryx Bird Home. They say that all the fashionable up-to-date birds live in them now," said the Wise Old Bird.

. . .

One of the newer Hendryx creations is made of DuPont Pyralin in green and ivory, ivory, black and orange, amber and ivory, black and white, pink and ivory and blue and ivory. Stands to match.

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A new standard of lighting

NOW COMES the latest development of MAZDA Service—a *new* Edison MAZDA Lamp—*new* in shape, *new* in finish, *new* in construction; and so superior to the old clear and frosted lamps now in your sockets as to set a *new* standard of lighting.

The new lamp is frosted on the *inside.* It helps protect the eye, but lets the light come through better than any diffusing lamp ever made. By day the new lamp is almost invisible; at night it takes on the tint of the surrounding decorations and its light is soft, restful and well diffused.

All this and more the new lamp means —*yet it sells at no more than the old clear lamp and for less than the old frosted lamp.*

The new Edison MAZDA Lamp simplifies your lighting problems, too. No longer must you choose from many different types of lamps the right lamp for each socket. In only a few sizes, the new lamp fills practically every lighting requirement in your home.

Bring your lighting up to standard. Put the new Edison MAZDA Lamps in your fixtures and enjoy the comfort of plenty of the right kind of light.

Your nearest Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent will be glad to show you the new lamps and help you select the right size for each socket in your home. He displays the emblem shown below at the right.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

1926—THE LATEST The new Edison Mazda Lamp—direct descendant of Edison's first lamp and the latest development of research in the Laboratories of General Electric. The price of lamps has been reduced forty per cent since 1921 and the new lamp sells for less than any diffusing lamp ever made. It makes the cost of light—already the least expensive of home comforts—lower than ever before.
EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

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Many million steps a year are taken on the varnished floors of the American home by the average woman in performing her household duties. Millions more are taken by other members of a typical family.

The beauty of a floor is exactly skin deep. The protecting film of varnish is as thin as paper.

To withstand hard use and remain unmarred and beautiful month after month, floors require varnish of exceptional durability. It is for this reason that over a period of many years Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite has been known and used around the world from Hongkong to Calcutta.

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Here's Floor Varnish That Wears!

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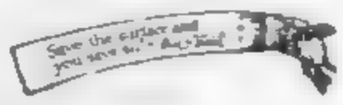

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(Continued from Page 158)

The ambassadress explained that she had never seen Mrs. ——, but that her secretary had declared that she was a parvenue.

"Parvenue or not," said the American, "she gives wonderful parties! This is the United States and not Europe, and although your secretary means well, she forgets that people change from generation to generation here. Take the family of your secretary, for instance; she carries over all the prejudices of her mother, who was a charming woman. But the people who were of importance socially when she went out don't count any more. Some of them have lost their money, but most of them have lost prestige—which is an indefinable thing until it's gone."

She tried to explain to the bewildered foreigner some of the complications of the American, and particularly of the Washington, social system.

"I don't want to ram my crowd down your throat," she said, "although I prophesy that after you've been here long enough to get your bearings you'll come around to my point of view about them, for they embrace the greatest variety of any of the sets here, and show a greater zest for life than any crowd whose average age is over thirty."

"But all of these people we've entertained seem very nice," protested the ambassador.

"Nice? Of course they're nice—Washington has more nice people to the square inch than any other city in the world. That's one of its troubles!"

The particular group to which the diplomat's adviser referred is indeed vital and amusing. Its outlines are even more difficult to define than those of most of the other coteries, because, although its leadership remains fixed, its members vary from time to time. Some of them are engrossed in the inner political game of the capital, some of them conceal their serious interests as if they were shameful things, and discuss only their winnings or losses at bridge or poker. Some of the group are rich and entertain splendidly; others live with simplicity; many of them have that indefinable thing called smartness, but occasionally members are not even conscious of their own lack of it. In short, the only common denominator of the varying membership seems to be the approval of the many-sided leader. From whatever angle one views this particular bubble, which to some Washingtonians seems huge, while others declare it unimportantly small, it appears, nevertheless, to be full of color. There are many people, of course, who come to our capital to live, who do not desire a social life which is characterized by vitality and colorfulness.

The Trouble With Lions

A story which is told of a young woman from a small town whose husband had just received a political appointment well illustrates this point. When she came down to the capital to look at the available houses for rent, she stayed with a friend of hers who moved in what she considered much the most interesting group. The hostess assumed that her guest would enjoy meeting these various people who were distinguished in one way or another, so she exerted herself "to round up all the lions," as she phrased it.

On the last evening of the visit they found it necessary to keep a dinner engagement, made some weeks in advance, with people of official position who were noted for their dullness. After they had returned home, the hostess apologized for taking her guest to such an uninteresting party.

"But I enjoyed it immensely!" declared the other. "In fact I had a better time tonight than I've had at any of the 'interesting' dinners you've taken me to. It's such a relief to meet people who aren't brilliant and who don't 'do' anything!"

The cynic will assume that when this family moved to Washington they had little difficulty in finding their *milieu*. But as a matter of fact one has to step carefully in Washington to avoid running into talent. It is all the more difficult to avoid because, due to an unwritten social law, no one speaks openly of it.

One of the most distinguished of contemporary American writers lives in the capital, but one who seeks his address has to ask for it in New York. A young sculptress, who, in the words of the critics, is well on her way to fame, has become a resident there because of her husband's work. He in his turn has produced books of real distinction, but in Washington generally they never speak of the artistic product of these two, but merely say that they have a new house in a nice block, or that she looks very picturesque in the evening. A novelist whose fame is international spent two winters in our capital. A foreigner who was eager to meet him says that he asked at least a dozen people to arrange it, before he encountered anyone who had heard before, or was interested in hearing, that the novelist was living there. There are endless examples of this kind, for many creative people hope to find Washington a sympathetic place in which to work. The migratory stream which flows into our capital contains many of them. Often they are attracted by the unusual charm of the city itself, and they think of buying a quaint old house in Georgetown for almost nothing and remodeling it; the comparative ease with which one can procure servants is another factor in its favor, as is the social background of cosmopolitanism.

A City of Hidden Talents

Occasionally artists find all these things and declare that Washington is the most delightful place in America in which to live. These defenders are in the minority, however; the others insist that the atmosphere of the place is hostile to creative work.

Nevertheless, due to various reasons, there are so many accomplished people about that the newcomer who likes only people of conventional mold must be wary. The beautiful girl whom the stranger takes in to dinner and who looks so hopefully untalented probably has a studio where she spends many hours every day making woodcuts of great promise.

One of the most fascinating women in the capital who could always be counted upon to charm anyone she chose must now be considered as the author of fiction of more than usual ability. It was difficult enough to praise her extraordinary taste in clothes and her skill as a hostess; now that she has added another accomplishment of more permanent value, it is considered better form to ignore it if possible.

"In its attitude toward interesting people, Washington society is at least two decades behind that of New York," declared a young lawyer whose work had taken him there as a temporary resident. "In an old book of Marion Crawford's he describes the attitude of the Roman *beau monde* about fifty years ago toward the creative person, and he might have been talking about our own capital today. His point was that society instinctively knew that the creative mind was antagonistic to the herd spirit which animated the conventional social group, and therefore rightly regarded the artist as its enemy."

The lawyer added that this point of view, as described by Crawford, had been held so firmly by the generation to which his family had belonged in New York that he could still remember hearing, as a little boy, the indignation expressed by his mother because a famous actress had been presented to her at a ball.

"I suppose that in New York today it would be the actress who would complain if a woman as conventional as my mother were introduced to her! For during the past thirty years society there has gradually reversed its former attitude. At first it admitted celebrities—imported if possible—then it took in people of accomplishment, and now mere talent is enough to secure entrée.

"Hilaire Belloc says somewhere that this practice is not only carried out to the same extent in the United States as in England, but that whereas in London it is the fashionable hostess who confers favor on the celebrity by extending hospitality to him, in American cities it is the celebrity who confers favor by accepting it."

Washington society as a whole may differ from that of present-day New York in its attitude toward artistic or business achievement, yet each of the countless little groups of which the whole is composed has its own particular celebrity.

If half a dozen well-bred women, each representing a different coterie, were to meet together because of some mutual interest in charity, or because they were all on the advisory board of the same school, it is possible that no two of them would be able to agree on the kind of social life which they enjoyed.

"I went to such an amusing dinner last night," one of them might say. "It was given in honor of Colonel ——, who has just returned from the Far East, where he has been our military attaché. He has had such fascinating experiences."

"I don't believe I know him," her neighbor will answer. "But I happened to be talking of the political future of China the other day with ——, whom I consider the most brilliant editorial writer in America. He says ——"

"They tell me he's a Bolshevist," the third woman may interpolate. "I've never seen him myself, but I hear he's very unsound. None of my friends would dream of inviting him to their house."

"I've read some of his things," another says, "but I didn't know he lived here."

"He's lived here for the last ten years," says his admirer. "He goes everywhere."

"Extraordinary that one never sees him," says the fifth. "But of course I haven't been here much during the past few years. Now that I've got my place in Virginia —— By the way, do any of you know how the polo came out?"

Tea-Table Oracles

The chances are that none of them does. The Virginia hunting crowd—which someone said is composed of natives from all the states of America except Virginia—promises to add a further cosmopolitanism to society of the capital. The most eager devotees of the hard-riding life may spend all their time at their country places, but others will find it agreeable to be in Washington for the winter at least and motor into Virginia for week-ends. There is one trait held in common by all people who talk dogs and horses exclusively which is bound to disturb Washington, just as the world around it disturbs all people who do not possess it. It is that enviable and irritating quality of self-satisfaction.

The member of this group will say with complete innocence that she has never heard of the editorial writer, the best bridge player, the most popular senator, or whoever happens to be the person most admired at the moment by any of the other sets. She may even tactfully add that she would like to meet them. But no one is deceived by this. The truth is she prefers to lead the kind of life she has chosen, and this is such a rare thing that outsiders long to disturb her serenity.

The sixth of this hypothetical committee of women is following the Senate debate with keenest interest, but as she knows the political game thoroughly, she is certain not to talk of it in public.

There are several women of outstanding political ability in capital society whose advice is often sought by the most astute leaders. Not one of them is self-conscious about her influence, however; in which regard they differ greatly from the more numerous women who do not wield any real power whatever, but who apparently picture themselves as the centers of political salons. The conversation of this group is destined to mislead only the unsophisticated, as it is based largely upon the standard traditions of court memoirs.

(Continued on Page 165)

Corns

Lift Right Off

Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

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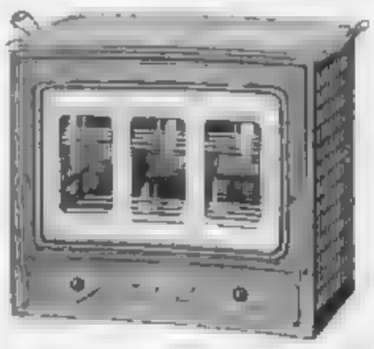
Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This "Giant" is capable of the most intense heat—when you need it quickly—but is easily regulated for ordinary use. You can get the new *Heavy-Duty Giant Kerogas Oil Cook Stoves* equipped entirely with "Giant" Burners. Models equipped only with "regular" Kerogas Burners are also available.



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Dealers' Note: The Best Jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with Kerogas Burners

(Continued from Page 163)

"A cabinet member asked me the other day in strict confidence what my opinion was about the new arms conference," one will begin.

Another will smile mysteriously when the defeat of a certain bill before the House is being discussed. "I told the chairman that I had canvassed my friends, and that they were five to three against it."

These affectations, repeated and enlarged upon, amuse the initiated, including the very men who are supposed to do nothing without consulting the tea-table oracles, but on the whole they are harmless. Sometimes a politician, usually a newcomer, is misled by the surface knowledge which these women display; upon one or two occasions there have been unfortunate results arising from misplaced confidences. But by and large, men who have arrived in Washington competent to fill positions of importance are rarely deceived in political matters by even the loveliest of ladies.

One may wonder, as one wonders about all *poseurs*, just what reward there can be for the labors of pretense, since no one worth deceiving is ever long deceived. Yet in Washington there are always new arrivals and imminent departures, so that it is not difficult to find someone who will be temporarily impressed.

A delightful woman with a wide circle of friends said the other day, "The one thing I dislike about living in Washington is that I am always saying good-by to someone I love."

In addition to the inevitable changes of official life, as well as those of the Army, the Navy and diplomacy, we have now in our capital a great many people who come for a season to present a young daughter to society, or who find existence too strenuous in New York or Chicago, or too limited in smaller towns, and so come for a short time to try life in the capital. Many of these strangers rent the houses of the supposedly permanent residents, who live in their homes for one year, and then lease them for two, while they go to Europe or to New York or farther south. The result is that Washington contains a transient population unequaled in America.

"The only unchanging thing here is the constant impermanence," declared a diplomat who has resided in the capital for more than twenty years. "Even in this time, I have seen people come here, build beautiful big houses, entertain splendidly, and then, before one knows it, they have gone away, and in many cases the very houses themselves have been already torn down and new ones put up in their places."

A Bachelor's Paradise

He spoke then, as everyone must who has enjoyed it, of the extraordinarily hospitable attitude of Washington.

"There is no place left in the world today where people entertain so much and so delightfully. Most of the big houses in New York have disappeared, and even the immensely rich there do not give parties of the distinction which certain of our hostesses achieve."

Washington has always attracted people who enjoy entertaining, and who exercise great skill in this art. In this respect, also, it resembles the society of New York thirty years ago. There is an old-fashioned dignity as well as an element of personal attentiveness which characterizes many of the largest and most splendid parties. Then there are numerous other hostesses who entertain on a much smaller scale, but with equal success. In fact, there are so many hospitably inclined people that there are scarcely enough guests to go around.

The bachelor who enjoys reasonable popularity in another city will find, when circumstances of business or official life take him to Washington, that he could employ the entire time of some competent person just to decline invitations showered upon him. If the bachelors eventually marry, their wives are apt to protest vigorously against the inflated ideas of their social success which these young men, quite naturally, hold. For in spite of the great number of men employed in various departments of the Government, and the many unmarried attachés of foreign embassies and legations, the fact remains that there are not nearly enough eligible men in the capital.

There are two outstanding reasons for this condition, the first of which lies in the fact that Washington has obvious attraction for the unmarried woman, particularly for the well-to-do widow. In addition to them, there are more and more debutantes from out of town each winter whose families bring them to Washington for a season or two. Some of these girls come from smaller places in the South or West, but a surprising number come from larger Eastern cities, where society has become too impersonal even for eighteen.

The most significant factor, however, in the disproportion of men and women in society is to be found in the lack of business enterprise in Washington, which results in the migration of most of the young men whose families reside there. The men of ability who live in the capital and who work there are usually disinclined to go out a great deal.

The Tired and the Retired

"It's physically impossible to do a job well and dine out every night," a former member of the cabinet said apropos of this. "And in Washington it's not just a matter of dining, but of lunching as well. In other cities men lunch together usually in order to talk over business matters. But down here a man has hard work to avoid going to a lunch party every day. This means not only overeating, but overtalking. I'm sure that anyone who does serious work of any kind—whether in politics, business or art—must have a certain amount of uninterrupted leisure every day. If a man's busy all day long he simply must have most of his evenings free."

In the days when traveling was more difficult, it was not the custom for men who went to Washington to be accompanied by their wives or families. In many capitals of the Continent this is still the rule. Unless there is some particular reason against it, the family of the European senator, for instance, may remain in their own home. Of course distances are much shorter than in the United States, so that the politician is able to go home more often than he would be able to in our country. This policy of separating domestic from public life is not in accordance with our present-day traditions, nor is it possible of adoption by us, but, nevertheless, it furnishes a simple solution for the social problems which so often harass our own politicians.

It often happens that a man who is earnestly engaged in serving his country has a wife who enjoys social life. She may be quite as conscientious as her husband; but not sharing his duties, neither can she feel as he does about the futility of dining and lunching out with great frequency. In other cities there is apt to be less discrepancy in this regard, for society is controlled largely by the desires of men.

"But in Washington, society is planned entirely by idle women and men who have retired from active life," said one protesting husband. "There are the retired Army and Navy officers, the retired business men, the retired diplomats—everyone seems to be a retired something. Of course they have plenty of time, but for a man who is doing something, this is the most stupid society in the world. If my wife likes it, I'd be willing to have her dine out every night without me."

"Perhaps you would," retorted his wife. "But there are too many extra women here already. If you won't go, it simply means that I can't go."

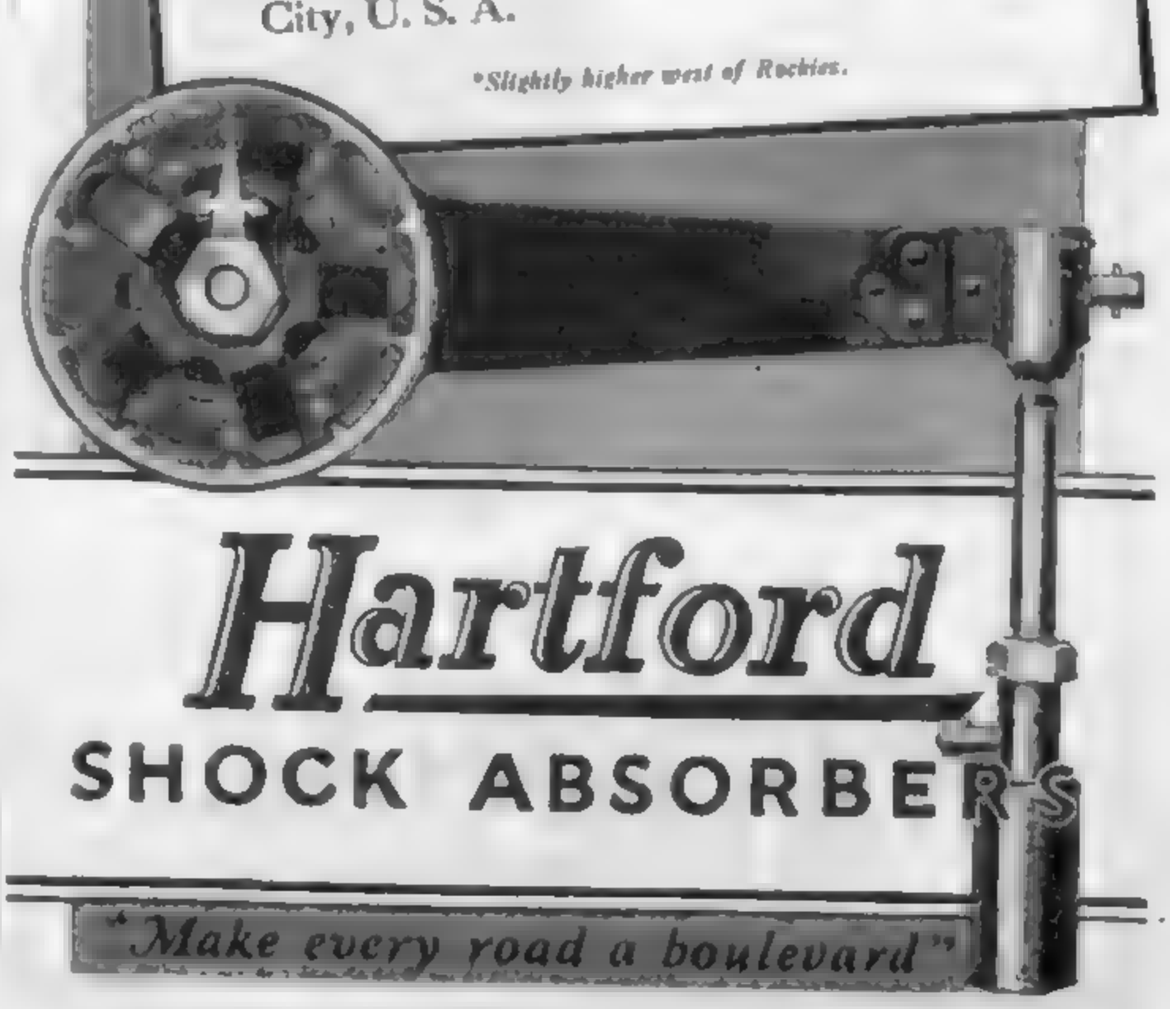
Someone suggested that there would be a great improvement in governmental efficiency if each man who held political office could hire a presentable substitute who would take his place at all dinner parties

For your wife's sake
try this remarkable motoring comfort

It means smaller tire, fuel and repair bills for you and luxuriously restful motoring for her

THE famous Hartford principle of "2 way friction control" does 2 things . . . . . It enables Hartfords to control car springs both on compression from shock and rebound from compression. Hartford uses this "2 way" principle because, to obtain perfect control of spring action, it is necessary not only to check the rebound but to reduce the extreme compression which stores up this rebound energy. By controlling the spring movement both ways Hartfords reduce a shock to a soft undulating movement . . . . . Hartfords do another thing. *They eliminate spring vibration.* Vibrating springs waste power, waste tires. They hasten the car's end by loosening of parts . . . . . The $19 to $50* you invest for a set of Hartfords is repaid by your savings in tire, fuel and repair bills. Hartford's luxurious comfort costs you nothing. Edward V. Hartford, Inc. *For 22 years makers of Hartford Shock Absorbers.* Jersey City, U. S. A.

*Slightly higher west of Rockies.



Hartford
SHOCK ABSORBERS
"Make every road a boulevard"

Ask *the* BATTERY MAN these 5 *Questions*

Before You Buy Any Battery Anywhere at Any Price

Get down to brass tacks on this battery proposition and buy the only thing you want in a battery—carefree, economical, dependable service. To pay for anything else is to pay for something you can't possibly use. To get anything less is equally extravagant.

Ask the battery man the following leading questions. Get unequivocal answers. Then you will know what battery will give you the most service for the least money.

1. How Much Does the Battery Weigh?

As lead is the principal and heaviest material used in making a good battery, the amount is reflected in greater weight and determines the life and quality of the battery. Note the seven extra pounds in Nationals. National Batteries are full size and full weight, no skimping anywhere.

2. What Is the Mystery About Making a Battery?

There is no mystery. Any electrical engineer knows the standard materials and standard methods which will make a battery equal in performance to any on the market. There is no patent to this process.

The National Battery is made in accordance with the best standard practice. It has no fancy features—no expensive frills that add to price but not to service.

3. Why Are National Lead Battery Prices Lower?

For ten years the National has directed its entire manufacturing policy toward producing standard construction full-performance batteries at reasonable prices.

The National Battery, built of the best materials and according to the best standardized practice, distributed direct to our dealers from our nation-wide system of four factories and six branches, gives you full performance, backed by the strongest guarantee, at a lower cost.

4. How Long Is the Guarantee?

Any good battery should be guaranteed for 18 months (12 months for Fords). Insist on a battery giving such a guarantee. It's your protection.

5. What Does the Guarantee Really Mean?

The National Guarantee is as clear as daylight. It states in definite, simple language that if any standard National Battery fails for any reason except gross abuse within 18 months (Fords 12 months) it will be put in first-class order without one cent of cost to you. You will not be asked to trade your battery in on a new one, or suffer any unnecessary inconvenience in any way, shape or form.

Let the National Battery Dealer Save You Money

Go to the nearest National Battery dealer. Let him show you exactly why National batteries are not only low in cost but why his service makes this low first cost the last cost.

Take advantage of these savings, and enjoy real battery satisfaction. If you don't know the National dealer, write us.

National Radio Batteries, both A and B, are engineered to better Radio reception and give Long Life service. See how they wake up your Radio.

NATIONAL LEAD BATTERY COMPANY

General Offices—St. Paul, Minn.

Factories—St. Paul, Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles.

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[DEALERS: Dealers of high character are invited to represent National Batteries in open territory. Write for full details of our business building plan.]

NATIONAL BATTERIES

NATIONAL LEADS THE WORLD IN BATTERY VALUE

except those occasional ones which he really desires to attend in person.

For even the most discriminating and serious-minded men can find in Washington the companionship of congenial spirits. It may take time to discover them, and they are not always encountered in the gold-plate-and-orchid atmosphere of big houses, but there is no excuse for the man who says he cannot find fruitful social life.

One of the most distinguished men in the capital rarely dines out, and is in fact sometimes spoken of as having a distaste for society. Yet in his own home he draws around him a great variety of interesting men and women. Another excellent host is a man whose taste is for another type of life. During the many years in which he served our country as diplomatic representative in foreign capitals, he acquired an extremely large acquaintance, which his capacity for friendship enriched. It is now his pleasure to bring together in his delightful house various distinguished visitors, as well as his Washington friends.

In short, everyone who is socially inclined can find at least one bubble which pleases him in the great opalescent mass. The creator and the business man may need more stimulating conditions in which to work, but perhaps they cannot be classified as socially inclined in the conventional interpretation of the phrase.

Washington is gradually becoming not only the political center of the United States but its social capital as well. The reason for this development will not be found in its climate, which is none too good, nor in its commercial enterprise, which is almost lacking, nor in fact in any of the things which geographies tell us are the causes for the growth of cities.

One who contemplates the White House will learn the true reason for the uniqueness of our capital. The great beauty and simplicity of this building contain a very definite symbolism, not so much of power as of an ideal of gracious and well-ordered living.

If one looks into the faces of the passers-by on the streets of Washington, one will rarely see the harassed and hectic expressions which are the rule in New York. There is instead a serenity here, something of the spirit of which the White House is a tangible expression.

The people who come from all parts of the United States to make their homes in their capital are often impelled by an unconscious desire to find something more nearly like the Americanism of an earlier generation.

The idea that all cities are either masculine or feminine has been attributed to various authors; certainly most people would agree that New York, Chicago and London are masculine cities and that Paris and Washington are distinctly feminine. Washington seems, indeed, like a gracious and charming woman whose many-sided character is difficult to analyze, and about whose brilliance there may be question, but who is certain of a lasting place in our affections.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

ANSON: Well, is it cold enough for you?

BUNSON: What's the weather like outside?

ANN: Snow has fallen to a depth of approximately five feet two and one-eighth inches. But it will soon stop and get much warmer.

BUNSON *(consulting his instruments doubtfully)*: What makes you think so?

ANN: A woman's intuition!

BUNSON *(shakes the barometer fiercely, drops some oil on the hair hygrometer and winds the clock)*: I certainly see no scientific reason ——

ANSON: What brings you here, girl? What dreadful thing has happened?

ANN *(hanging her head)*: Ruined!

BUNSON: What scoundrel ——

ANSON: You—you ——

ANN: The Delaware peach crop is ruined! When I read that news something seemed to snap in my brain. I grew suddenly sick of it all—sick of the perfect weather, of the warmth and sunshine, always, endlessly the same. I said: "I will go back to Medicine Hat, where they have weather that is weather!"

ANSON: That is right, girl, that is right. And now I will be at my reports. Did you say fair and warmer? *(Exit.)*

BUNSON: Ann, do you remember the warm September night—the humidity stood at 84, as I recall—when we sat and watched the moon in its first quarter, ever and anon obscured by scudding cirrus clouds?

ANN: Cumulus clouds.

BUNSON: You do remember! And you have come back, Ann! I feel my temperature rising; I seem to be passing through an intensive area of high pressure. Tell me that you will stay—with me—and together we will go through life, in fair weather or foul, through storm and sunshine, cyclone, simoon, sirocco and heat waves! Together we will run the Weather Bureau, I with my science, you with your woman's intuition! *[A clap of thunder is heard. The sun streams in at the window.*

ANN: See! The winter snows are over and spring is at hand. A rainbow! *(She takes his hand. They gaze together out of the window.)* The rainbow signifies Hope.

BUNSON: It signifies, my dear, that the light rays are refracted, then reflected, by the globules of rain, resulting in a spectrum, since refrangibility increases from red to violet.

[They embrace as the curtain descends.

—*Morris Bishop.*

"Oh, Sir, You Have Saved My Life! How Can I Ever Thank You? Just Think You Risked Your Life to Save Me. Oh, Kind Sir, You Don't Know How Grateful I Feel——"
Rescuer: "Aw, Shut Up, or I'll Throw You Back In!"

The White Pine Situation in 1926

There is no longer any reason why the man who must have Genuine White Pine cannot get it

YOU hear less today than you used to about the scarcity of White Pine. The reason is that in almost every community there is a growing number of lumber users—foundrymen, pattern-makers, skilled carpenters and fine artisans of one kind or another—who cannot be satisfied with any other wood than White Pine.

These men know White Pine for its remarkable durability under exposure to the weather—for its fine even texture—its ease of working—its ability, once in place, to hold true without warping or twisting or opening at the joints.

They have used other woods and they know the difference.

And because they have continued to demand it you will find in almost every community today at least one of the local lumber yards carrying a stock of Genuine White Pine and building a reputation for personal service and fine quality lumber that helps them to sell many a bill of ordinary dimension and boards.

THAT makes it increasingly difficult for the man who tries to induce you to accept a substitute on the excuse that "you can't get genuine White Pine any longer."

To disprove such a statement you have only to walk along to his competitor's yard and select just the pieces you want for the work in hand—not one of the woods sometimes sold as White Pine, but Weyerhaeuser Guaranteed Genuine White Pine, each piece species marked for your protection—made, processed and seasoned according to Weyerhaeuser standards of manufacture.

IF your local dealer does not have the particular grade of White Pine you want, have him get in touch with the nearest Weyerhaeuser representative or write us.

Weyerhaeuser Mills are manufacturing year in and year out hundreds of millions of feet of Genuine White Pine available to dealers in carload shipments from any one of eight different mill stocks, or mixed car shipments on 24-hours notice from a large centrally located distributing plant.

It is remarkable how easy it is to get White Pine when you find the dealer who is merchant enough to recognize that the biggest sales leader he can have is a regular following of local buyers, who know from experience that even at a higher price per thousand feet, Genuine White Pine in terms of the job in hand is more economical in the long run.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS

SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 S. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 806 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis; and with representatives throughout the country.

"I've found that 'time and tire-trouble wait for no man'. But I surely have discovered a way to save time when tire changes become necessary —it is the ATTACHED*-lug-rim. When a car is used for business as my Willys-Knight is—surely this one feature alone is priceless. There are other advantages as well, offered by the* ATTACHED*-lug-rim, which make it perfectly apparent that . . . .*

LOOSE LUGS ARE BEHIND THE TIMES" — David Beaton, Jr., 615 Colfax Street, Evanston, Ill.

10 Million Motorists *Know* This

This voluntary expression from Mr. David Beaton, Jr., is characteristic of the way every motorist feels about Hayes Wheels with the exclusive *Attached*-lug-rim. Their number is legion —ten million strong, representing those who have driven cars equipped with Hayes Wheels during the last seventeen years and *know*.

Here are Hayes wheel and rim differences that cannot be discounted—elimination of rim squeaks —elimination of torn valve stems—distribution of driving strain—saving of time in tire changes —saving of tire-wear—saving in service expense. These exclusive advantages are too evident to admit of any possibility of contradiction.

There is just as much reason for having the latest wheel equipment as there is any other time and temper saving and convenience features offered by the modern motor car. There is one way to get these features and only one—Specify Hayes Wheels on your next motor car.

HAYES WHEEL COMPANY, *Manufacturers*, Jackson, Michigan

Factories: Jackson, Albion, Flint, St. John's, Mich.; Anderson, Ind.; Nashville, Tenn. Canadian Plants: Chatham and Merritton, Ont. Export Office: 30 Water St., New York City

HAYES WHEELS

WITH ATTACHED LUG RIMS ~ STANDARDIZED IN WOOD, WIRE AND DISC

CITY AND FARM

(Continued from Page 29

been relatively matched in most other cities. If the men and women who have picked a profit out of city or suburban real estate in the past five years were laid end to end they would reach from Florida to almost anywhere. And if the other men and women who are now regretfully observing "Five years ago I could have bought that lot for ——" were stood side by side they would need the Great Wall of China to wail against.

High Rents and High Wages

Probably there is not a city of more than 100,000 that cannot point with pride—and some envy—to its new real-estate nabob or nabobs. Two shrewd and industrious young men have bought themselves into control of a great railroad system with the profits and prestige of successful suburb building in Cleveland. Down in Kentucky another pair, who began their business careers with romantic appropriateness by selling newspapers on the street, and are still, I believe, on the green side of middle age, have thirty subdivisions to their credit. Few cities, if any, could be left out of a complete catalogue of like cases.

Two features of this dynamic building program must be especially noted: The suburban dwellings are built to sell, not to rent, and rents of the new city apartments are set at figures that we associated with the incomes of bank presidents twenty years ago. Farther West, and around smaller industrial centers, new suburban dwellings may be priced as low as $5000 each. At the outskirts of the big Eastern hives $10,000 is about the minimum. As for apartments in big cities, anything quoted at a less rental than $200 a room a year is considered quite remarkable—from that up to $30,000 a year for the flat. The other day New York newspapers encouraged their readers by announcing a new and very extensive building project in a neighborhood hitherto most unfashionable. By using that comparatively cheap land, far over on the East Side, and by big-scale production, the managers hope to provide 10,000 people with very comfortable habitations at rents as low as $500 a year a room, against $1000 a year a room for similar accommodations elsewhere. The sum expended by a city family in moderately well-to-do circumstances for a full year's rent two decades ago will soon be looked upon as hardly adequate for the janitor's Christmas tip.

Hundreds of square miles thickly planted with handsome new residences selling at $10,000 up. Other square miles of floor space in lofty apartment buildings where a small habitation for a family costs $1800 a year up. New huge hotels that are usually full, so that a traveler hardly dare venture into any American city without having a room reserved in advance. Where do all these people come from? Where do they get the money?

Mostly, of course, they came from the country—not in 1923, 1924 or 1925, but originally, so that a city-born American of middle age is still something of a curiosity. And in 1923, 1924 and 1925 they were still coming from the country. As to where they get the money, the political economy that middle-aged men read in their youths, if they read any, and whose statement of economics still lingers in their minds, whether they read the books or not, needs to have elevators, telephones, electric lights and modern plumbing put into it; for it is as out of date as the gaslighted, furnace-heated Grand Palace Hotel of 1850. It does not give an adequate account of the citizens referred to.

Some of these new city flat renters and suburban house buyers are wage earners. Recently building-trade unions in New York presented their ideas of a proper wage scale for 1926. Bricklayers, stonemasons, marble masons, now getting $12 a day, ask for $16. Plasterers now getting $12 ask for $14. Helpers in the building trades who got $3 a day in 1913 and now get $8 ask for $10. Twelve dollars a day for 300 days would make a yearly income of $3600. Sometimes, but not so often as formerly, building workmen get a very substantial daily bonus on top of the union wage scale. So handsome suburban houses and flats renting at figures that would have inspired newspaper reporters of ten years ago to call them exclusive are by no means beyond the reach of wage earners nowadays.

Some other flat renters and house buyers are mere capitalists. But after all reasonable allowance for manual laborers on one side of the picture and capitalists on the other side, there is still a great gap that comprises the larger share of the canvas. It is filled by men and women who do not contribute manual labor to the general scheme of production and distribution. Except incidentally, they do not contribute capital. What they put in is personal ability and experience. By one definition they belong to the once-despised white-collar class.

Theoretically the perfection of machinery should eliminate common unskilled labor. Already in many lines there is clear evidence that the improvement of machinery is having that effect, or tending to that effect. But it is obvious also that improvement of machinery requires more mental labor. Better machines imply less muscular exertion but more mental exertion.

Finding Markets

Mechanical production is capable of indefinite expansion. When cobblers made shoes by hand the number that could be made was strictly limited by the number of cobblers, and the number of cobblers by the total population. Now the number of shoes that may be made is limited only by the market. There would be no difficulty in making as many as could be sold at a profit, whatever that number might be. The analogy holds good throughout the field of machine production, which is pretty much the whole field except for agriculture, and even agriculture is more and more machine produced. The output of farm products per man has been rising steadily for years.

Production comes first, and always must; but with our present plant capacity and as a day-to-day problem of business managers, the emphasis is at least as much on finding markets for all sorts of things as on making the things. The more machinery or the better machinery, the more the emphasis on finding markets. Market finding in all its ramifications is a white-collar job.

The machine itself requires more and more technicians of all sorts. Marketing its products requires more and more technicians on that side. The consequent crowding and complexity require more and more adjusters and mediators of all kinds. Run through any big-city directory. Perhaps you will be surprised at the number of societies, associations, committees—some quite useful and some useless—that are engaged in reducing frictions and oiling cogs at some point or other.

The simple political economy that most of us got some notion of in our youth took into account capital and labor as the sources of wealth—labor in the sense of manual work. It acknowledged agriculture as a blend of capital and labor. It may have glanced briefly at an indefinite and rather negligible set of persons who were not capital, labor or agriculture, and yet made a living. I think I am right in saying that most of us began life with an idea that capital, manual labor and farming comprised the only factors in the production of wealth worth bothering about—with, of course, a mere fringe of professional people, and the like. But the fringe is now a large part of the whole carpet and growing faster than any other figure in the pattern.

"Look—We Have Enough Gas to Make It!"

The sign says 17 miles. The Telegage says two gallons—and it "cannot tell a lie."

TO be able to see at a glance, right in front of your eyes, the exact number of gallons of fuel on hand, not only sets your mind at ease, but will actually save you from many a disagreeable and dangerous situation.

Many motor car manufacturers recognize this already. On twelve leading automobiles, the K-S Telegage is standard equipment. Today one out of every three cars costing $1,000 or over leaves the factory with this important accessory on the instrument board. Its protection is also available for many other cars, listed on the coupon below.

The K-S Telegage is exact to the fraction of a gallon; dependable because there is nothing to get out of order. Nothing moves but the faithful red column, which before your eyes registers every change in your fuel supply—as you put it in—as it is used. This accuracy is shown by a simple test. With a gallon measure pour one gallon of gasoline in the tank at a time. The red liquid in the Telegage will record it exactly gallon for gallon.

Ask your car dealer about the K-S Telegage. He can install it quickly and easily. The tank unit fits into the float gauge opening and a template (furnished) makes it simple to fit the Telegage on the instrument board. Or we will send instrument for your car complete with directions for installing, on receipt of price, $8.50. Simply mark coupon below, and enclose with check.

KING-SEELEY CORPORATION
294 SECOND STREET ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

Complete Ready to Install
$8.50

The K-S Telegage is standard equipment on these leading cars.

Wills Ste. Claire 8
Paige
Willys-Knight 6
Nash Advanced 6
*Oakland
Studebaker
Wills Ste. Claire 6
*Oldsmobile
Willys-Knight 4
Reo Sedan Bus
Ruggles Bus
Commerce Bus

**Standard equipment on de luxe models; optional equipment on other models*

The K-S GASOLINE Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE

Put a check mark in front of the car you drive. If your car is not listed here write us. It may be included in our next list of installations.

KING-SEELEY CORPORATION, Accessory Division, 294 Second St., Ann Arbor, Mich.
Gentlemen: Send me one Telegage as marked below:

☐ Dodge, 1920-26
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☐ Buick Standard 6, All
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☐ Nash Special 6, 1925
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☐ Nash Advanced 6, 1922-25
☐ Hudson, 1921-26
☐ Olds 6, 1925-26
☐ Oakland 6, 1924-26
☐ Reo [illegible] 26
☐ Flint 40 1924-25
☐ Buick Master 6 not equipped with dash gauge, 1924-26
☐ Buick Master 6 equipped with dash gauge, 1925-26

Write your name on margin below, tear out coupon, and mail to us with your check.

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- for easy writes the hand that holds "Ti-con-der-oga".
- hence, its great increasing popularity in office, store, factory and school. An easy-going lead in an easy-holding shape. No wonder it is liked by all hands everywhere.

60¢ Per dozen

Look for this unique dozen box at your dealer's

Write for Sample

Write direct to us if your dealer does not have Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" Pencils — enclose five cents—and we will send you a full-length sample pencil.

Made in the U. S. A. by
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Pencil Dept. 8-J Jersey City, New Jersey

Every industrial invention, though it may reduce the use of unskilled labor, will evoke its contingent of engineers, superintendents, salesmen, and the like. For example, from 1910 to 1920 the number of garage keepers in the United States increased 700 per cent. In steam and electrical transportation the number of common laborers decreased 13 per cent, but the number of higher-salaried employes increased 60 per cent. In manufactures the number of company officers, managers and superintendents increased only a fraction under 100 per cent, standing in 1920 at 249,941. Accountants and auditors increased 200 per cent, standing in 1920 at 118,154.

In the census decade the number of persons engaged in professional service increased by 450,000, in round numbers; but the number engaged in domestic service decreased 360,000. That decrease all occurs in the column headed Female. On the next page you recover many of the missing ones in Stenographers and Typists; 615,154—an increase of nearly 300,000 in ten years. That also, in its way, is a mutation of unskilled labor into technical white-collar labor. Therefore it is in line with the march of the times, however housewives may deplore it and irrespective of whether or not the economic reward of a stenographer equals that of a cook. The white-collar gang grows apace.

The special census of manufacturers tells the same story. From 1909 to 1923 the number of wage earners in that broad field increased 32 per cent, but the number of salaried employes increased 60 per cent. This, of course, does not mean that wage labor gets less of the total product of manufactures. On the contrary, the wage pay roll in the period mentioned above multiplied by more than three; so though wage labor got only 30 per cent of the total value produced by manufacturers in 1909, it got nearly 43 per cent in 1923. But the white-collar brigade of all ranks grew faster than the manual-labor brigade. That is a typical result of the increased use of machinery.

A Rising Market for Ability

Already, taking all gainful occupations, for every three and a third wage earners there is one salary earner. Many of the salary earners get smaller pay than skilled wage earners, but a positively large number of them get decidedly more. And among the occupants of new expensive city flats, a great many gain a livelihood neither by drawing a salary nor clipping coupons, but by professional fees, as in the case of an engineer, commissions, as in the case of a broker, royalties, as in the case of an inventor, and a hundred and one other forms of income that is derived from personal exertion. You do not need capital in order to occupy an expensive urban apartment, but only ability, the market for which grows daily.

A rough-and-ready picture in little of how the people of the United States gain a livelihood may be composed from a new publication on income by the National Bureau of Economics. It gives the total number of inhabitants gainfully employed at something more than 40,000,000. That is an unwieldy string of ciphers, however. Boil them all down to an even 100, and 58 would be wage earners, 17.5 would be salary earners, 15.5 would be farmers—excluding farm hands working for wages, who are counted in the 58 wage earners—while the other 9 would be what economists call *entrepreneurs*, other than farmers. That means persons who are occupied in the undertaking of gainful processes—what we commonly call business men. Farmers are business men, too, and therefore are included in the bureau's column of *entrepreneurs;* but it is possible to separate them from the others in that column, as above.

There are no capitalists in the picture, because capitalists, in the strict sense of a class subsisting solely by reason of ownership of capital, are too insignificant to find a place in any such summary. In varying proportions, the country's capital is supplied by all four of the above classes. In proof of that one need only refer to such well-known items as $77,000,000,000 of farm wealth, by the census of 1920, $23,000,000,000 in savings deposits and 360,000 stockholders in one corporation.

There was once a cheerful disposition to regard white collars, except when worn by capitalists, statesmen and editors, as fairly negligible or even as the sign of a parasite. But technical men of all sorts, which includes a bond salesman as much as an auditor, an insurance adjuster as much as an engineer, are vital parts of the modern industrial process. Without them in increasing numbers it could not expand. A farmer in Kansas, a wage earner at the throttle of a locomotive and a banker in Chicago could not move a pound of wheat a mile without the coöperation of hordes of persons in white collars. People who contribute neither manual labor nor capital, except in an incidental way, take an increasingly prominent place in the picture. The field thus broadly indicated is particularly the field of opportunity for ambitious youth.

The Lure of the Great City

If we had the figures for an exact comparison running back a century, they would undoubtedly show that the three other classes in the summary given above have been steadily gaining at the expense of farmers; the relative number of farmers has been steadily declining. That movement is operating today with as great vigor as ever. Probably it never operated more vigorously than in the past ten years. And that connotes the failure of one of the best-meant and most extensive collective efforts of recent years.

Long before the World War intelligent and benevolent citizens all over the country were trying to check the exodus from farm to town—not merely by exhortation but by making farm life actually more profitable and agreeable. Agriculture, they pointed out, was the basic industry; the swollen cities were congested with people already; farming, properly managed, offered better opportunities for an agreeable and useful life than the rural adventurer could reasonably hope to find in cluttered industrial hives. Hardly a man or a woman who was in a position to attract wide public attention failed to lend some aid to this campaign. Many improvements in farming, in marketing methods and in the conditions of rural life generally were put in practice. The World War not only decidedly increased farm profits but threw new energy into the propaganda. Preaching Back to the Farm became a patriotic duty. This effort can point with pride to some big permanent gains. Various improvements in farming, in marketing and in the general conditions of rural life were accomplished.

All the same, people have not gone back to the farm. They have not even stayed on the farm. The gain in city population relatively to farm population continues. The last census shows less than 30 per cent of the inhabitants of the United States living on farms. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Jersey the farm population is only 5 per cent of the total. We might have expected that of the effete East; but in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin little more than a fifth of the population live on farms. In Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas rather less than two-fifths of the people live on farms. Outside of the old South, only the two Dakotas and Oklahoma have a farm population that outnumbers the town population. In the old South a large portion of the farm population is colored and doesn't count very heavily in elections, so if there should be a strict division of votes between farm and town, only the two Dakotas and Oklahoma could be positively assigned to the farm column.

(Continued on Page 173)

L. M. Pool, President
Marine Bank & Trust Co.,
New Orleans

BANKER

"Celotex houses are good collateral. As a fuel saver alone this material is superior to anything we know about. It is extremely economical in the end."

R. W. Brown, Vice Pres.,
R. W. Brown Inc.,
Belleville, N. J.

BUILDER

"Celotex keeps rooms cool in summer and makes them so easy to heat in winter. Under plaster, it provides a smooth, even surface and saves time and material."

J. Elmer McPhee, Secretary,
McPhee & McGinnity Co.,
Denver

LUMBER DEALER

Finding a workable insulation at reasonable cost was for many years a problem. Celotex has solved that problem. We regard it as the best insulation on the market for new homes."

George F. Nixon, President,
The George F. Nixon Co.
Chicago

REALTORS

Area Developers

"We build only modern, comfortable, attractive homes. Celotex is being used either under plaster or as sheathing throughout our entire Highland Park building development."

R. A. Volk, Chief Engineer,
Mauritz & Young, Inc.,
St. Louis

ARCHITECTS

"We have used Celotex in a great many of our residences. The owners are well pleased with the [illegible] and not heat and cold and its sound-proofing."

Wm. F. Blades,
Evanston, Illinois

CONTRACTOR

"As a builder of large and small high-grade North Shore homes, I have successfully used Celotex as insulation under plaster. And when used as roof boards under tile, it gives insulation at [illegible]"

ADVICE
from the building authorities

The practice of building heat-leaking houses is soon to end. Read these facts before you THINK *of putting any money into a house.*

Men who know, see a great change taking place in building practice. They are warning people against building with only ordinary materials. In perhaps less than five years, they say, such houses will be out-of-date. That is because most houses are poor shelters. They leak heat.

In winter, ordinary houses have cold north rooms . . . draughty hallways . . . chilly floors. The costly furnace heat fairly flows through solid walls and roofs.

In summer, the sun beats right through them. Remember stifling days . . . sleepless nights . . . oven-like rooms.

Walls may SEEM *solid yet leak heat*

Ordinary building materials do not effectively stop heat. No matter how solidly your house is built, it can not be a modern shelter unless you use a heat-stopping material.

Celotex Insulating Lumber practically stops heat (see chart below). It shuts out wind and moisture. It deadens sound.

Comfort never found in ordinary homes

Build with Celotex to make your home winter-warm, summer-cool . . . economical to heat . . . free from draughts . . . quiet . . . strong.

Just as Celotex gives comfort and health protection never to be found in ordinary homes, so it offers advantages found in no other heat-stopping material.

Build a stronger house with Celotex. It is much stronger in wall sections than the wood lumber it replaces. It is the *only* effective insulation which provides this greater strength and is not an extra item in the building.

Great advantages at little or no extra cost

Celotex adds practically nothing to the cost of a house, because it takes the place of other building materials.

① As sheathing, Celotex replaces wood gives greater strength to the house walls and adds insulation. Celotex makes building paper unnecessary. It gives far better protection against wind and moisture.

② On inside walls plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex. This eliminates the use of lath, and forms stronger, insulated walls.

③ Celotex eliminates the use of deadening felt. Sound does not pass through it readily.

④ Celotex does away with any extra insulation. It gives heat-stopping value, equal to the best.

LOOK AHEAD!

Home builders, look ahead to bitter cold . . . costly fuel . . . stifling heat . . . health protection . . . upkeep expense . . . the re-sale value of your home. Build with Celotex to stop heat-leaking . . . save fuel . . . obtain comfort . . . protect health . . . and add strength.

New comfort for old homes

You can enjoy a big measure of Celotex comfort in the house you now live in. Simply line your attic and basement with Celotex. That helps a lot, costs little.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. All lumber dealers can supply it. Leaders in these lines advise its use.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Mills: New Orleans, La.
Branch Sales Offices in many cities—(See telephone books for addresses)

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

Free Building Book

Even if you are not planning on building soon, the Celotex Building Book will interest you. It explains fully this great stride forward in building progress. Use the coupon below for a free copy.

The Celotex Company, Dept. M-72
645 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send the Celotex Building Book

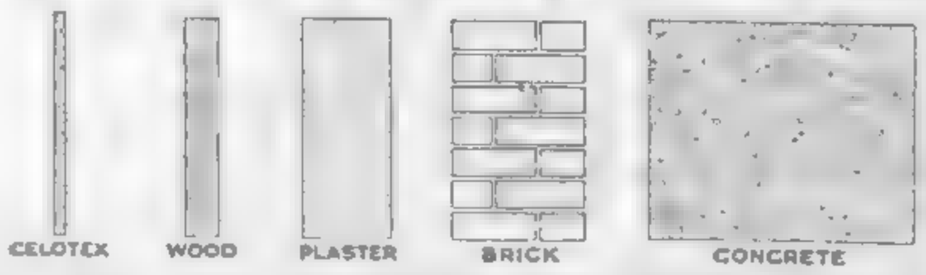
Name

Street

City State

Build for winter-warmth, summer-coolth

Ordinary building materials do not stop heat. Whereas Celotex does stop heat with an effectiveness *three* times that of wood, *eight* times that of plaster board, *twelve* times that of solid brick, and *twenty-five* times that of solid concrete.



"Comfort First" brings the *sleep of youth*

With the introduction of the "spring-filled" mattress has come a new conception of bed comfort. For this modern mattress, identified by the "Comfort First" label shown above, supplies a vital element of complete comfort and healthful relaxation which all old-fashioned mattress fillings lacked.

It is *buoyancy* furnished by the hundreds of lively, yet pliant, Nachman springs which make up the inner filling.

As you recline on the spring-filled mattress, your whole body sinks in. The flexible springs *give*. But they push up, too, fill in the hollows and thus afford uniform, full-length support, the true secret of rest-giving. It is this easy flexibility, not found in ordinary fillings alone, which gives the delightful buoyancy so necessary to natural, youthful, recreative sleep.

Nachman Spring Units are preferred because of quality and unit construction. They are scientifically coiled from specially treated steel wire of tremendous vitality. It is due to this *vitality* that a mattress filled with Nachman Spring Units does not develop lumps or become unsightly. Even after thousands of depressions and years of use, these lively little springs rebound—come back to normal. That is why mattresses built around Nachman Spring Units retain their comfort, and their clean cut, trimly tailored lines for years.

If you need new mattresses, follow the lead of great hotels, clubs and thousands of homes. Use the "spring-filled" kind. And to be sure you get a mattress built with Nachman Spring Units, look for the "Comfort First" label shown above. If you cannot find a dealer who displays this label, write us. We will advise you where to find one and send you a free copy of our interesting booklet, entitled "Comfort First." No obligation.

THE NACHMAN SPRING-FILLED COMPANY, *Chicago, Illinois*

NACHMAN
Spring UNITS

FOR UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE . . . MATTRESSES . . . MOTOR CAR SEATS

(Continued from Page 170)

Not that there is the slightest likelihood of a strict division of votes between town and farm; but constantly hearing about the powerful farm vote may give an erroneous idea of the size of the farm population today. Relatively it has dwindled and is dwindling. To argue against that fact is to argue against the wind and the tide. It is facts, conditions, experience that send people to town rather than to the farm. All the arguing has been against the movement, and futile.

With a growing market and a relatively smaller number of producers, the economic condition of the producers ought to improve. If skilled workmen in New York building trades get $12 a day and ask for $16, the fact that the number of union workmen—who alone are eligible for jobs—increases very slowly may have something to do with it. But many spokesmen for farmers declare that their position does not improve. Some spokesmen aver that it has grown worse. Offhand, and on general principles, that would sound incredible.

The Best Market in the World

By the 1920 census, 31,614,269 persons live on farms and get a livelihood directly out of the soil. They have almost 1,000,000,000 acres of farm land from which to extract a living. After feeding themselves, they have a domestic market consisting of 80,000,000 town dwellers who must buy farm produce in order to live. And in comparing this domestic market with any other in the world, a mere count of noses tells only half the story, for its buying power per capita is far above that of any other big market, as shown by its yearly consumption of automobiles, telephones, electric lights and numberless other things that are classed as luxuries in every other big market.

In France and Italy about 20,000,000 people live on the soil and get a living directly out of it. After feeding themselves, they have in each case a domestic market of about 20,000,000 persons, whose buying power is low by American standards. In Italy the soil is rather inferior to ours. Now if 20,000,000 Italians, cultivating 50,000,000 acres of rather inferior soil and feeding 20,000,000 other Italians whose highest wage scale is under $1.50 a day, can make a living at all—can merely subsist—then 31,000,000 Americans, with nearly 1,000,000,000 farm acres and with 80,000,000 other Americans to feed, ought to be nabobs rolling in wealth. So stating the case, that conclusion looks unavoidable.

Of course an Italian or French peasant, comparing the manner in which American farmers live with the manner in which he lives, would call them nabobs. But they do not so call themselves by a long shot. On the contrary, their protests are, and for a generation have been, one of the issues of the day. Pretty much everything goes by comparison. While American farmers are affluent by comparison with European tillers of the soil, they are not affluent by comparison with a great many American town dwellers. Of course they make the comparison nearest at hand.

Economists call them *entrepreneurs*—undertakers and managers of gainful enterprises. And that they are. They own the greatest natural resource in the world—the food-producing land of the United States. They have an enormous capital investment. But when they compare themselves with other capital-owning and enterprise-managing business men they say they are getting the short end of the stick. In proportion to the capital invested and the quantity of energy expended, farming in the past ten years—or in almost any other decade—has been less profitable than a great many other lines of industry.

Farm population comprises nearly 30 per cent of total population. Farm wealth, by the last census, was 24 per cent of total wealth. But according to the National Bureau of Economic Research, farm income in the boom year 1919 was a fraction under 18 per cent of total income, while in the slump year 1921 it was only 10 per cent of the total. Various other people make money faster than farmers do.

If anybody is going to compare himself with anybody else, he will probably, by a common and rather admirable human trait, compare himself with somebody who is better off rather than with somebody who is worse off. That may make him discontented; but it may also make him hump. Ambitious country youths make comparisons with people who are well off. Very often when such a youth turns to the city he has a covetous eye on one of the white-collar jobs. All institutions of so-called higher learning, especially in the Middle West, have their contingent of farm youths who are equipping themselves for technical careers.

The economic territory occupied by the buyers of new suburban homes and renters of new city flats attracts them. No capital is necessary to enter it.

Personal incomes in the brackets from $3000 up to $25,000 comprise nearly half the total personal income reported to the collector of internal revenue. Much the greater part of it comes from personal exertion rather than from possession of capital. It is only in the higher levels that income derived solely from possession of capital amounts to as much as a third of the total. Of course some incomes of $10,000 up are farm incomes, but more are not.

Nobody, however, ever got much personal comfort or inspiration out of mass statistics. Country boys and girls know by their own observation that more people with ample incomes live in the city than on the farm. Naturally they expect to land among the prize winners. There is little good in telling them that they are quite as likely not to. At any rate we haven't got anywhere nationally by telling them that, for they still go to town. In the last census decade, which included the prosperous war years, land in farms increased 77,000,000 acres; but 61,000,000 acres of that increase occurred in Montana, New Mexico, Colorado and the Dakotas. Adding Arizona and Nebraska, you have nearly the whole net increase. Wisconsin, Florida and Michigan were the only states east of the Mississippi that showed an increase. In Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Tennessee and Iowa the decreases averaged near 500,000 acres for each state.

Why Go Back to the Farm?

Notwithstanding all we have said and done to induce people to stay on the farm, or to move back to the farm from the town, in all the well-settled states farming tends to decline as measured by the number of acres and the number of persons. It is an outstanding illustration of how very much things go their own way in spite of all our well-meant efforts to push them in the way we think they ought to go.

In fact, there is no economic reason for wishing a greater farm area or a greater farm population. There is no shortage of foodstuffs or of other farm produce. Relatively the prices of farm products are not high. If farmers as a whole do not make a good profit now, what benevolent soul could conscientiously urge an important increase in farm output, which would be sure to lower prices? Many students of the situation hold that our farm population already produces too much wheat, one year with another, for when a surplus must be sold abroad there will probably be years in which the crop will prove unprofitable. With steadily increasing use of machinery, the farm output per man will rise in the future as in the past.

There is no likelihood that the farm population will ever relatively increase. So far as our back-to-the-farm program aimed to reverse the ratio of city growth to farm growth, we may as well wrap it up and lay it away in a museum. The practical problem now is not to increase farm area or farm population, but to make farming more steadily profitable to the present population.

"SOUND YOUR HORN SANELY"

Do we forget courtesy *when driving?*

DO you realize that your car signal gives the public the right or wrong impression of you as a driver? Needless loud signaling often makes a safe, sane, courteous driver appear ill-bred and overbearing.

Here is another reason why your car should be equipped with a Fulton-Aermore Horn—the car signal which truly represents the courteous driver. Sounds a gentle, soft-voiced warning, or a quick imperative signal—always pleasant, always courteous.

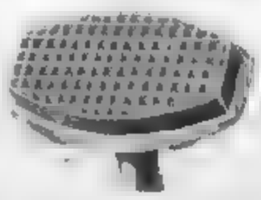
Ask your dealer or write us, giving name and model of your car.

Easy to Install. Price Complete with Valve and Hand Control

No 000	Extra deep tone Motor Bus Special	$16
No 00	22 in. length, for large cars	14
No 0	17 in. length, for medium cars	12
No 1	15 in. length, for small cars	10
Ford Special, 13 in. length		7

FULTON AERMORE Exhaust Horn
The Signal With a Smile

PATENTED



Fulton-Perfection Pedal Pads

They cushion your pedals with soft, live rubber, firmly encased in nickeled frames. Keep your feet firmly on the pedals—adds safety to driving. For all makes of cars, $1.00 per set.

Type 7, illustrated above, for Buick, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Dodge, Oldsmobile, Packard, Studebaker

Ford Owners

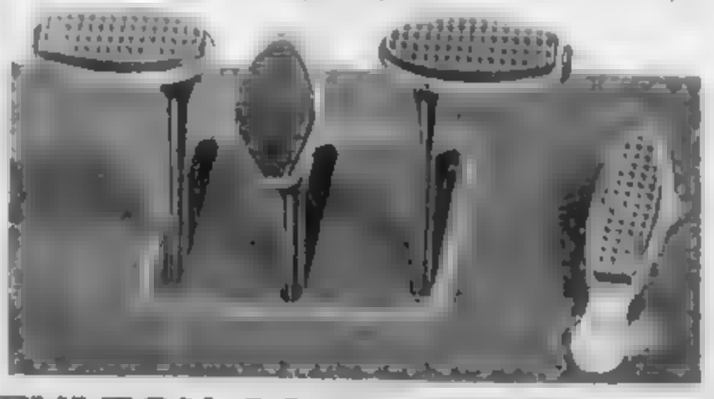
Here is the combination that adds greatly to comfort, safety and convenience when driving.

Fulton-Perfection Pedal Pads

for brake, clutch and reverse pedals. Keep your feet from slipping off the pedals. Adjustable to any position, especially valuable in wet weather. Type [illegible] $1

New Improved Fulton Accelerator

Smooth acting. Simple to attach and operate. Neat rubber-covered pedal. The SAFE installation—5 inches away from brake pedal. Fits all model Fords. Complete $1



Milwaukee THE FULTON COMPANY Wisconsin

Get your *share* of
on the *Treasure Chest*
GULF COAST

The gold of commerce—the gold of agriculture—the golden hours of sun-warmed pleasure, make this God-favored section a veritable treasure chest from which you should take your share of the jewels.

The Gulf Coast is a place to rest and to play—a place to live and to prosper. Get away from winter's bleakness and see the "Riviera of America," where the climate is fine.

Riding—hunting—golfing (grass greens)—boating—fishing—polo—tennis—motoring—all are at their best—and the sun smiles you a welcome almost every day. Reach this enchanted country from the north by

The Pan-American

One day and one night's ride from Cincinnati and Louisville on one of the world's finest trains. All-Pullman, all travel luxuries. Ladies' lounge room, ladies' shower and ladies' maid. Club car, valet service and men's shower and radio-library-observation car. L. & N. superior dining car service all the way (no better food to be had at any price). Fastest and best service from the East by the

CRESCENT LIMITED

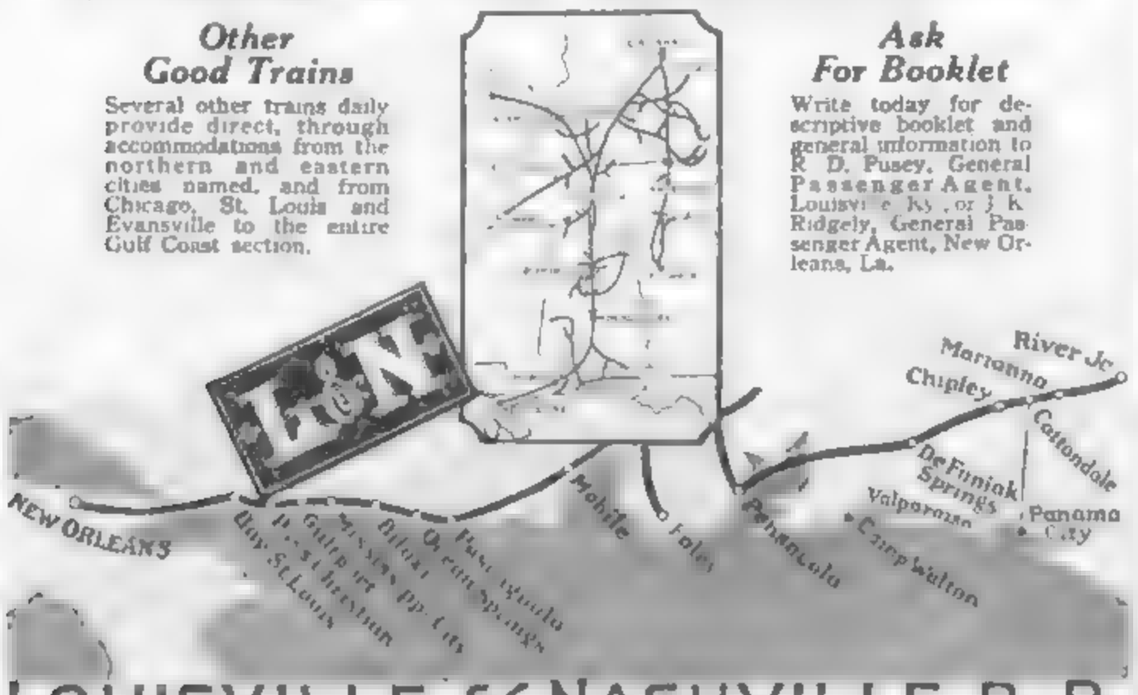
An all-steel, all-Pullman train from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington to New Orleans. Club and observation cars, compartment and drawing room sleeping cars, showers for men and women, maid and valet service.

Other Good Trains

Several other trains daily provide direct, through accommodations from the northern and eastern cities named, and from Chicago, St. Louis and Evansville to the entire Gulf Coast section.

Ask For Booklet

Write today for descriptive booklet and general information to R. D. Pusey, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or J. K. Ridgely, General Passenger Agent, New Orleans, La.



LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R.R.

I believe it is possible to point out one way in which that can be done.

Bear in mind there never was any program, campaign or propaganda to get people into the cities. All the organized, consciously aimed social efforts were on the other side. But things went their own way. Citizens who have been buying suburban homes and renting city flats belong mainly to an economic class in whose behalf, or for whose guidance, nobody has ever thought of lifting a benevolent finger. Some of them, to be sure, are wage earners; but only a very hardy benevolence exercises itself much over the condition of a bricklayer getting $12 a day and asking $16. Generally speaking, the most poorly paid wage earners have been so little included in the new building activity that in New York several plans have been brought forward to enlist state aid, in one form or another, in order to provide them with habitations. Mostly the new house buyers and flat renters have made it strictly on their own, without even a small-type footnote in any sort of social or political uplift. Nobody has dreamed of a white-collar bloc in Congress, or of a lobby, or of a paragraph of legislation. They have been let alone, to work out their own problems in their own way. That is one reason why they can buy $20,000 houses and rent $2000 flats.

On the other hand, there has been no half year in a generation when some political movement or program in supposed aid of farmers was not on the carpet at Washington and in the newspapers. Farmers, I believe, have got more outside advice and been promised more aid from outside than any other inhabitants of the United States. Without an adding machine, one would hardly attempt to count up all the movements for the alleged benefit of agriculture in the past generation. But one knows offhand that those which attracted most attention and enlisted the greatest effort have taken a political form; also that the net agricultural benefits resulting from all political campaigns whatsoever are of a microscopical character.

The Public Can't Do It

All effort that has gone into political movements has been wasted. The same effort applied in a more promising direction might well have brought tangible results. The man who expends effort in a hopeless direction not only loses his labor but misses his opportunity for useful exertion.

An illustration of that is furnished by the day's news. It is generally held that greater control by farmers over the marketing of farm products would make agriculture more profitable. A great deal of effort has been expended to make the public supply the capital and organization for greater control of marketing. All that effort has come to nothing. There is no likelihood that it ever will come to anything. But meanwhile, in many lines and localities, farmers have helped themselves to greater control of marketing through coöperation. They have succeeded where they relied upon themselves and failed where they relied upon the public, for the public, as a matter of fact, cannot help anybody except by giving him a pension. Efforts to make the public do it not only lose their own labor but defer the opportunity for self-help.

Time was, no doubt, when nearly everybody shared in the error which has misled many farmers. That is, they pictured the public as a sort of Michelangelo divinity gracefully reclining on a cloud, with nothing in particular to do except hear petitions and correct wrongs. In that view of it there was an obvious temptation for everybody to take his troubles to the public and ask redress. But longer experience and more careful thinking have utterly banished that public to keep company with Jupiter and Mars. There never has been a public that was steadily and intelligently interested in other people's problems. There never can be.

There are some 40,000,000 gainfully employed persons. There are 29,000,000 citizens who take the trouble to vote in presidential elections, which is about half the number that might vote if they wanted to. Whatever public there is for political purposes is made up of those two overlapping masses of individuals, every one of whom is quite fully occupied with problems of his own. Generally when he is done struggling with his own problems for the day he wants to go to the movies, read a story, visit with the neighbors or otherwise divert himself—and not study other people's problems.

Even with the most benevolent intentions, it is quite out of the question that any but an infinitesimal fraction of the 80,000,000 persons who live in towns can understand the problems of a farmer. Nobody can understand the problems of any business except by living with that business or by devoting to the study of it an amount of time and effort that very few men have the leisure or inclination to give any affairs except their own.

Farmers Know Their Business Best

About nine town dwellers out of ten know simply that foodstuffs are not cheap. Their own household budgets tell them that much. They know that spokesmen for farmers say agriculture is not getting a fair deal. Occasionally they read a magazine article or the newspaper summary of a speech. But that they can ever take home to themselves the problems of a complicated business like farming, study them and reach sound conclusions about them is entirely out of the question.

They know, for example, that farm spokesmen say freight rates on farm products are too high, and that railroad spokesmen eloquently deny it. The Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington is the best-informed body of railroad rate experts in the world. But before the commission will say that any rate or set of rates is too high or too low it must give the subject long and close study, after calling for all the available evidence. It is ridiculous to suppose that the man in the street, on the basis of the very scanty and haphazard information in his possession, can give an intelligent opinion on any set of rates. If he could the Interstate Commerce Commission would be not only a useless but a quite absurd body.

That holds for all the special problems in the special business of farming. Only the insiders, who live with the problems, or here and there a rare outsider who makes a careful study of them, can reach an intelligent opinion. A heterogeneous public, every member of which is busy with his or her own affairs and by natural inclination indifferent to other affairs, can judge anything only by some very broad and simple rules. Anybody, for example, can give you an intelligent opinion that robbery is wrong, or that no set of citizens should be given an unfair advantage over any other set. The broad simple rule of a common sense of justice supplies the answer.

But when it comes to applying the rule to a particular case you may turn to the venerable tariff for an example. Any import duty on a manufactured article will give the manufacturer a certain advantage. But at what particular point in each clause of a tariff bill does the advantage become unfair and the gain to the manufacturer outweigh the gain to the public? That question has been debated in the United States for more than 100 years; but public opinion is no nearer to an answer than it was at the beginning, because no broad general rule is applicable. The moment you try to apply the general rule of no unfair advantage to any tariff bill it resolves itself into a hundred and one detailed questions of exactly what per cent here and what per cent there.

Democrats will say 10 per cent here and 15 per cent there. Republicans will say 20 per cent here and 40 per cent there. Each will aver that its percentage is a heaven-sent revelation and support the assertion with a mass of documentary evidence that

(Continued on Page 177)

This is Why a Million American Women enthusiastically endorse ZANOL Service

You can have absolute confidence in the Zanol Representative who wears this button. It is an emblem of honesty, loyalty and service. It is a guarantee of the highest standards of business ethics and perfect satisfaction in any dealings with our representatives

TODAY Zanol Service is enthusiastically endorsed by a million American women. The reason is quickly seen. American women prefer products of supreme quality, of absolute purity and of rare excellence. American women prefer to have every dollar buy the greatest value that can possibly be secured. Zanol Service gives all these things—and more. It insures that everything is delivered as fresh as the day it was made. It offers the convenience of buying in the comfort of your own home—the modern way to buy.

A New Standard of Value and Service

Zanol Service was founded eighteen years ago upon the idea of giving to its customers, in higher quality and greater values, the tremendous savings effected by direct selling, and the first-hand guarantee of the maker that they must be pleased in every respect.

Zanol Service grew. It established itself in the cities. It reached the towns and villages. Today, a million women are Zanol customers. Today there are 350 products made in the Zanol pure food kitchens and laboratories—pure food products, dainty toilet preparations, exquisite perfumes and soaps, and household necessities. Sales reach far up into the millions of dollars per year. Six thousand people are required to take Zanol Service to our customers.

This outstanding growth of Zanol Service could be made possible only in one way—by giving products of unusual merit and by rendering a better service to the women of America.

Quality and Purity Unexcelled

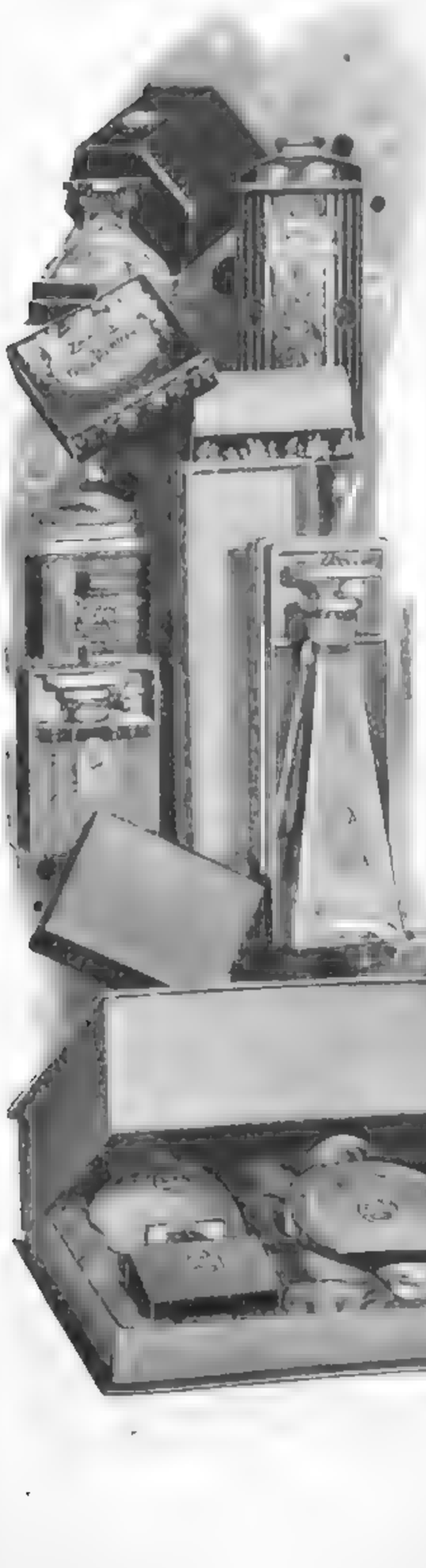
In the Zanol laboratories the skill of experts and chemists has perfected delightful toilet preparations and alluring perfumes that have won the enthusiasm of beauty experts, actresses and hundreds of thousands of women everywhere. There are odors of rare charm, delightful powders, distinctive toilet waters, soothing lotions and refreshing creams—each one a supreme creation—unparalleled in quality, purity and distinctiveness.

You Will Welcome This Service

Zanol products are never sold in stores. In each city, town and community there is a local representative who is authorized to bring Zanol Service to the homes of that community. This representative is a man or woman fully qualified to represent the largest organization of its kind in the world.

The Zanol Representative who will soon visit *you* is prepared to offer you the full advantages of Zanol Service—a service that brings Zanol products to your home as fresh as the day they were made—a service that gives to you in better quality and greater value the economies effected by direct selling.

When this representative calls, take the opportunity to learn for yourself why Zanol Service has won the enthusiastic support of a million American women.



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Cincinnati - - - Ohio

Profitable Positions Open

We have positions available for men and women in open territories. They pay very satisfactory incomes—starting at once. If you are interested in establishing a dignified, permanent and profitable business of your own, write today for details of our proposition. Experience or capital is not required. You may devote just spare time if you wish. Sign and mail the coupon today

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.,
Dept. 955, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me details of your proposition by which I can make a very substantial income and have a permanent business of my own.

Name _____

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NATURE'S supreme gift is the power to relax. A luxurious hour of ease between the busy day and the evening's social engagement! A moment of restfulness snatched from between one appointment and the next!

Amid the crowding activities of our modern life, such moments are all too few. Shall our motoring hours add to the strain which spends our energies or to the relaxation which replenishes them?

Each minute in a Stabilated car is a new and precious opportunity to relax. You *can* relax, free of the tension of anticipation, serene in the certainty that no sudden thrust of spring recoil can disturb your comfort.

Such pre-eminent cars as Cadillac, Chrysler, Duesenberg, Franklin, Isotta Fraschini, Jordan, McFarlan, Peerless, Stutz and Willys-Knight are Stabilated at the factory. Your present car can be equipped in a few hours and at small expense by a Stabilator dealer near you.

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY, TWENTY-FOURTH AND LOCUST STREETS, PHILADELPHIA

WATSON
STABILATORS

(Continued from Page 174)

no man could possibly digest in less than a month of hard, continuous labor. So the average citizen, instead of spending all his leisure hours for a long period in trying to digest the evidence, mostly gives it up. The net result of a century of appeals to the public for a judgment on the question of tariff has been to leave the public more indifferent to it than ever before. As a practical matter, the difference between high tariff and low tariff becomes a vast number of specific, detailed questions that require specific, detailed information and expert judgment. It is impossible for the public to have specific, detailed information. Every working member of it has a stock of such information pertaining to his own special affairs. Knowing that keeps him busy.

So farm problems must, as practical matters, resolve themselves into many specific details which the nonfarm public can know very little about. If you take the whole run of questions that are thrust upon public attention, no human being has the specific information that entitles him to pass judgment on questions of detail in one-tenth of them; and to get anywhere with any problem means to take detailed, specific steps about it. To rely on the public for a solution of problems is mostly to lean upon a broken reed—or rather upon an imaginary reed, for, excepting problems of the broadest character, there is no public to deal with them. There are 40,000,000 individuals, each busy with his own affairs. Mostly problems must be solved by the people immediately concerned in them or they will not be solved at all.

If mere good will on the part of the public would solve problems, all problems would be solved forthwith; for with a few negligible exceptions, everybody in this cheerful world desires what is best for all. But when it comes to making practical application of that principle by specific steps, hardly any two can agree for very long, and one mere general good will cancels another. It is not absence of good will but absence of practical detailed knowledge that keeps the public from solving problems. That practical detailed knowledge can never be possessed except by the people immediately concerned and by a few specialists.

Democracy's Lumbering Machinery

At this writing, government in both France and Germany has run into a blind alley. Neither country has, nor for many days has had, a government in accord with the spirit of the constitution—a government, that is, which can command a majority of the public's representatives. Both countries are getting along by a stop-gap expedient. Both are in a difficult situation and in urgent need of real government. In France the plight is so grave that conservative newspapers have been talking of a dictatorship. No doubt the public's representatives wish the good of the country; but when it comes to specific steps no majority of them can agree on anything. Everybody hears breakers ahead, but the crew stands around jawing over what is to be done next. The hopeless wrangling of parliament was one reason why Italy consented to a dictatorship.

Those are extreme examples of the impotence which dogs all representative government that must carry on by agreement of a majority. Directly the war was over, our Government faced the question, What to do with Muscle Shoals? Congress has been investigating and debating ever since, and seems hardly nearer to an answer than in the beginning. There was also the question, What to do with our huge war-built merchant marine? There have been reams of debates, investigations and reports; but as far as I can see, Congress is no nearer to a settled policy than it was at the start. Beyond the difficulty of getting an intelligent judgment from the public is the difficulty of getting the public's representatives to agree on anything.

No one can remember a time when the development of inland waterways and water powers was not on the political agenda. I suppose that subject has been discussed in fifty party platforms and presidential messages. Something, of course, has been done; but compare what Government has accomplished in the past twenty years in the way of utilizing watercourses with what private enterprise has accomplished in the same field in the same time. One very important project that depends upon political action—that of the Colorado River—has been held up for years because the states most concerned cannot agree. Even if the public accepts the general principle involved in any given proposition, its representatives must wrangle endlessly over the details.

Optimism's Lack of Foresight

Five years ago, you may remember, we were in a severe industrial depression following the collapse in 1920 of the postwar boom. Somewhere from 3,500,000 to 5,500,000 people were out of work. Estimates varied widely because exact information was lacking, but the number was doubtless more than 4,000,000. It was a situation essentially as foolish as that which arises from stuffing yourself with food at bedtime. There was abundant need of the goods which these idle hands might have been producing. There were abundant means of paying them good wages for every day's work they could perform. But the country was paralyzed by a temporary fit of indigestion.

The President appointed a commission to study the subject. Various other bodies studied it. Nobody, I believe, disagreed with the conclusion that, in such circumstances and on such a scale, the condition was preventable and ought to be prevented. Perhaps to the end of time there will be a rhythm in industry, periods of great output alternating with periods of less output and smaller demand for labor. But there seems to be no good reason why, in a country whose economic and social health is essentially sound, 4,000,000 men should be thrown out of work in a few months. It was generally agreed that one means of insurance against extensive unemployment might be created by deferring some public construction in times of high prosperity and full employment of labor. Public bodies, from the Federal Government down to the rural school district, yearly spend great sums in new buildings, roads, parks, and the like. Suppose that in years of high prosperity and full employment they should agree to defer a very small per cent of the construction, then come into the market with their deferred demands for material and labor when industry slackened and unemployment appeared. It was most plausibly argued that such a push would start the ball rolling again.

I cannot remember that anybody raised an objection to this proposal. Undoubtedly such a program, intelligently carried out, would provide an important insurance against large unemployment. No doubt you heard of it at the time. Have you heard anything of it since? I haven't. Everybody, including the public bodies, has been too busy with this present state of prosperity. Why mend the roof when it is not raining?

So in a case where an important public interest is clearly involved and there is no dispute, appealing to the public is much like asking the way of a deaf man. Finally, sometimes, you can get him to understand; but it takes so much time and effort that generally you prefer to drive on and take the chance of finding a road sign. To call the public hard names on that account is quite futile and foolish. The public is not a wise, kind old gentleman who knows the way along every road and has nothing to do but tell you. It is millions of individuals, each very busy trying to find the way along his own particular little thread of the cobweb.

Years ago a vigilant Kansas commissioner of banking found that many people in his state—some of them widows whose

5

Only a few drops needed and AQUA VELVA *keeps the face like velvet all day.*

after-shaving comforts
in 4 seconds
from 9 drops

THAT sounds efficient. It is efficient! —It describes the workings of Aqua Velva, the newest triumph of famous Williams shaving specialists.

Yards of brain power have been expended to improve the daily shave. But the fate of gentlemen's faces *after* the shave has been a subject sadly neglected.

Powders are fine for shiny noses but our experience shows they are *not* suitable for the newly shaven skin. Powders act as a blotter. They rob the skin of its needed natural moisture. Aqua Velva, created expressly for after shaving use, *conserves* the natural moisture of the skin.

5 real face comforts Aqua Velva gives

Simply try Aqua Velva and you'll find that it does these 5 pleasant things to your face:

First: It gives your face an invigorating, lively tingle.

Second: It sterilizes and helps heal each tiny cut and scrape.

Third: It has a *free*, healthy, masculine fragrance.

Fourth: It guards your face against all weather exposure, sun and wind and cold.

Fifth: It conserves the needed natural moisture in your skin. (Powder absorbs this necessary moisture—leaves the skin dry.) Aqua Velva conditions your face and keeps it all day long as flexible and comfortable as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it

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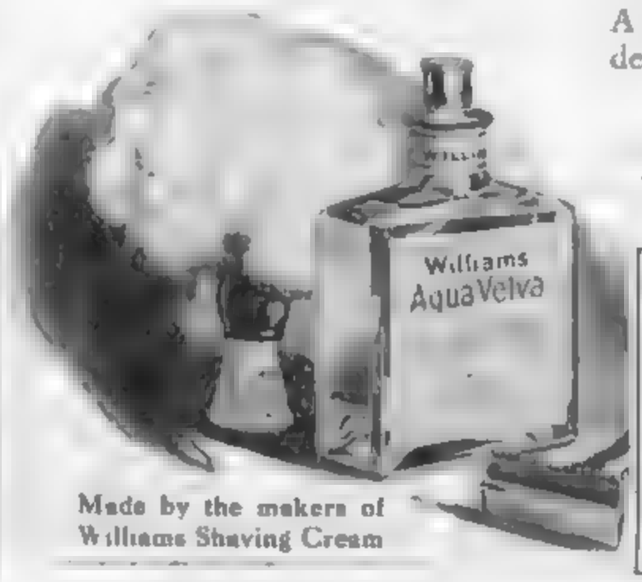
The large 5-ounce bottle at your dealer's is 50c. (60c in Canada.) Costs almost nothing a day to use.

The coupon below is for your convenience. Send it today for generous test bottle. The *free* trial bottle has rarely failed to make an Aqua Velva enthusiast. A product of merit, we are confident it will win your friendship.



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Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

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Say! We don't have to work up an appetite for SPRATT'S!

"Wouldn't you think he'd quit running us ragged this way, knowing as he does, that SPRATT'S is *meat* for us?

"Dogs are just naturally fond of SPRATT'S. It is a complete diet in itself—containing all the elements which a dog needs to insure normal growth and good health. And it is economical and convenient—not at all messy to feed."

Get your dog a package of SPRATT'S today. Your grocer or pet-shop can supply—and your veterinarian will recommend it—or get it for you.

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Write for interesting new book on the care and feeding of dogs. Merely enclose 2c stamp and ask for book S-26.

SPRATT'S
DOG CAKES AND PUPPY BISCUITS

Good sheet metal work starts here

THERE are two kinds of sheet metal work—work that lasts, and work that doesn't. The labor charge is the same for both kinds.

If you want the kind that lasts, give your work to the Ingot Iron sheet metal shop in your neighborhood. You can identify it easily by the blue and white Ingot Iron Shop sign reproduced here.

For roofing, siding, rain gutters, downspouts, flashings, ventilating systems, tanks, window frames, smoke stacks, cornices, and other weather-exposed parts, nothing equals rust-resisting ARMCO Ingot Iron for long life with low cost. Insist upon it.

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The Purest Iron Made

life-insurance money was the sole support of themselves and their children—were outrageously robbed by venders of fake stocks and bonds. It was a scoundrelly form of theft. In order to stop it the commissioner got an act passed, popularly called the Blue Sky Law. Venders of fake securities were busy everywhere. The idea embodied in the Kansas law was adopted in nearly every other state. Meanwhile every agency that could attract public attention was enlisted to warn people against fake investments.

An enormous quantity of time and energy has gone into the movement to protect credulous people from fraudulent or wildcat stocks and bonds. Certainly every literate inhabitant of the United States must know the dangers in that direction, and there are many laws on the subject. The effort cannot have been quite wasted. Some people must have taken the warning to heart. Some swindles must have been stopped. Also, without doubt, a vast deal of money is still filched from credulous people by fake and wildcat stuff. Evidence on the subject is necessarily very indefinite, but to judge by the estimates that appear from time to time, the annual loss on that account is as great as it was fifteen years ago, when the movement started. Nimble-footed swindlers shift their ground to circumvent the law; a great many people have not taken the warning to heart. The venerable conjunction between sucker and gold brick is still effected. In short, when the public really takes an interest and does its best, the result may be only a very qualified and doubtful success.

Buying on Installments

I suppose that everybody in the country who writes for publication on economic subjects has been asked during the past two years to write something on the subject of installment buying. Not that it is a new subject, but recently it has taken on such vast proportions that to a good many people it assumes a quite new and dangerous aspect. In 1925, for example, at least $2,000,000,000 of automobiles must have been sold on monthly installments, running to a year or even a year and a half. There is no telling exactly how many hundreds of millions of other goods of a great many sorts were sold on a like plan. Possibly the total would run to another $2,000,000,000.

Any new fact of that size is sure to alarm some conservative minds. This fact means that millions of people are in debt for articles which they are consuming day by day. It means also that a tremendous amount of paper, made by Tom, Dick and Harry—by wage earners and salary earners who have little or no capital—finally gets into the banks and becomes part of the base on which bank deposits rest. A device that has been expanded to such a size in so short a time will pretty certainly be misused here and there. Instances of misuse of installment buying may be found. A good many people believe that concerted appeals to the public are required in order to fend off some rather dimly apprehended disaster.

But I am unable to imagine what the public could do about it, or why it should try to do anything whatsoever. Installment buying is an extension of credit to noncapitalists, but in the United States that can hardly be regarded as a social or economic crime. If a man has a good reputation and can show an established earning capacity, he is entitled to credit. Whether or not he shall use that credit in buying an automobile, a radio set, a kitchen cabinet, an overcoat or any other article on the installment plan is a question that nobody can decide intelligently except the man himself and the seller. If they are satisfied with the decision, there is not the least reason why anybody else should be dissatisfied.

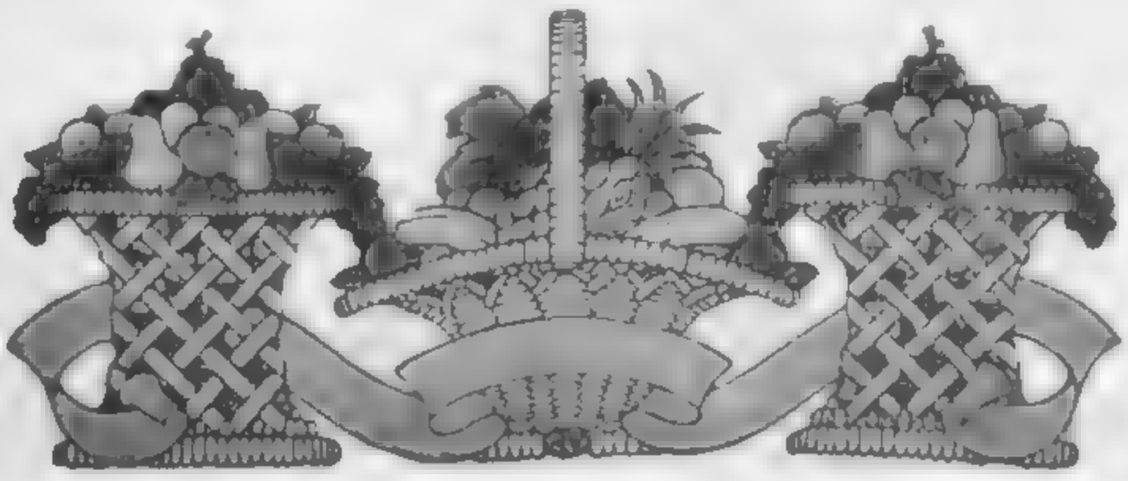
In short, installment buying is not a problem, but millions of individual specific problems that nobody can solve intelligently except the persons immediately concerned. Not that they will always solve the problem intelligently. In one case the purchaser will buy something he cannot afford. In another case the seller will take a poor risk, or give too long a term of payment. The individuals immediately concerned will make mistakes and learn by them. But they themselves must decide; nobody else can. Every time an article is to change hands on deferred payments a specific problem arises that must be dealt with by those inside of it. The outside public can do nothing about it.

A Prophecy for 1926

Finance companies and banks will discount the paper or refuse to discount it in the light of their own experience. That they do now discount such paper in great quantities is sufficient evidence that their experience has been favorable. A stock of consumable goods in the hands of a dealer has always been regarded as a sound base for bank credit. Time out of mind banks have discounted the dealer's paper to enable him to carry the goods until they were sold. But if the dealer has actually sold the goods to a thousand individuals on the installment plan, taking their paper and indorsing it, the credit base is that much broader and stronger. Tom, Dick and Harry, plus the dealer, are better than the dealer alone. There seems to be nothing in the situation for anybody to worry about, excepting the persons immediately concerned, each one of whom can do his worrying profitably only when he confines himself to his own particular case.

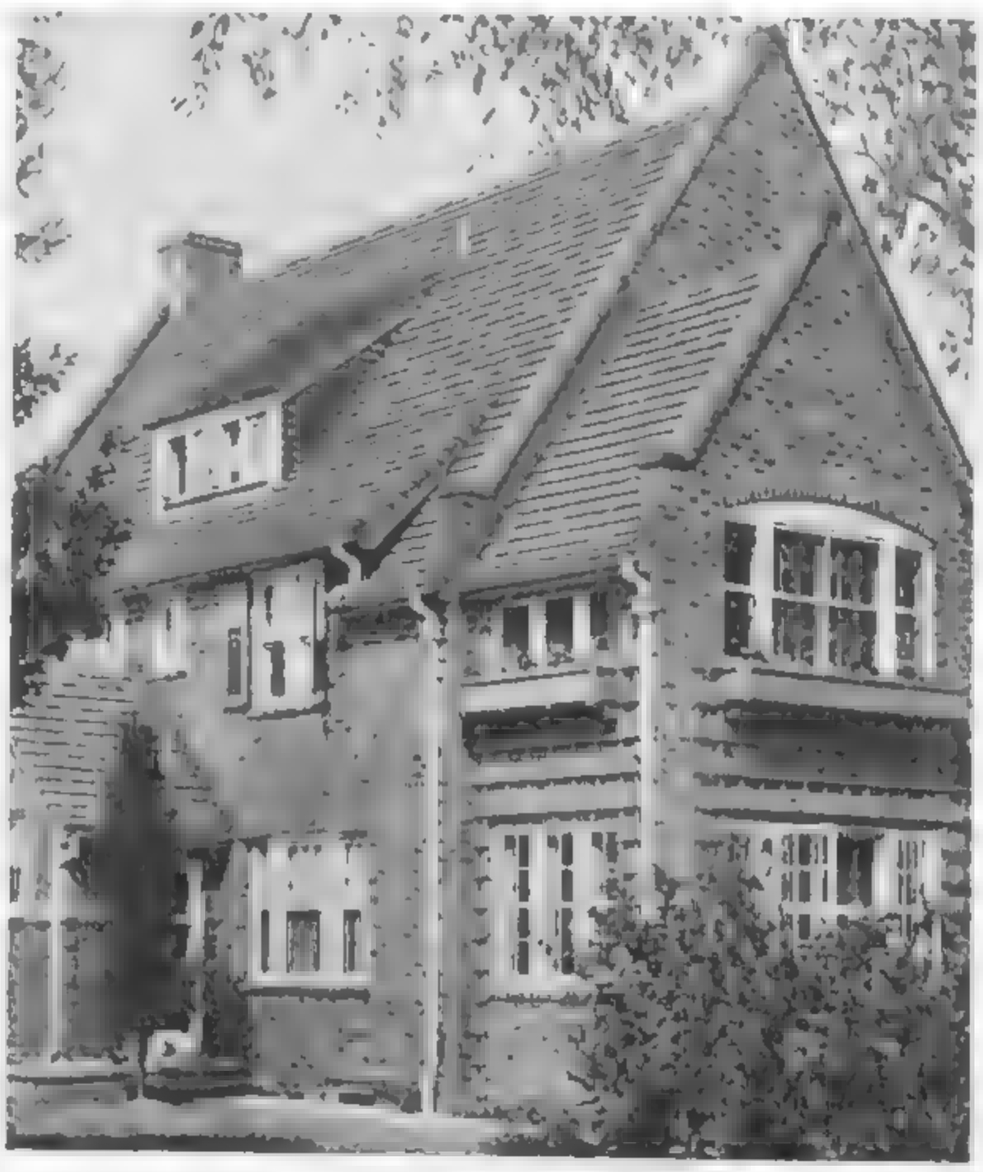
Anything big and new is certain to be pointed to with alarm. If there never has been a $1,000,000,000 corporation before, any $1,000,000,000 corporation will excite apprehensions—and a vague notion that somehow or other the public ought to do something about it; for a lot of people will persist in thinking of the public as a divinity up on a cloud with nothing in particular to do but redress grievances. There is no such public. The real public knows little in detail—that is, accurately—about anything except the million and one particular affairs with which its individual members are directly concerned. To get any great quantity of its attention focused for even a short time on a subject as to which it is an outsider is extremely difficult. It can then act only through tremendously clumsy, scatter-headed, leaden-footed political institutions; and very likely the final action will be ineffectual.

In this most promising New Year a great many Americans who depend upon themselves are going to be prosperous. Those who depend upon the public are going to be disappointed, as usual.



You, too, can Discover in Common Brick

—*Your Dream of Beauty*
—*Your Hope for Economy*



Grosvenor Atterbury, N. Y., Architect

Common Brick is an *opportunity*. An opportunity to create the highest beauty in your home—to secure permanence and high resale value at low first cost and lowest upkeep cost. Send for the books which tell you how

Strange that the re-discovery of brick has been so long delayed. But now home-building America has turned again to the burned-in beauty of common brick.

Tens of thousands of new brick homes attest the fact—mansions designed by the country's foremost architects; homes for the average man; whole communities of small homes built to sell, by conscientious realtors and builders.

For, wearied with the waste of the less permanent—dissatisfied with transient beauty—America has learned by experience the lesson older civilizations teach. It will pay you, too, to discover the five reasons why America is using brick today as never before.

1: Burned-in Beauty

COMMON BRICK is the low-priced, locally-made brick—just molded clay and shale—burned long and intensely.

It comes out of the kiln just what nature's elements make it—with natural surface and texture—not too uniform in size nor too straight of line. Its variations in shade and color are as innumerable as the minerals nature put in the raw clay.

No wonder the burned-in beauty of common brick intrigues the artistry of the architect! Like pigment in the painter's hand, common brick yields its full beauty only to the man who knows. It is an *opportunity*—a means to infinite variety.

You and your architect will find creative joy in planning a home of common brick.

2: Beauty with Permanence

BRICK goes through fire before it goes to you. Everything decayable or burnable is burned out. Permanence is burned in. That means elimination of repair—and freedom from the costly burden of upkeep. The most venerable age cannot sap the strength of common brick.

You should know how common brick can save you money—before you build your home. We help you by providing, at nominal cost, specifications and complete working blueprints for the 136 houses illustrated in the plan books listed below.

3: Beauty with Economy

EVEN if it cost *more* to have a home of brick—you would gladly pay this premium for burned-in beauty—and the ultimate economy which enduring brick insures.

But you need not pay more for a home of brick!

For common brick produces the lowest cost solid masonry wall. And, laid in any one of the several modern methods, it yields the lowest cost, strongest and driest hollow wall.

4: Beauty with Adaptability

NO other building material excels for so many uses as common brick. With it you can build a "100% brick home."

Common brick for footings, basement walls, partitions, fireplaces, chimneys—for the outside wall all the way through and all the way around.

And in these exterior walls common brick adapts itself to any taste. It may be laid in any bond or pattern. Rough surfaces may be produced with "skintled" brickwork—the antique finishes so popular now. For Spanish or Italian types—or sites among the shadows—common brick may be inexpensively whitened, and the gradual wearing away of the single coat gives genuineness to the style.

5: Beauty with Highest Resale Value

WITH all its burned-in advantages, common brick is the lowest cost building material in any city in America today.

This low first cost, plus the beauty and permanence of common brick, results in the soundest investment value for your home.

Common brick is common sense—when you look forward through the years. High resale value is the final fact which accounts for America's fast-growing preference for homes of common brick. Consult our local representatives, or send for the books which reveal how this oldest, newest material can help you when you build.

THE COMMON BRICK MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

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Denver	1735 Stout St.
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Los Angeles	142 Douglas Bldg.
Newark, N. J.	180 Fort Pitt Bldg.
New Orleans, La.	904 Carondelet Bldg.
New York City	1710 Grand Cen. Term'l Bldg.
Norfolk, Va.	112 West Plume St.
Philadelphia	303 City Centre Bldg.
Portland, Ore.	906 Lewis Bldg.
Salt Lake City	301 Atlas Bldg.
San Francisco	932 Monadnock Bldg.
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Burned in
COMMON BRICK

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Thousands have been helped by these books.

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Don't postpone the vacation of a lifetime any longer. Go to Europe this year and to ensure the success of the trip travel on one of the famous ships of the United States Lines. They are your own ships, operated by the United States Government. They offer you a travel service to Europe that is unsurpassed for comfort, cuisine and money value. Keep this page for reference.

Tourist III Cabin from $95. To Europe and back for less than the trade-in value of a used car! $170 will buy you a special round trip Tourist Third passage on a United States Lines ship. This is a new type of accommodation introduced to conform with American standards of comfort and economy. Watch the newspaper if you want to know who travels Tourist Cabin on these ships—college students, professors, artists and many who never before knew they could afford to go to Europe. Snowy white linen and courteous steward service. Appetizing food served in attractive dining rooms; light refreshments on deck between meals. Music, dancing, deck sports. Plenty of tubs and showers. Commodious two, four and six berth cabins. Rates vary with choice of ship and ports.

A lounge in the tourist III Cabin with excellent library and daily concerts by the ship's orchestra.

Second Cabin from $136.25. For this modest sum you can enjoy the real solid "homey" comfort of Second Cabin on that great Atlantic favorite the GEORGE WASHINGTON. Similar accommodation on the LEVIATHAN from $147.50. There are long, broad decks, deep carpeted lounges, comfortable smoking rooms, well stocked libraries and up-to-date barber shops. A gymnasium, fully equipped, on each ship. Private tables in the dining rooms where all appetites, ravenous or epicurean, are most delightfully satisfied. In short, luxurious travel at quite moderate cost.

You will enjoy the invigorating walks and sports on deck and appreciate the delicious refreshments served there between meals

The LEVIATHAN (59,956.65 gross tons), flagship of the fleet and the pride of America. Regular sailings to Cherbourg and Southampton. First, Second and Tourist Cabin.

The GEORGE WASHINGTON (23,788 gross tons), renowned for her beauty and steadiness. Regular sailings to Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen. First, Second and Tourist Cabin.

The PRESIDENT HARDING and PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT (14,18[illegible] gross tons) are sister ships. Cabin and Tourist II Cabin only to Cobh, Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen

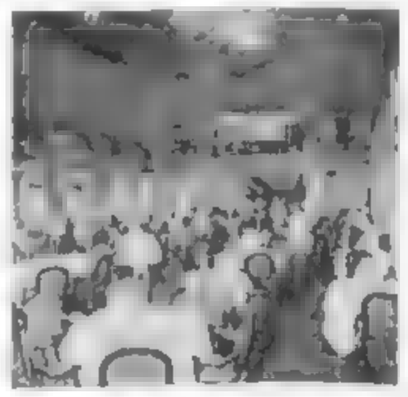
The AMERICA (21,144 gross tons), is the largest Cabin Ship in the world. The REPUBLIC (17,[illegible] gross tons) offers both "Cabin" and Tourist Cabin To Cobh, Plymouth Cherbourg Bremen

Cabin Class from $145. This is all it need cost you to travel aboard such distinguished "Cabin" (one class) ships as the PRESIDENT HARDING, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and AMERICA. No first or second class distinctions. The freedom of the entire ship is yours. The two President ships are sisters and the fastest Cabin liners on the European service. The AMERICA is the largest Cabin ship afloat. The REPUBLIC, also a Cabin ship, with rates from $140, rivals the AMERICA in meeting the great demand for the best cuisine and service at moderate expense.

A typical Cabin class stateroom with comfortable beds, roomy closets, Thermos bottle, fan, bed lamp and every toilet requisite

First Class from $231. This is the minimum first class rate on the GEORGE WASHINGTON whose beautiful Colonial furniture and refined atmosphere have endeared it to thousands. For $290 you can buy the thrill of a lifetime—first class on the mighty LEVIATHAN, the most famous ship in the world, with its tremendous decks, Pompeian Swimming Pool, Winter Garden and Louis XIV Salon.

Make your reservations now and avoid later disappointment. Ask your local steamship agent for complete information, or write to 45 Broadway, New York City. When you get to Europe, the United States Lines offices, located in all principal cities, will care for your mail, advise about hotels and render every assistance to make your trip a never-to-be-forgotten success.



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First class rates quoted are Minimum Summer Rates, effective April 1. They are lower now.

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UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD

GENERAL OFFICES
45 Broadway, New York City

That Silver Arrow Pierced Plupy's Heart and Head the First Shot

(Continued from Page 38)

and her mother waulking home with sum bundles in there arms and so i drove Nellie up to them and stoped and raised my hat and sed how do you do. i am a nabor of yours. wont you let me give you a ride home. it is prety hard waulking.

well Luciles mother sed that is very kind of you. we was hoaping to take a cab. i gess she ment a hack but she called it a cab. they call them cabs in New York. so i gumped out and held Nellie with one hand and helped them in with the other and put there bundles in the bottom of the sleig and put most of the buffalo robe over them and a teeny mite for myself. twict Nellie started and neerly pulled my arm out of goint but i held her and when i clim in she started with a gump that neerly yanked our heads off. when i got to their house i helped them out and handed them the bundles and rased my hat and they thanked me and Lucile sed she thought i was a prety good nabor and she hoaped i wood be naborly. then i drove home. gosh i wonder what she wood say if she gnew how naborly i wood like to be. gosh if i only gnew her a little better i wood get old Kelly and Gardner to taik back my 4 blaided gnife and by sumthing for her. but i coodent for i have broak 2 of the blaids. but i have mad a prety good beginning for me.

Thursday, December 25, 186— chrismas. we had chicken for breckfast. then we went into the sitting room and gave the presents. the folks were auful pleased with my presents. i wish you cood have saw father lite one of my cigars. he cut of the tip end with my gnife and then he lit it and begun to smoak. then mother sed murder sumthing is birning on the stove. it smells like a wet towil birning and she run out to the kichen and father two. after a minit they come back laffin and sed evrything was all rite. i asted father what he had done with his cigar and he sed he was going to smoak it later. that towil smelt jest like when a blacksmith puts a red hot shoe on a horses hoof and birns the frog of his hoof.

after that i went skating. lots of peeple was out but i dident see Lucile. we had chicken and mince pie for dinner and then Keene and Cele sung flow gently sweet Afton and there is a bank whereon the wild time grows and jest before the Battle Mother and Sally in our ally. i dident get menny presents. most of them was neckties and mittins. tomorrow nite is Christmas festival in the town hall.

Saturday, Dec. 27, 186— i was two tired last nite to wright. i dident get home until 12 oh clock. we Unitarials have our festivals in the town Hall on Friday becaus that is the prayer meeting nite for the Upper Chirch and the Lower Chirch and the Baptish Chirch and the Methodist chirch and they have to go to prayer meeting and so cant go to our Cristmas tree. we had a fine supper. chicken and tungue and ham and veel and corn beef and roles and mince and apple and squash and lemon and creem pies and gelly cake and cookies and i et a good deel of evrything and drank coffee and lemonaid and milk.

then a orchestra played for dancing and i danced twict with Lucile and promenaded two. Lucile dident dance with ennyone else. i saw Beany waching me. i never had so good a time in my life.

Sunday, December 28, 186— another snowstorm today. i am glad of it. i skated most all day Saturday. Lucile dident go skating but i waulked home with her from down town. Beany dident see me, i wish he had. he wood have told Lizzie Tole Ed Toles sister. i feal as if there was a grate change in me. it seems as if life held moar for me than fiting roosters and having fun with Pewt and Beany or going over to the Chadwicks to see fites. me and father shoveled snow 2 hours. father tride to smoak one of my cigars i give him for Chrismas. i herd him say to mother this cussid cigar smells like a fire in a livery stable and curls up on one side like a boomerang. i gess i had better send the rest of them to nabor Lang whitch killed Harrys hork and he will die a dredful deth and mother laffed.

Monday, December 29, 186 - darn it. the wind blew all nite and blew the snow in the path we dug Sunday and filled them up and i had to shovel them out alone. i rode Nellie by Luciles house 5 times today. she waived her hand at me twict.

Tuesday, December 30, 186— I had a hizzy day. i drove Nellie down town for errands and split wood in the forenoon. in the afternoon i went to Chadwicks and we all took tirns in sawing birch wood. that is to say me and Luke Mannix and Bob Elliott sawed wood and Whack and Bug and Pozzy pluged snow balls at evrybody whitch went by. when i think of Lucile i realize how hollow sutch plesures is. i am glad now we moved here for if we hadent some other feller wood have saw Lucile first.

Wednesday, December 31, 186— the last day of the year. i feel today as if i had groan up. i have the passions of a groan man. only yesterday i flew into one with Keene. she is the tantalizingist girl i ever gnew. now Lucile never wood tantalize her brother if she had one. i wish Keene had her sweet disposition. i wonder if she wood be mad if i rote a poim to her.

Thirsday, January 1, 186— new years day. a day for good resolves. i thougt this morning when i got up of how i had waisted my oppertunities last year, how i had faled in most evrything i had undertook. so i resolved this year to maik myself wirthy of Lucile. i will stop swaring and smoaking and drinking. no moar sweet firn cigars and no moar sweet cider for me. no more sody water at old doctor Derborns drugg store. when i go out of this naborhood i xpect evrybody will be sorry and not feel as my old nabors did in Court street when they sed if George Shute dident taik his infernal boy out of the naborhood they wood move. so i got up and was polite to evrybody and took care of Nellie and split wood and filled the woodbox. mother asted me if i was sick. Keene chiped in and sed huh mother dont you know. he is trying to go with that New York girl. jest as if she wood have ennything to do with him. gosh i was mad but mother sent Keene away from the table.

Friday, January 2th, 186— i have decided to compose a poim to Lucile and to send it to her in a letter. i remember reeding a morral that sed faint hart never won fare lady so i am going to try it. i was scart most to deth when i ferst asted her mother and her to ride but you see how well i come out. if i had a faint hart that day i wood be today jest where i was befoar she come to this town, jest thinking of fites and plugging snowballs at stewdcats and things like them. I tell you the wirld has changed for me since then.

if she aint mad at this i will try to wright a better one. this is the ferst. it come rite out of my head jest as eezy. all i had to do was to wright it down. this is it.

Lucile Lucile
You cannot tell
how glad i feal
to know youre well.

theres music in your charming naime
and when i two am groan to faime
with lustful voice mid woe and wiel
ill prais your naime Lucile Lucile.

Lucile Lucile Lucile Lucile
Lucile Lucile Lucile Lucile
Lucile Lucile Lucile Lucile
and that is jest the way i feal.

yours very respectively
you know whitch.

there i think that poim had augt to have sum effeck on her. i may be able to wright a better poim but i dont beleeve i can.

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You can afford FLORSHEIM SHOES. Their quality leathers and fine workmanship mean months of wear. Their style and perfect fit give you that well dressed look you like.

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GLYCO-THYMOLINE, used morning and evening in an atomizer, nasal douche, or as a gargle, strengthens the delicate lining of your nose, mouth and throat. It washes the membrane clear of dust and irritants that form weak spots in the tissue. It is chiefly at these irritated places that the germs of colds and sore throat make their attack.

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Glyco-Thymoline is not merely an antiseptic. It is an alkaline antiseptic, the ideal kind for counteracting acid irritations of the mucous membrane. Any doctor will tell you that the most effective healing agents for infections of the mucous membrane are alkaline. The reason is that alkaline solutions are especially cleansing and counteract acid conditions.

Glyco-Thymoline cleanses the irritated or congested membrane thoroughly. It removes excess mucus. It washes away the germs and objectionable matter that the mucus contains. At the same time the antiseptic properties make it hard for germs to multiply.

Make up your mind today that you are going to enjoy greater freedom from colds. Get a bottle of Glyco-Thymoline from your druggist. It has an agreeable taste. It refreshes. It soothes.

And, what is most important, it keeps the membrane of nose, mouth and throat in sound, vigorous condition. We shall be glad to send you a liberal sample of Glyco-Thymoline upon receipt of 10 cents. Address Kress & Owen Company, 361 Pearl Street, Dept. 1-EX, New York City.

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Trade Mark

THE ALKALINE ANTISEPTIC

1858 Spencerian 1926

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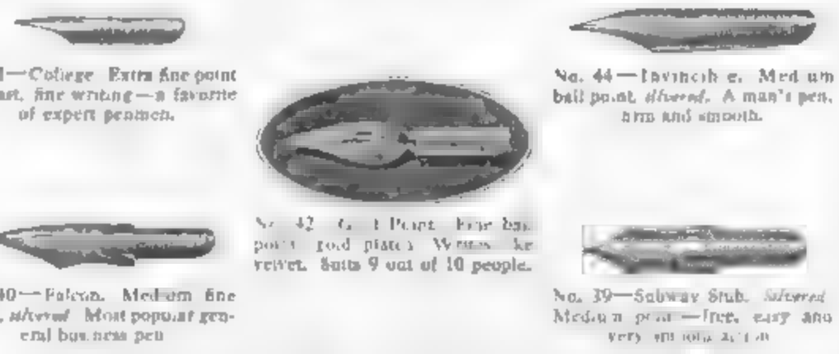

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No. 44—Lavinch e. Medium ball point, *silvered*. A man's pen, firm and smooth.

No. 42—Gold Point. Fine ball point, gold plated. Writes like velvet. Suits 9 out of 10 people.

No. 40—Falcon. Medium fine point, *silvered*. Most popular general business pen

No. 39—Subway Stub. *Silvered*. Medium point—free, easy and very smooth action

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NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ P-2-26

18 Let's Get Right to the Point 80

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Saturday, Jan. 3th, 186 - today i rode Nellie again. there was good skating but sumhow i dident cair for it. gess why. well last nite i sent my poim and today she come out when i went by and she sed it was the ferst poim that had been rote about her and it was a beautifull tribbute. i asted her if she wood like to go skating and she sed she coodent but she liked sleig riding and then i asted her if she wood go with me sum day and she sed she wood be verry mutch pleased. i asted when she cood go and she sed she dident know but she wood find out and let me know. i told her that after this weak i cood only go Monday and Saturday afternoon. she sed she wood let me know as soon as she cood. gosh i wonder what Beany will say.

Sunday, January 4, 186— it was warm and melty today. we went to chirch me and father and Cele and Keene and Georgie. Beany blew the organ. Lucile and her mother were sitting in the phew behine old Hen Dow. i looked at Lucile all the time. Beany kep looking out from behind the organ. he dident maik up faces but he kep looking at Lucile. Beany has got sum cheak. i wonder how menny girls he thinks he can go with. when Chirch was out i interduced Keene and Cele and father to Lucile and her mother, and we waulked home with them. Father and Cele waulked with Luciles mother and Keene and Georgie and i with Lucile. i dident get a chanct to get a wird in edgways for Keene kep her yap going all the time. i was mad but i kep my temper. but with Beany and Keene it is about as mutch as i can stand. darn it all, there.

Monday, January 5, 186— school again. i am going to try and have father let me go to wirk after this tirm. it seams to me that the sooner i get to wirk the better for me and for the folks. peraps when i go riding with Lucile this weak or nex weak i can find out what she thinks about it. about haff the fellers in school got licked today. i studied prety well and thougt out a poim for Lucile. it was a ripper. i naimed it

to Luciles golden hair.

a sunbeem from the hevens above
came flashing throug the clouds below
and being far from land of love
it did not know jest where to go
until it saw my Luciles hair
and gladly went and nestled there.

yours very respectively,
you know whitch.

there if that dont maik me all rite with her i dont know how i can.

after school i rode Nellie but dident have enny chanct to speek with Lucile. i saw her in the window when i went down to put my poim in the post office and she laffed and waived her hand. i am feeding Nellie 1 moar quart of oats evry meal. she will go like litning. i spend a hour a day rubbing her down.

Tuesday, January 6, 186— gosh. what do you think. Lucile sed she cood go sleig riding Saturday with me. tonite i asted father if i cood have Nellie saturday afternoon. he asted me what for and i told him and he sed he gessed i cood. only i must promise him that i woodent do enny racing. he sed if you get the little mare excited you cant hold her. so i sed i wood be cairfull.

Wednesday, January 7, 186— i saw Lucile today and told her i wood call for her saturday at haff past one. she sed she coodent go before 2 oh clock but she shood xpect me then and she wood be reddy. she said she receeved my poim and it was the most beautifull poim she ever read. she sed she dident ever xpect ennybody wood wright a poim like that to her. gosh what a change Lucile has maid in my life.

Thursday, January 8, 186— i got licked in school today. i missed in my lesson. i gess i was thinking about saturday and coodent study. old Francis gawed me the ferst time i missed and yanked me up on the platform the 2th time and licked me the 3rd time. i am glad Lucile dont go to old Francises school.

Friday, January 9, 186— tomorrow i go to ride with Lucile. i can hardly wait. i have been feeding Nellie 1 quart of oats moar than usual evry meel. i bet she will feal like going lickety split. today i rode her after school and i had all i cood do to hold her.

i have been thinking up a poim about Lucile and i have naimed it to Lucile's eyes. it begins

a cristal spring a thing of beauty is
like flashing bubbles on sody water fiz.

i am going to wright at leest 10 virses and peraps 12. but i am so xcited about tomorrow that i cant set down long enuf to wright ennything. sum day i will put in all the time i can get to finish it. it seems a auful long time until tomorrow afternoon at 2 oh clock.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of sketches by Mr Shute. The next will appear in an early issue

"Mother, Do You Think We'll Ever be Rich Enough So's We Can Buy Some Clothes for My Knees?"

You can have a band
As successful as these

Above—Cumberland Valley Division Band of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Chambersburg, Pa., D Erroll Traxler Director. One of the most successful industrial bands in the country. Equipped with Conn instruments

At left—American Legion Band of John E. Miller Post No. 146, Beaver Dam, Wis., [illegible] Commander. One of the [illegible] with Conn instruments.

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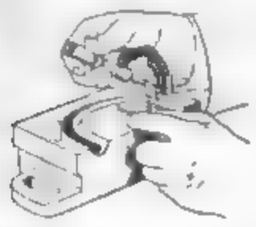
One of the hydraulic machines used in the Conn process. The tubing of the instrument is locked in a steel die, placed in this machine, filled with water under tons of pressure. This process which insures perfection in every instrument was originated and installed by C. G. Conn in 1912, at a cost of $100,000.

The illustration above shows a section of tubing of a Conn instrument before and after undergoing the famous hydraulic expansion process. This process expands it to exactly correct proportions and makes the interior as smooth as glass—a perfect carriage for sound waves.



Accuracy to the highest degree is maintained in the production of every Conn instrument. This illustration shows one of the dies in which the tubing is expanded, being measured with a micrometer, to insure perfect proportions.

C U L T I V A T E Y O U R M U S I C A L B U M P

Sport Land of Sportlands

The Greatest in the World

Enjoy, in Southern California, this summer, the finest vacation that you have ever spent. Low railroad rates and living costs place it within the reach of all this year.

SEEING Southern California is like seeing many parts of Europe. It brings the *change* that Europe does, the enchantment of a different "atmosphere"—new experiences, unique thrills, strange sights.

Lofty mountains, verdant valleys, rocky canyons, high vantage points from which you see into a distance of a hundred miles or more; orange groves and cactus; a desert like Sahara; rare golf courses and fine tennis courts; hiking trails and camping grounds; great wide beaches by the sea; lakes in the clouds—all are here, connected by 5000 miles of perfectly paved motor roads, to charm, to interest and to *amaze* you every day as long as you remain.

Sport-land, travel-land, or rest-land—whatever you are seeking—it is furnished at its best in this great playground.

Is it cool? The average mean temperatures (the 49-year record of the U.S. Weather Bureau in Los Angeles) read thus: 49 Junes, 66 degrees; 49 Julys, 70; 49 Augusts, 71; 49 Septembers, 69.

Yes, warmer days occasionally occur. Here the thermometer may go to 85, and you are *very curious* because you do not *feel the heat!* It is due to regularly *low humidity* (dry air), which is another Southern California feature.

And *rain* will not spoil your plans for daily fun. What a promise to you who have but a few weeks for a vacation! Cool—yet rainless!

You have wished, for years, to see and know this great, strange country of oranges and palms, old Spanish Missions and glorious sunsets.

The city of Los Angeles, with [illegible] over a million, is the largest city on the Pacific Coast, the hub of [illegible]

The growth, wealth and marvelous resources of Southern California are indicated by the following facts and figures [illegible]

Value of Agricultural Products 1924	$[illegible]
Value of Citrus Products (1924	$[illegible]
Oil Production (1924	[illegible] barrels
Harbor Imports (1924	$[illegible]
Harbor Exports (1924	$[illegible]
Total Harbor Tonnage	[illegible]

A producing season of 365 days a year permitting year round crops.
A wealth of water for ample irrigation and all other purposes.

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BEATING THE BANDITS

(Continued from Page 18)

three men suddenly came down from the floor above, whipped out their guns and backed sixteen employes in a human screen about the paymaster's cage. An instant later the bandits were on their way with their fat haul. The whole operation had been adroitly planned and exquisitely timed.

The cases in which armored-car crews are attacked by bandits have become extremely rare. One recent exception also indicates unmistakably the careful planning and preliminary work characteristic of the modern bandit-gang methods.

At 4:14 of a certain afternoon the manager of a Detroit manufacturing concern slipped his revolver into his pocket and walked into the waiting-room entrance on the first floor—his regular pay-day procedure. Three young men had just entered and were speaking to the telephone operator. The next instant the manager and operator were looking into the muzzles of automatics and listening to instructions as to where they should sit and how still to keep. Then, as the armored car drew up before the door and its messengers took out the pay-roll satchel and started toward the building, the young bandits opened the door and began rushing the messengers, firing as they advanced.

Snatching the money satchel, they started across the street under fire from the messengers. Suddenly one of the bandits contrived to draw a sawed-off shotgun from under his coat and gave the messengers both barrels. One of the victims died almost instantly. The other, wounded in the chest and right arm, took his revolver in his left hand and killed one of the bandits. The others escaped with about $18,000. The only complaint of the wounded man, when taken to the hospital, was they were given no warning. Again timed to the minute and every routine movement known and checkmated!

An Arsenal on Wheels

At least one big armored-car company has met the general shifting of bandit attack upon the pay roll after delivery by furnishing a service which includes putting the pay envelopes into the hands of the individual employes.

The scale of operations involved in the protected movement of the money required by the communities of this country for the transaction of their daily business is big beyond common appreciation. One armored-car company carries about $40,000,000 a day in money and easily negotiable securities. It has 7000 customers and operates more than 160 cars. The number of armed men to a load depends upon the amount of money carried. Under insurance stipulations, a full crew of six men is permitted to carry $1,000,000 at a time. The minimum crew is three men. All its obligations of safe delivery are assumed by a large surety company.

Most metropolitan cities have several companies specializing in the armed transportation of cash and all of them apparently find their services in increased demand. Each company has its distinctive style of service, its individual ideas of the best methods of protection and its peculiarities in selecting, training and controlling its men.

Each has its own style of armored car of bulletproof steel construction. The bulletproof glass in an ordinary armored car costs $300. Some of these money tanks cost $10,000. The largest armored-car company in New York, with its office in the heart of the downtown financial district, operates fifty-one armored cars—a few of them heavy trucks capable of carrying 1100 bars of bullion at a load. Each car carries a crew of at least four men and has twenty-three gunholes providing for firing in every direction. At the chauffeur's right hand is a loaded pump shotgun, its cartridges charged with buckshot. Each armored car has two separate compartments—the driver's cab and the treasure compartment. These are separated by a self-closing door.

The chauffeur has no key to this door and cannot enter it. The spring lid of the ammunition chest is always open except when held down. When the load is unusually valuable, or is transported at night or for a long distance, a sub-machine gun discharging twenty-one shots a second is carried. The minimum crew of an armored car of this company is a chauffeur, conductor and two guards, each carrying an automatic pistol in an open holster, with an extra clip of fourteen cartridges in his belt. The ammunition chest is always well stocked.

Every member of an armored-car crew must be a crack shot with an automatic, both as to sight and hip shooting. This means continual target practice at armory ranges. The company spends $100 a month for target ammunition, which is identical with that carried for use in case of actual attack.

Virtually every man employed by this company—and all others in this business, for that matter—has seen active service in the World War. Each conductor, guard and chauffeur carries an identification card, of passport type, signed by his superintendent. A conductor draws millions of dollars a day on his own signature. A crew is covered by $20,040,000 insurance—a $10,000 primary bond and an excess bond of $5,000,000 on each man.

The Log of the Armored Car

Armored cars everywhere are operated upon a dispatching system almost as close as that of railroads. The dispatcher who controls the movements of the fifty-one armored cars in New York sits at a table with a dispatching sheet and a battery of telephones before him, and knows every moment of the day where every car is, provided there has not been a breakdown, an attack or an abnormal delay. Not a single attack has thus far been made on any car or crew of this company.

Delays due to car trouble are very infrequent, because the armored cars are kept in high state of repair in the company's own garage, the work being done at night. In case an armored car becomes unable to proceed with its load, the two guards remain with the treasure, inside the locked compartment, where they set a master brake which cannot be released from the chauffeur's cab. The chauffeur telephones to the company garage and the conductor reports to the dispatcher. A certain number of relief cars are always held in reserve for an emergency of this kind.

All armored cars of the modern type are capable of showing good speed, and they seldom fail to show it in any emergency. Traffic cops are decidedly kind and understanding to armored cars in a hurry. As one traffic officer puts it:

"Those boys never throw a bluff. If they speed it's because something's wrong and they have to—a bandit attack, a run on a bank or something that justifies running against a signal."

Each conductor keeps a log book, recording to the minute every stop and start, and his mileage, together with comments explaining delays, such as "Not ready" and "Unloading coin." Handling coin means hard physical work. A thousand dollars in pennies weighs about 680 pounds, in nickels 220 pounds, in the standard pay-roll combination of dimes and quarters 54 pounds, in silver dollars 58 pounds. It is not unusual for an armored car to carry $10,000, or nearly three and a half tons, in pennies a day. A glance at a sheaf of log sheets shows that one car made forty-seven stops in sixteen miles, another fifty-two stops in fifty-six miles, another sixty stops in twenty-five miles. Each log must be verified by the signature of every member of the crew.

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Boy Training That Makes Self-Reliant Men

That boy of yours—there are lessons that are more important for him than he will ever find in books. Teachers can look after his school work, but his own parents must see that his play hours are building strong, alert, self-reliant manhood.

When your boy asks for a Daisy Air Rifle, remember that there is no finer sport for developing character, manliness, and self-reliance. Millions of American men got their first training in marksmanship with a Daisy. Today these men are passing on this fine, character-building sport to their boys.

Get your boy a Daisy and teach him to use it. Safe, because it shoots with compressed air instead of powder. But to that boy of yours, it will prove a marvel of sportsmanship.

The illustration shows the Daisy Pump Gun—a 50-shot repeater for $5.00. Ask your dealer to show this, and other Daisy models, $1.00 to $5.00, or sent direct on receipt of price.

Boys!

Get Your Free Copy of the Daisy Manual

Go to your nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer and ask him for a free copy of the Daisy Manual—a book written just for boys. It tells how to become a crack shot, how to form a drill company, and how to have a world of fun with your Daisy.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

DAISY AIR RIFLES

What Did He Do To Make So Much Extra Money?

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
263 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Extra Money is what I'm looking for. Please tell me—of course without obligation—how it can be mine.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

He First Sent Us a Coupon Like This

AND then, in spite of the fact that he was employed by a large company, Mr. Noah A. Weiner of Connecticut quickly started on a profitable career as our local representative. That was fourteen years ago. Nearly every month since he has earned Curtis subscription profits; in one day not long ago an even $12.00!

Now, *how about you?* Surely you can spare an hour now and then, to follow the simple directions we will give you. You need no experience, no capital—only the willingness to TRY. Above is a coupon—mail it today.

Profits From the Start

Each crew is unscrambled at night and a new combination formed for the next day. Only the chauffeur knows that he will take out the same car day after day. The drawer containing advance crew combinations is kept padlocked.

"These precautions," I was told, "are not only to remove from our men all temptation to collusion, but also to keep them from talking together about the details of their work. The president of this company, who was personally known to a certain armored-car conductor, asked, 'What are you carrying this trip?'

"'I don't know, sir,' was the prompt answer.

"On the bulletin board in the crew room are posted clippings from the day's newspapers, detailing current robberies. These are fully analyzed and debated to the point of why protection, if there was any, failed and what should have been done under the circumstances.

"The commonest cause of failure? An armed messenger who has one hand hold of a moneybag might about as well be unarmed as far as preventing an attack is concerned; the bandits can shoot before he can. Virtually all attacks upon armored-car crews are now made at the point of delivery, after the crew has left the car and each man has, for the moment, become a foot messenger. We figure, as do the bandits, that then our protection is up to the men who have both their hands free for the job of protecting. Allow me to touch wood while I remark that, although we deliver hundreds of millions of dollars a year, we have never had a crew attacked and have never had one of our men go wrong.

"But we're operating on the theory that every trip is going to call out an attack. There are plenty of attacks on so-called protected deliveries and a few on those made by armored cars, even when en route. Although each chauffeur has a short pump shotgun at his right hand, he is instructed that his car is his best weapon if the favorite bandit trick of crowding to the curb is attempted. An armored car is heavy and powerful, and any of ours will unhesitatingly be used as a ram if this trick is attempted. Armored cars are easily identified and familiar to the driving public. All drivers should remember that cutting in on an armored car and giving even the appearance of an attempt to crowd it onto the curb is about the most dangerous driving stunt possible. Better try that on a fire engine than an armored car."

Guards With Spotless Pasts

"Chauffeurs and crews of our armored cars are instructed to suspect and guard against any kind of distraction. Why?

"Not long since a clever pay-roll robbery was pulled in Newark by a bandit disguised as a photographer taking street scenes. His camera contained a gun.

"In the yards of a certain large manufacturing company the pay-roll car encountered men carrying a long heavy plank. Of course the car slowed down. The plank was suddenly dropped and the men opened fire, killed a guard and made a successful holdup.

"On a viaduct a guarded pay-roll car was blocked by a halted automobile and a pedestrian who was cussing out its driver. As the pay-roll car came into slow speed the bandits' guns began to bark. They got away with $18,000, leaving one man dead. These guarded cars were not armored.

"We train our crews to suspect everything which interferes with their normal progress and to be ready for the worst. Every person who drives a car should put this at the head of his or her safety rules: Give all armored cars a wide berth and a free right of way."

Any man who secures a position on an armored-car crew with either of the two largest companies operating in this field is entitled to feel that he has taken the thirty-third degree in character test as to personal honesty, dependability, courage and loyalty. No doubt this is true also as to the smaller companies. The executive head of New York's largest armored-car organization tells me:

"No man who cannot account for every week of his life from his school days on is accepted by us. There must be no gaps whatever in his employment history or his personal history. Let any man who thinks this demand an easy one to meet try to give his complete employment history without a single break in it.

"We can't afford to take any chances on gaps in these personal histories—which, of course, are checked to the smallest detail in the researches of our personnel department. Our checking goes back into a man's boyhood and school days, into his home life and his neighborhood life. Surety companies also make searching investigations. The slightest suspicion of any sort disqualifies an applicant. When a man is put on our pay roll he represents a heavy research cost both to us and to himself. Then we demand that every man we employ must be a crack shot with an automatic. Some applicants have to take rather long courses in pistol practice before they can qualify under our standard of marksmanship. We use life-size targets outlining the human form.

"Without special training, the average man does wild shooting with a pistol. In the case of a certain department-store robbery the shots of the armed guards went into a second-story window. These were not our men.

"The kind of men we want and get consider our positions desirable because the pay is good, the hours relatively easy and the work not physically hard compared with most other callings. Naturally, the last thing in the world we wish to do is to change men. Any man we employ has virtually a lifetime job if he chooses to make it so. The volume of demand for service of this kind is expanding and, I think, must continue to do so indefinitely unless human nature in its lower stratum experiences a miraculous change."

Bandit-Proof Defense

The largest and oldest company in the country in the armored-car service operates upon the theory of following the armored car with a light passenger car for protective purposes. The trailer has high sides of bullet-proof steel to serve as a barricade in case of attack. The windshield, however, is not of bullet-proof glass. The seats are staggered so that a guard in the rear of the car may shoot through the windshield past the chauffeur. The trailer follows close behind the armored car, its occupants intent on observing traffic conditions, particularly when a stop is to be made.

The established order is for the convoy car to pass the treasure car just before it draws to the curb. As the convoy carries no treasure, every man of its crew becomes a guard the instant its wheels stop turning. Its crew steps to the ground with revolvers drawn and rapidly scans the surroundings to see that there is no car standing near with its engine running, no car that has been following which has slowed down a little distance back and no loiterers on foot. The guards separate at once, so that they may protect from each side those who will carry the treasure. Meantime the armored car has stopped as close to the entrance of the building as possible. Not until the guards from the convoy car give the signal is its door opened. Then another guard joins the protecting force. He is followed by the man or men carrying the pay roll.

"What," I asked the pioneer of the business of delivering pay rolls, "is the most practical protection for suburban and country banks against bandits?"

"There is only one protective device that will cause the bandits to cross off their list any bank that installs it. That is the gun nest over the front door—the only door any bank, except a big metropolitan one, should have." Leading me to the street floor of his building, he pointed to a man in

(Continued on Page 189)

One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of any measured and controlled oven heat for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Unless the Regulator has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN

To Set Before a King~

POT-PIE, a favorite of stalwart, ancient kings, who knew not the added zest of this delicious dish when made and served by a lovely American queen.

Anyway, no queen of old ever could have owned a kitchen to compare with that of the modern housewife. Nor could any queen have learned so quickly how to become a good cook.

The bride of a week can now match the results achieved by the best of cooks, if she owns a gas range equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, and follows her "Time and Temperature" Recipe exactly.

In a Lorain Self-regulating Oven a woman can cook a Whole Meal while miles away. She may can fruits, too, by the new Lorain Oven Method. And, never, never again will she experience a single failure with roasts, pies, cakes, cookies or anything else, if she uses the famous Red Wheel (which automatically maintains the correct oven temperature), and an alarm clock to tell her when the specified time is up.

See the latest models of these wonderful Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges as soon as you can. They're sold by gas companies, hardware-, furniture-, and department-stores. Ask for a demonstration. And *be sure* the range shown you has a Lorain "Red Wheel" Regulator—the *original*, and found *only* on the six makes of gas ranges listed below.

Lorain has been in use in thousands of homes for over ten years and has proved unfailingly durable and dependable. Lorain is an Oven Heat Regulator but —all heat regulators are not Lorain. *There is only one "RED WHEEL LORAIN". Accept no other!*

WHEN Gas is not available oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel *provided* you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

By filling in and mailing the coupon below you will receive free of charge an interesting recipe-folder entitled "Lorain Pot-Pie". By carefully following the directions you can't help but achieve a most delicious and savory dish, Lorain Pot-Pie.

American Stove Company, 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
☐ Please send me free copy of your new Time and Temperature Recipe for Lorain Pot-Pie
☐ Enclosed find 50c in _____for copy of 128 page, Illustrated Cook Book containing Lorain Time and Temperature Recipes.
Note: Check which you wish and *Print* name and address plainly.
Name_____ Street _____
City_____ State _____

These famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator

Dangler - - Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
Direct Action National Stove Company Div., Lorain, Ohio
New Process - New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
Quick Meal - Quick Meal Stove Company Div., St. Louis, Mo.
Reliable - - Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
Clark Jewel - George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.

S E P 2-20-26

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

All America is learning to ask for California's Famous Candy

BAFFLE BAR

U. S. TRADEMARK REG.

Born seven years ago out beyond the rockies, . . . Baffle Bar has long since swept over the West. And now it's taking the rest of America by storm. Hosts of friends, . . . new and old, . . . tell of its goodness: . . . . . friends that range from hard-riding cowpunchers to careful hostesses, . . . from red-cheeked kindergartners to grey-haired business men.

For Baffle Bar is good with a quality and a flavor all its own. Rich California cream and butter, . . . crispy nut-meats, . . . fine milk chocolate . . . these account for its mellowed tastiness.

But you'll understand perfectly when you've tried one. And that probably will be soon, for candy dealers everywhere now have this famous California bar or are getting it. To most of them it already is an old story to hear, . . . "Give me a Baffle Bar."

Just try this request on the dealer nearest you, . . . whether he be a confectioner, grocer, druggist or cigar dealer. Ask for a Baffle Bar and learn the taste of *real* candy goodness and quality.

Around 4 of a hard afternoon . . . . eat a Baffle Bar

Many an office desk holds a shiny, foil-wrapped bar of this famous candy to be used by a tired stenographer or a fagged business man toward the end of a weary day. The [illegible] La Baffle Bar is [illegible] into new vigor and its flavor makes the brief interruption a happy break in the day's routine.

Jobbers should read this

If you have not yet stocked Baffle Bar, it will be well worth your while to get in touch with us and learn of our exceedingly fair "dealer arrangement." Baffle Bar makes friends easily and keeps them long. Perhaps it can make friends for you. Send us a letter, . . . today.

Cardinet Candy Company, Inc.

Market and 22nd Streets, Oakland, California

San Francisco Los Angeles

This coupon is a short-cut to Baffle Bar

The coupon and fifty cents will bring you a fine five-bar box of Baffle Bar (approximately a pound) in case you can't buy Baffle Bar at a nearby dealer. Get out your scissors or pen-knife and start this coupon on its way as a letter of introduction to the finest candy you ever tasted.

Cardinet Candy Company, Inc
Market and 22nd Streets, Oakland, California

Send me.....boxes of five Baffle Bars each, (postage prepaid in U. S.). I m enclosing $

Name.....

Street or R. F. D .....

City and State....

© 1926—Cardinet Candy Company, Inc.

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(Continued from Page 186)

a glass cage above the entrance, a riot gun resting across his knees.

"The glass in that cage," he continued, "is bulletproof. It has gun holes which permit covering the floor inside and the street outside. Any country bank can install such a nest at an expense of $300 or less. The bandits know that the guard in an elevated nest of bulletproof glass can sweep them but cannot be touched by their fire.

"No use to have the guard on the floor level, so far as preventing a bandit attack is concerned. The man in the cage needn't be idle either. He can be busy with certain forms of routine clerical work, of a kind plentiful in any bank. Any bank which installs this form of protection will be made to realize its value by a prompt reduction in the rates of its robbery insurance.

"Mind, I'm not urging the elevated gun nest as a substitute for any good alarm system, but as an addition thereto. Any bank that wishes to have complete protection and minimum insurance rates should have both. Bandits are not going to bother with banks which have the elevated bulletproof gun nest in addition to a good alarm system; there are too many half-protected banks at their mercy to make this risk necessary.

"Iowa banks enjoy the lowest rates on insurance against robbery of any in the country. Why? Because they have developed the best alarm and protection system in operation. Briefly, it is this: Every community large enough to have a bank is organized into an active protective association against robbers and bandits, and these local organizations are coördinated throughout the state. Vigilantes! Suppose a village bank is held up. The signal system gives the alarm to the merchants, the blacksmith, the garage men, the keepers of gasoline service stations and every other man who is willing to fight.

"Just what to do, following an alarm, has been worked out in advance for them by protection experts; they are not left to confusion, panic and impulse. Of course the system ties up closely with municipal, county and state police systems, but does not leave the job of fighting or catching the bandits entirely to the officers of the law. This makes it difficult for the bandits to get away. Every community through which the bandits are likely to pass is waiting for them with shotguns. It amounts to closing all the roads in the whole surrounding territory. Holdups in Iowa have dropped to a low point. Easier game elsewhere!"

Holding Up the Holdup Man

"Some Iowa banks, I understand, have already installed bulletproof gun nests over their doors. If this precaution should become general their system would be a model. The insurance rate for coverage against robbery is six times as great in Illinois, Missouri and many other states as in Iowa. Kansas City has the highest city rate in the country. Pacific Coast cities and Chicago are next in order. Surety insurance officials agree with me that the solution of the bank-bandit problem is the elevated bulletproof gun nest over the door. Fortunately the cost is not prohibitive save for the very small banks."

In large cities at least one company maintains a flying patrol. Two armed guards, mounted on motorcycles or driving fast cars, make the rounds of a group of banks, moving rapidly and continuously. Bandits hesitate to take the chance of having these businesslike callers drop in upon them when they are pulling a holdup. Banks outside the central business section of large cities have long been favorite pickings for the bandits, but the records show that they are shy of banks protected by the flying patrol. The chance of being bored from the back with a .45 is not a risk to be courted!

Each large city makes its own distinctive demands upon armored-car service. Because New York City is the financial capital of the United States, and Wall Street the market place which absorbs millions of dollars of bonds and securities issued by states, cities, counties, improvement districts and private enterprises, governors and state treasurers by the score send in tons of these securities—the actual physical certificates. In the case of most of these documents they are virtually the equivalent of cash and are conveyed to the vaults of the financial house by armored cars. The volume of this business is very large.

Gold Mines From Italy

Another peculiarity of New York armored-car service is that of conveying arrivals of foreign gold from the piers to the United States Subtreasury and the Assay Office. This traffic is huge. A payment to the United States by a foreign country of a portion of its war debt or a reparations payment means heavy work for the armored cars. In the case of a recent Italian payment, at least, it involved no small amount of hard physical labor. The gold lire were sealed in the large steel drums which had been provided during the World War for ocean mines. Each mine, loaded with gold instead of high explosives, weighed 860 pounds. The total shipment amounted to about $4,000,000.

Not long since, a steamer brought in a shipment of gold from Germany, sealed in seamless bags of heavy linen. Its seals had not been broken for fifty years. It had been a part of the gold reserve of the German Empire. From the nature of the coins and the date of the seals, the conclusions can easily be reached that the coins were a part of the price of her defeat paid by France to Germany following the Franco-Prussian War. Incoming shipments of foreign gold are immediately melted by the Assay Office and cast into bars.

When asked what was the oddest treasure he was ever asked to transport, the head of the largest New York armored-car company replied:

"The choice lies between the master film of a moving picture, representing a production expense of more than $1,000,000, a diver's suit of peculiar and delicate construction, and probably the most wonderful silk curtain ever produced on a Japanese loom. This curtain was so delicate that, as manipulated on the stage by means of blowers, it seemed like a living thing. The whole play revolved around it. An armored car carried it daily between the vault in which it was stored and the theater during the run of the play."

Another interesting task frequently requiring armored cars is the delivery of the jewels, treasures and securities of estates to those who inherit them. Often costly collections of art treasures are carried in these cars from storage vaults to auction rooms.

The Federal Reserve Bank of New York breathes out millions of dollars of money to its member banks the morning of every banking day and inhales other millions at the close of business. This monetary respiration is all accomplished by means of armored cars. Of course the same process takes place in all other large cities of the country, but not upon so gigantic a scale. How many millions are involved in this

From One Sentence To Millions

On March 10, 1876, a single sentence was heard over the telephone. Now, after half a century, 50,000,000 conversations are heard each day.

"Mr. Watson, come here; I want you," spoken by Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor, was the first sentence.

His first crude instruments had been tested by sounds and single words; the patent had been granted; the principle was established from which a world of telephones has since resulted. But at that time the telephone had not proved its practical usefulness—its power to command.

Bell's words, electrically transmitted over a wire, brought his assistant from another part of the building. And with his coming, the telephone became a dynamic factor in human affairs.

Since that first call untold millions of sentences have been heard over the telephone. Men have traveled vast distances in answer to its calls. The wheels of great industrial enterprises have turned at its commands. Everything that man can say to man has been carried to a distance over its wires and the thoughts and actions of nations have been influenced through its use.

American Telephone and Telegraph Company
and Associated Companies

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

I Needed So Much Money

I'm mighty glad I chose as I did—

WHEN W. H. VEALE of New York decided to study at one of the foremost medical schools, he was, to put it bluntly, up against it for funds. He investigated many plans which seemed to promise him good money—quickly—and chose the Curtis offer. In a single summer vacation (his first with us) he made more than $600.00.

How Much Extra Money Do You Need?

The Curtis Publishing Company
264 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.
What is your offer? I'm interested, but I don't promise to accept.

Name

Street

City State

In your spare time, right in your own neighborhood, you, too, can earn easy extra dollars as a subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. If you are serious about wanting more money you can't do less than invest a two-cent stamp!

A gain of more than

48%

in six months

The circulation of the February issue of *The Country Gentleman* exceeds 1,200,000

Here is one of the most remarkable records of growth ever shown by any magazine

August 22, 1925 (Last issue as a weekly)	- - -	806,926
September 1925	- - -	852,892
October 1925	- - -	913,753
November 1925	- - -	996,543
December 1925	over	1,000,000*
January 1926	over	1,100,000*
February 1926	over	1,200,000*

**Exact figures not obtainable at the time of preparation of this advertisement.*

An increase in circulation in six months of 400,000—over 48%!

There could be no better evidence of the realization on the part of our farm families that the unusual merit of the editorial content of the new monthly *Country Gentleman* has made it the foremost publication in America for those whose homes, or whose interests, are in the country.

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Farm Paper

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

daily bank-to-bank traffic cannot be learned.

The biggest armored-car job ever done in the world was the transportation of the New York Federal Reserve Bank's treasure from its old quarters to its present building. Moving more than $4,000,000,000 of treasure without even a fright is some achievement in these bandit days. All daytime work and not even a scare! Recently $25,000,000 was hauled through Chicago and many who saw the quiet little caravan didn't know what it was all about.

Collecting the cash received in the course of the day's business by almost every form of enterprise is a routine duty of the armored-car crews. Chain stores, gasoline service stations, movie theaters and legitimate theaters have long been high favorites on the bandits' calling lists. But this undesirable popularity is waning because these places are rapidly acquiring the armored-car habit.

Armored cars often pick up $100,000 in cash admission to a single big game. Church collections and charity entertainments are pet targets for the gibes of jokesmiths; but the fact remains that many a load of cash gathered from either of these sources would make a very satisfying haul from the bandits' viewpoint.

The average reaction to a close-up view of pay-roll perils is the question: Why not pay by check? This would solve the whole problem at a stroke—if it were not for the inconvenient handicap of human nature as it exists in the great army of wage workers. In large cities and large plants they will not stand for it.

Here is the experience of a relatively small plant, in a big city, which tried it on the enthusiastic recommendation of an efficiency engineer:

Soon after the new system was installed the general superintendent went to a loyal and skilled worker, who had been on the pay roll for twenty years and asked, "Tim, why are so many of our best men leaving?"

"I'll tell you," responded Tim, "why I'm quitting. I'm going where they pay me in money, not in a piece of paper. It took me four hours of rest time to take that first check to the bank, answer all the questions they fired at me and then get home with the money. Not any more for me!"

"Wouldn't your grocer cash it?"

"You bet—and hold out more than I could spare. Think we're going to turn our wages over to the grocers and let them say how much they'll hand us back?"

Another efficiency engineer induced a large manufacturing company to pay by check, and called the company's attention to the convenience of a bank about a block from the plant. After the pay checks were distributed, there was a rush for the bank. The pressure of hundreds of men in and about the bank started a run. Armored cars were rushed from the Federal Reserve Bank in the center of the city with bales of currency, the sight of which appeased the crowd, stopped the run and saved the bank. The quick arrival of armored cars has stopped many bank runs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

no trespassing on leisure

A little job here, a little job there. Moments slip away from leisure. And presently it's too late for the matinee, the shopping trip, the call.

The Premier Duplex never trespasses on leisure. It needs no after-hours care. Its motor and brush are both ball bearing. They need *no oiling!*

And the Premier Duplex makes big jobs seem little. Its double action cleans so fast and thoroughly. The motor-driven brush *brushes off* threads and lint, and *brushes loose* mud and grit. Then powerful suction bags the dirt. Housework is over, and leisure begins!

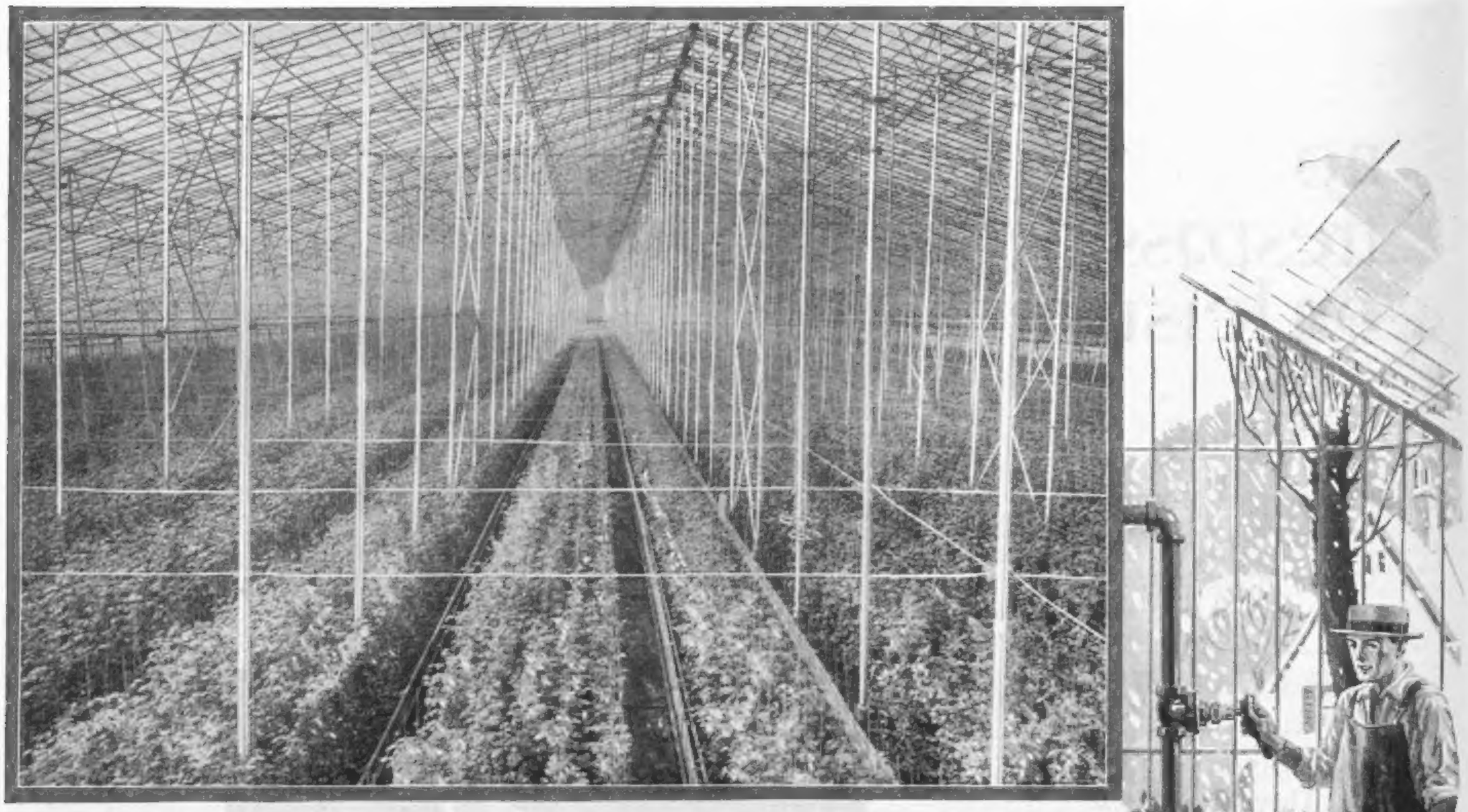
Premier Duplex

Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto, and distributed also by the Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto.

* * *

Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., INC. ~ DEPT. 502 ~ CLEVELAND, OHIO



THE LARGEST GREENHOUSE IN THE WORLD

Interior view of one of the FLOREX GARDENS greenhouses at North Wales, Pennsylvania, which shelter ten acres of roses. Walworth valves and fittings were specified throughout on the 45 miles of pipe in this installation.

Where the twist of a Walworth valve turns January into June

OUTSIDE it is almost too cold to snow; the wind blows the last frozen leaves off the trees; water thickens to slush in the radiators of the waiting trucks.

Indoors the fragrance of a tropic June drifts over a hundred thousand blossoming plants in the world's largest rose garden. A miracle? No, only some window glass and hot pipe valved and fitted by Walworth.

There are 45 miles of steam and water pipes in these great greenhouses and nobody knows how many Walworth valves and fittings. On their continuous control of heat and water depend the lives of thousands of dollars' worth of flowers.

But far more costly and infinitely more precious are the investments and lives which Walworth valves and fittings protect in power houses and office buildings, factories and homes in every state in the Union and throughout the world.

"WHATEVER YOU BUILD
YOU NEED WALWORTH"

Walworth makes valves and fittings for everything that flows—for every function of piping in modern civilization. You depend on them a hundred times a day, without knowing it. You can depend on them for the future safety and convenience of anything you build if you will remember the one word "Walworth" when your architect, contractor or engineer submits his plans and asks for your specifications.

You can leave the rest of it to him.

"Whatever You Build You Need Walworth"

WALWORTH
COMPANY
Boston, Mass.
Plants at
Boston, Greensburg, Pa.
Kewanee, Ill., and
Atralla, Ala.
Sales Units and Distributors in Principal Cities of the World.

WALWORTH

VALVES, FITTINGS AND TOOLS

for STEAM, WATER, GAS, OIL AND AIR

Bon Ami

Principal uses of Bon Ami
—for cleaning and polishing

Aluminum Ware	Windows
Glass Baking Dishes	Mirrors
White Woodwork	Refrigerators
Bathtubs, Tiling	White Shoes
Brass, Copper, Tin and Nickel Ware	The Hands
	Congoleum

Fine Kitchen Utensils

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

My two good friends!

Like thousands of other women, this housewife never fails to keep a supply of Bon Ami Cake and Bon Ami Powder on hand.

She knows from experience that with each of these "partners in cleanliness" she can most readily cover every cleaning and polishing need.

For windows, mirrors, brass, nickel, aluminum, etc., she prefers the convenient compact cake.

She likes the fluffy powder in its handy sifter-top can for larger things—bathtubs, tiling, Congoleum, etc.

Easier to use! Easier on the hands! Easier on the surface it cleans! That's why Bon Ami has been so great a favorite for more than thirty years.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Snow-water from the California mountains, a very rich hillside and valley soil, warm days and cool nights—all tend to put the incomparable quality in California Oranges.

California Juice

Is Richest in the Soluble Solids That Make Orange Juice Healthful and Delicious.

California Oranges—
Richest Juice,
Finest Flavor

Life-giving *vitamines*.

Natural, organic *salts* and *acids*—rare appetizers and direct digestive aids.

A fine, full flavor which adds zest to breakfast.

These are the features of the juice from *California Oranges*.

Serve it every morning. California Oranges are available the year around.

Or get it at soda fountains or juice stands, drawn from the fresh fruit through the electrically-operated Sunkist Juice Extractor, shown below.

* * * *

In extracting juice at home use Sunkist, the selected California Oranges, to be sure of the best.

California Sunkist *Oranges*

Uniformly Good

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Dept. 102, Los Angeles, California

Look for This Machine

It is being distributed by the growers of *Sunkist oranges and lemons* to enable cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, clubs and soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orange and lemon juice drinks.

The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

Prospective Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick, efficient machine. Pin your name and address to this coupon and mail to us for complete information. Terms if desired. State line of business.